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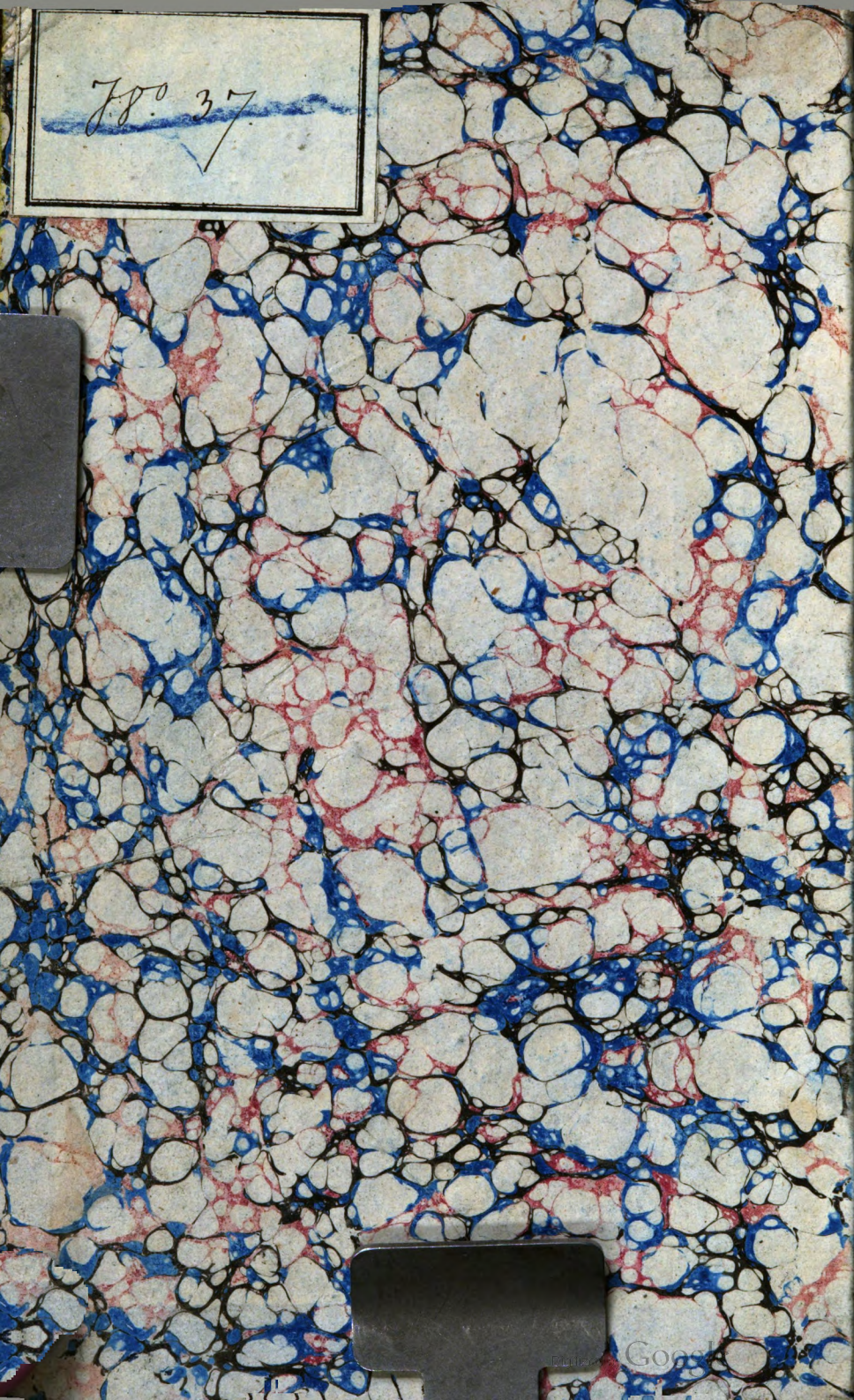


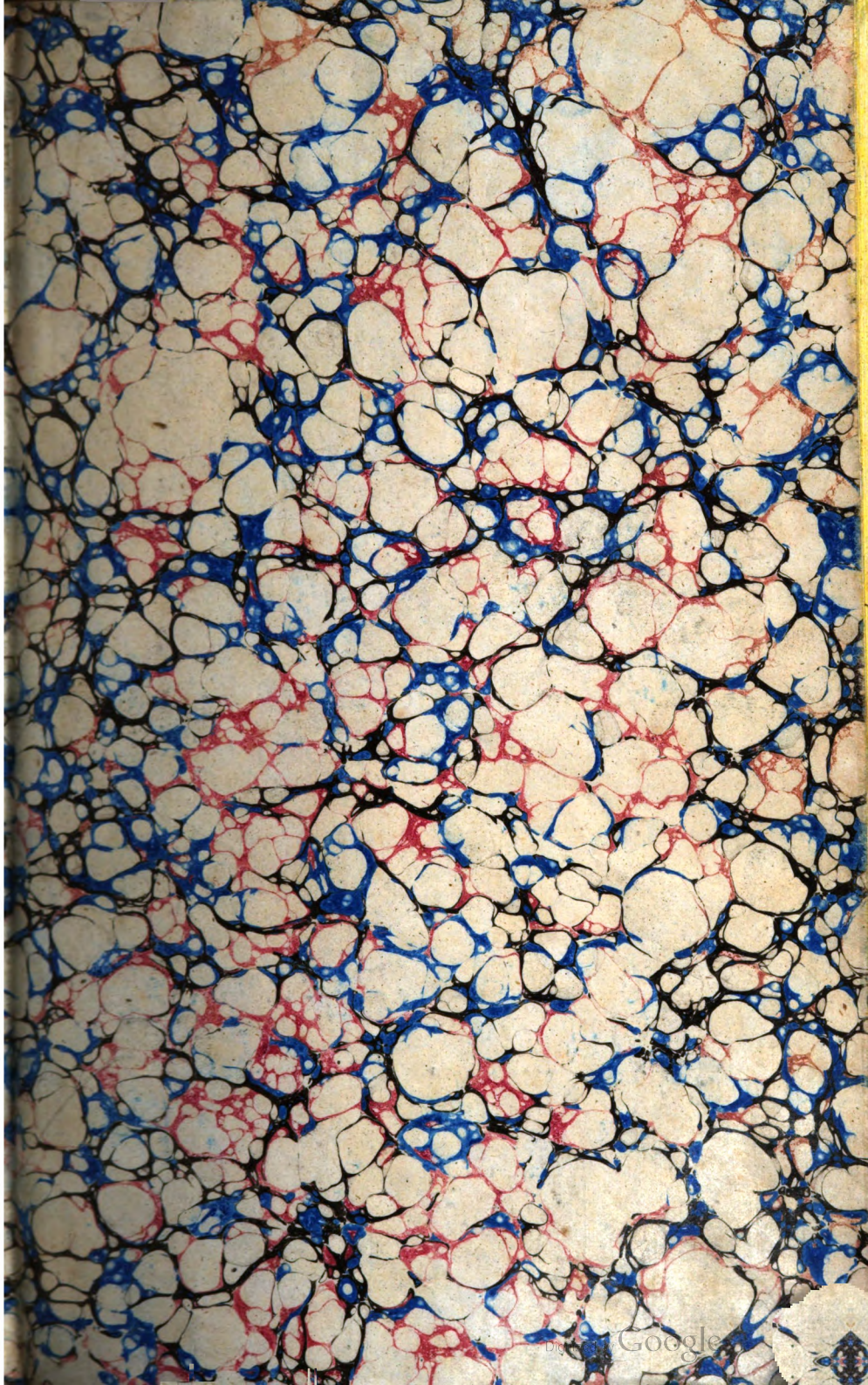
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THE
WESTMINSTER
REVIEW.

JANUARY AND APRIL,
1853.

"Truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep."

SHAKESPEARE.

'Wahrheitsliebe zeigt sich darin, daß man überall das Gute zu finden und zu schätzen weiß.'
GÖTTE.

NEW SERIES.

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[In the article on "Secular Education," in our July number, a passage which originally appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1851, Article 1, was quoted as having been derived from the *Home Journal*, of New York. This error was due to the fact, that the above passage was reprinted in the *Home Journal* without any marks of quotation, or other indication that it was not an original paragraph.]

THE
WESTMINSTER
AND
FOREIGN QUARTERLY
REVIEW.

JANUARY 1, 1853.

ART. I. — MARY TUDOR.

England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, with the contemporary History of Europe; illustrated in a Series of Original Letters, never before printed. By Patrick Fraser Tytler. London: 1839.

IF persecution was necessary to give stability to the reformed Church of England, it was no more than retributive justice that the instrument of it should have been the daughter of Catherine of Arragon. The wrongs of that lady were so widely felt, and the Reformation, ill able as it was to afford so far to compromise itself, was so deeply implicated in the history of them, that nothing less than the long list of the Marian victims was sufficient for their expiation; and we may congratulate ourselves that the education and early life of Queen Mary had left her with no other qualities than what were necessary for the part thus assigned to her, or Cranmer's prayer-book and Articles might have perished with himself; the Church of England, like the Church of France, might have risen out of the confusion of the sixteenth century, a moderate Catholicism; and the course of all European history have been different. According to the loose notions generally prevalent, the fluctuations of belief under the Tudors are to be explained by the variation of opinion in the successive princes, whose dominion is supposed to

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have been absolute over the souls if not the bodies of their subjects. But no prince of the Tudor, or any other dynasty in England, has been able to do more than incline the scale between parties equally balanced; and so large a majority of the English people went along with the return to Catholicism, the will of the country was so repeatedly and distinctly pronounced for it, that we must look elsewhere for the explanation of a revolution so remarkable. Incomprehensible as it may seem, it would have been far more easy for Mary to have recovered for the old faith the ground which it had lost, and renewed—at any rate for a period—the lease of its endurance, than it afterwards proved for Elizabeth conclusively to establish the Reformation.

The whole story is so curious, and illustrates, in so remarkable a degree, the danger to which the English may expose themselves by their distaste for speculative change, that it is worth while to examine the nature of the influences which were then at work among them, as closely as the limits of our present essay will permit us.

English Protestantism, in the form of resistance to papal and ecclesiastical encroachment, is as old as the Norman kings; in the Mortmain Act, and the apparently extravagant provisions of the *Præmunire Statute*, we perceive the same spirit growing in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and although the splendid victories of Henry the Fifth in France gave temporary success to the more papal policy of the Lancasters, and enabled the Church partially to recover its position, yet the body of the nation went along willingly with Henry the Eighth in following out the traditional English policy to its national issue, and wiping utterly out the last traces of the authority of the Pope throughout the country. It was a measure as welcome to the clergy as to the laity; for the former were delivered from the intolerable burden of first-fruits, and had no reason to foresee any other consequences; and the latter had always resented the pretensions of an Italian priest to nominate to English offices of so much political importance as the great abbacies and the bishoprics. The suppression of the monasteries, though less popular at the moment, yet was also felt by most serious persons, of whatever creed, to be imperatively called for. The grosser moral disorders have been probably over-estimated by Protestant controversialists, and the rare exceptions too lightly assumed to be the rule. But the evidence which came out on the visitation of them in 1532, singularly resembling, as it does, that lately given in reply to the circulars of the Oxford Commissioners, revealed a systematic breach of vows, non-observance of statutes, and misapplication of funds, which, after exposure, could be neither defended nor tolerated; while the large discovery of

sham miracles, sham relics, winking Virgins, and bowing roods, by which the pockets of believers were relieved of their superfluous contents, very properly and naturally aggravated the general irritation. The Establishments themselves, under the best interpretation of the mode in which they were conducted, had long been of doubtful value. Wolsey, assuredly no enemy of the Catholic Church, had set the example of appropriating their revenues to more useful purposes; and it was supposed and expected, when Henry finally broke them up, that he would go on with Wolsey's schemes, and endow large national foundations for education and charity.

The sole duty of the monks for some time past had been confined to chanting poor souls out of Purgatory; and the monastic theory of Purgatory had become suspicious when it was represented as a place from which there was a legal deliverance through private masses, at per dozen. The deliverance was considered too problematic to be worth the cost; and although the king himself, on the chance that there might possibly be something in it, provided in his last will that six hundred such masses should be said for himself, yet he did not hesitate to deprive his subjects of an advantage which they had no reluctance to lose, if they might exchange it for others of a kind more definite and palpable. Nevertheless, all this implied very little advance in the direction of a reformation of doctrine, as the Protestants understood it. The poor Lollards went to the stake as usual; and Cromwell, when he ventured upon leniency toward them, went to the scaffold. The movement on the continent was ruined in the eyes of the sober English by the Anabaptist exiles, who had, many of them, belonged to John of Leyden's congregation, at Munster; and the language in which they and the foreign Reformation were spoken of, might seem, with the change of a few words, to express the feelings with which sober-minded people now regard the liberals of Germany and France. The exceedingly profligate doctrines attributed to the Anabaptists existed (as in the modern parallel) rather in the terrors of the orthodox than in the poor misbelievers themselves; but there is no doubt that they were a questionable set of fanatics, whose theories were impracticable, if not worthless, and they unhappily conceived themselves to be at liberty to propagate them with the sword of the flesh as well as of the spirit. Thus the dislike in England to speculative change became almost more decided in proportion to the natural expectation that such a change was likely to take place. *Masses* might be suspected as patent instruments of making money; but it did not follow that the Sacrifice of the *Mass* should be called in question. Transubstantiation remained an article of faith with all educated persons; and

Cranmer, and even Latimer, only ceased to believe it when the death of Henry opened their minds to conviction. Though the *scholastic* doctrine of Purgatory was overthrown, yet men were still unable to face the appalling alternative, that all who leave their bodies unfit for heaven must remain in hell for ever. Other doctrines of Purgatory might continue to be believed, though the scholastic passed away; and if the monks' masses were no longer thought of any value, yet the saint, whose glorified figure lived in light in the chapel window, still remained to make prevailing intercession. For the marriage of the clergy, the distaste which was long felt for it may be seen in the ecclesiastical titles which survive to the present day as the surnames of families, and which were cast opprobriously on those first "monks," "clerks," "abbots," "priors," "deacons," "archdeacons," and "bishops," who broke their vows, and begot children; and the statute of the Six Articles, cruel as it may seem to be, was no more than the deliberate expression of the English feeling on all these subjects. The executions which took place under it were regarded by the body of the nation as the legitimate penalties of damnable and soul-destroying herodoxy.

The intention of Henry the Eighth was to sever the English branch of the Catholic Church from the Roman stem, and to graft it on the life of the nation; perhaps accepting the literal analogy of this metaphor, at any rate expecting it to teach the same doctrine, and enforce the same discipline, unaltered either of them in any essential point, as it had taught and enforced before. The supreme authority in it, which had belonged to the Pope, was to be transferred to the king, and that was all the change. The infallibility, he expected, went along with the position, and the very idea never probably occurred to him, that a heretic might succeed him on the throne. Whether the branch thus severed—severed after it had been attached for a thousand years to its parent tree—would continue to live and thrive, was a problem which only experiment could resolve. He himself, however, never had a misgiving about it; and his security, shared in, as it was, by the nation generally, had at least the countenance of one man of high ability, Bishop Gardiner. This remarkable minister was, for twenty years, his ablest assistant in the Reformation; and in nominating him at his death among the guardians of his son, Henry expected that, as a matter of course, he would fill the same position, and exercise the same authority, as he had done under himself.

Henry, however, lived long enough to discredit both himself and his work. The spoils of the monasteries, instead of going to

found colleges and hospitals, had been squandered in extravagances, or divided among a good-for-nothing aristocracy. It was hard to believe in the infallibility of a man who succeeded so ill in his domestic relations, and who mixed brass with the current silver, when he wanted money. His Church theory had begun to shake, even while he lived. He was no sooner dead than it fell to ruins. Gardiner himself would have been perplexed to discover where the supreme headship resided, with a council composed of such elements as that of Edward the Sixth. The fear which had previously compelled the various members of it to pretend uniformity, was no sooner gone than it was found to be composed of factions in which his voice, at least, would have little chance of being heard. Cranmer had been long married, and hastened to throw off a concealment which had become intolerable. The majority in the council were the noblemen who had already shared largely in the Church plunder, who being anxious for a further slice of spoil so tempting, were disposed to favour whatever doctrine would most readily gratify them; and the majority, with the *Præmunire* Statute in their hands, could silence any opposition from the bishops and clergy. Before the king had been a week dead, Gardiner found himself without power; within a year he was in the Tower, and the Catholic ritual was gone.

The Lords of the Council, to secure the Church lands and to get more, and the reforming bishops, from real conviction, flung themselves into the track of the Germans; the more the body of the people complained, the more it became necessary to secure the attachment of the extreme Protestants; and the reign of Edward the Sixth, presents the unedifying spectacle of a spiritual anarchy deepening day by day; the supreme authority in the hands of a clique of profligate nobles, quarrelling over their plunder, and destroying one another; and each faction, as it rose to power, buying adherents by fresh and fresh spoliation. First, the lands went, and when there were no more lands the tithes went, to be impropriated by some noble lord or noble lord's dependent. Cranmer's liturgy, too, venerable and beautiful as it may now seem at the end of three hundred years, was but a bald exchange for the old ceremonial. Composed in the warmth of his own conversion, it contained expressions which outraged the belief of far the greater number of the people, (the obnoxious passages were afterwards struck out by Elizabeth,) and yet the use of it was made everywhere obligatory. The priests who objected were turned out of their benefices; and because there were no educated men to be found who would, or who could, take their place, the income was seized upon by some

hungry squire, and the parish was either left unsupplied, or some poor tradesman or mechanic was thrust upon the place at the lowest conceivable salary.

We can well understand that measures such as these should have been considered too serious to have been undertaken in a minority, and should have caused sufficient dissatisfaction. After changes, too, of so grave a kind, there was naturally with many people a certain earnest looking for of judgment, an expectation that, in some way or other, God would show whether He was pleased with them; and several years of unusual suffering were construed into an expression of His anger. Short harvests brought more than their usual consequences: for the currency had been still further debased; and wages remaining at their old level, with the necessities of life at famine price, there was no longer distress, but positive starvation. We can fancy with what feelings, therefore, at such a time, the poor hungry peasants must have gazed at the walls of the desolated abbeys, all the sins of them forgotten, and only the open table and the warm hearth remembered. Hard landlords at least the monks had never been; and if charity had grown cool with them, cool charity was better than none at all. The silent eloquence of the ruins found a voice too in the unhappy remnants of their old possessors, who wandered, like wretched ghosts, about their wasted homes; ten thousand of them, friars and nuns, turned adrift to beg or die, only by a refinement of cruelty with their vows of chastity continued upon them under penalty of death. Cromwell had assigned them pensions, which Henry had guaranteed; but the world is a hard place for those who have no means to force their claims. While Henry lived, they were perhaps paid; but in the after reigns, "through the greediness of the officers of the exchequer," their poor pittance never found a way to them; and it was left for Elizabeth to do tardy justice to such few as were alive when she became queen. She indeed had them all sought out, and paid to the last farthing, but years too miserable to be thought of must have intervened; and the sight of them, shivering along the roads and villages, in raggedness and hunger, must have been a bitter and telling protest against the iniquity of the times.

To leave conjecture for fact, we have Lord Paget's evidence that the new Prayer Book was distasteful to eleven-twelfths of the population. The number is perhaps exaggerated, and in these eleven-twelfths there was a considerable fraction for whom it was not too little popish, but too much so. It was determined, at all hazards, to conciliate the latter, and perhaps it was necessary to do so; but it was at the cost of alienating the middle party more hopelessly than ever. The victories of Charles the Fifth

naturally were regarded as a signal declaration from Heaven against the doctrinal reformers; and a worse effect of them was to increase the multitudes of Dutch and German fanatics, with whom England was already overrun. The presence of such men at all was sufficiently offensive; and when their leaders were placed in authority at the universities, when Martin Bucer and Peter Martyr were consulted on the services and the Articles, the majority of the English felt much as they would now feel if Louis Blanc were invited to a council of State, or a modern project of church reform submitted to Feuerbach or Ronge. The Reformation was so rapidly discrediting itself, that if Edward had not died, and the policy of the government had remained unchanged, the same rebellions, supported by the same coalition from abroad, which were so formidable to Elizabeth, would in all probability have broken out irresistibly against him, and swept away the very name of Protestant out of the country. But it became evident that there would be no need of any such violent measures. In the spring of 1553, the health of the young king rapidly declined: in the middle of the summer he was on his death-bed. It is the misfortune of all great movements, political and spiritual, that if men of the very highest character are to be found on their side, they have attractions not to be resisted for the most worthless. A man of this latter sort was unhappily supreme in the council, and was able to inflict one more stain on the Reformation by implicating it in treason. John Knox had long before seen through the Duke of Northumberland; but possessing, as he did, the absolute confidence of Edward, this bad nobleman was able without difficulty to work on the fanaticism of the dying boy, and induce him to tamper with the succession. As a party measure, nothing could have been more infatuated. Extraordinary powers had been granted to Henry the Eighth by parliament on purpose that the succession should be decisively settled; the wars of the Roses had been too severe, a lesson of the consequences of a dispute to require repeating; and since, in consequence of his proceedings with his wives, it was difficult to define which among his children were or were not legitimate, he was empowered to determine by will the order in which they were to succeed him. It was not likely that a measure so gravely considered could be set aside by a private nobleman, of questionable character, for his own personal advantage. The few really good men who were in the council, foreseeing the inevitable consequences, implored the king, at the risk of their lives, to abstain from committing both himself and them so fearfully; and although their entreaties were ineffectual, and they themselves, at Edward's order, subscribed the instrument which nominated Lady Jane Grey as

queen, yet Northumberland knew well that even by such an act as this, neither Sir William Cecil, nor Sir William Petre, nor Lord Arundel, nor Lord Pembroke, nor Lord Paget, was committed to an approval of the proceeding. They had agreed among themselves, as it appears, to sign their names, but only as witnesses; and Northumberland's after conduct proves that it was no secret even from him.

All was over in nine days. London—the stronghold of Protestantism—declared enthusiastically for Mary. The fleet went over; the troops which Northumberland attempted to gather in the eastern counties deserted in a body. The conspiracy was crushed without a blow, and the duke himself was arrested at Cambridge by Lord Arundel, whom he had left in London. The following conversation is said to have passed between them:—

“For the love of God consider,” the duke said, “I have done nothing but with the consent of you, and all the whole council.”

“My lord,” quoth the Earl of Arundel, “I am sent hither by the Queen’s Majesty, and, in her name, I do arrest you.”

“And I obey it,” quoth he; “but I beseech you, my lord Arundel, use mercy towards me, knowing the case as it is.”

“My lord,” quoth the earl, “ye should have sought for mercy sooner: I must do according to my commandment.”

If these are the very words which were spoken, they are still but an imperfect evidence of what past; for words bear many meanings, and we do not know the tone in which they were pronounced, but, at any rate, it is impossible to agree with Mr. Tytler, in regarding the scene as one of revolting perfidy. He would have us believe that the council had affected an enthusiastic unanimity, and that, when the failure of the attempt had become evident, it was a race of treachery which should first betray the other. Difficult as it would be, under any circumstances, to believe that four or five statesmen of unblemished character could have stooped to conduct so degrading, it becomes impossible when we remember that Arundel, Petre, Pembroke, and Paget were continued upon the council, and that Cecil was only excluded by his own refusal to serve. If they might have earned a contemptuous pardon by perfidy, they could not have earned confidence; and historians overshoot their mark, when they attempt to explain the obscure actions of men who for any length of time fill important offices of trust and responsibility, by motives to which, in their own basest moments, they could not conceive themselves as yielding. It is certain that the entire council did sign the instrument: it is equally certain that these five members of it signed only at the express command of

the dying king,—a command which it might not only have been exceedingly dangerous, but, on quite other grounds, exceedingly difficult to disobey; but the compliance ended with the formal act, and was never believed, by any party concerned, to have extended beyond it.

The conduct of the leading bishops was far more exceptionable. Cranmer was among those who were at first unwilling to subscribe; but he acknowledged that he had yielded at last, not to the king's command, but to the persuasion of the law officers of the Crown. Ridley preached against Mary at Paul's Cross, denounced her as an inveterate papist, and appealed to the fanaticism of the people; and although Hooper and Bradford were actively loyal, yet the dominant Anglicanism was identified in public feeling with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, and the party were forced to share in the odium and the guilt of its two great leaders.

And, as we said, as a question of policy, to say nothing of duty, a more wretched blunder has never been made. Mary's entry into London was a triumphal procession; her devotion to catholicism was notorious, but, even with the Protestant Londoners, loyalty was too sincere a passion to be interfered with by theological intolerance, and it was not till she had forfeited their attachment by her own infatuation that they ceased to feel it for her. She sailed in on the full stream of popularity, surrounded with all the prestige, and invested with all the real power, which a triumph over an unpopular conspiracy is certain to confer; and scarcely any English king or queen was ever more warmly welcomed to the throne than this poor princess, who has left such a name behind her. She herself was only known as a harmless, persecuted devotee, the child of a lady whose cruel injuries had enshrined her in the affection of the people, and their only wish was to offer to the daughter such poor compensation as loyalty and obedience could bestow.

Her first actions as queen, though inevitably displeasing to a part of her subjects, were, on the whole, well calculated to sustain her in the advantage which she had gained. Gardiner, whom she found in the Tower, was made chancellor, the council being composed of the national party in the council of the late king, and the leading Catholic nobility. The only symptom which she showed of a disposition to act independently of them or their advice, was in a letter which she wrote to the emperor for instructions as to how she should best proceed; but the emperor's advice coincided with that of her own ministers in prescribing the utmost circumspection. The immediate and pressing question was the late conspiracy, and if she showed any want of judgment at all, it was in the leniency with which she dealt with

it. Charles had been taught in the preceding year by Maurice of Saxony that Providence had not irrevocably decided for the Catholics; that Protestantism was still dangerous enough to require to be proceeded with cautiously; and, by his recommendation, the whole affair was treated as a private treason of Northumberland, for which only he and two others, one of them a man of abandoned character, should suffer. Cranmer, Ridley, and the Duke of Suffolk, had undoubtedly forfeited their lives; and no reasonable person could have complained, if she had determined to send them to execution. But Cranmer and Suffolk were set at liberty without fine or even reproach, and against Ridley, though he was kept in prison, there was no apparent intention of proceeding. Nor is there anything to object to the steps which she took about the religions. Being a Catholic, she will not be found fault with for permitting the open exercise of a form of belief which was not only her own, but that of at least half her subjects: but nothing further was to be attempted till she had taken the advice of Parliament.

The conduct of the Protestants in the two months which elapsed before it assembled, is a most curious evidence of the temper of the time, and of itself is sufficient to explain many things. They had as yet no reason to complain of persecution, but Popery with them was in real truth a doctrine of devils, and it was little to them to be allowed their own religion, if they were to be prevented from trampling out the other. The fierce annals of the Israelites provided them with ample precedents of what was lawful for saints in dealing with idolaters—and the arms of the Reformed Church militant were by no means those of peaceful and mild persuasion. The reverend the vice-chancellor of Cambridge, afterwards bishop and archbishop, preached a seditious sermon, and when called in question for it, drew his dagger in the senate house, and was only held back by two grave doctors of divinity from doing prompt execution with it. Strange scenes took place in the churches, priests and parsons scuffling for the pulpits, and the conqueror taking possession of the conquered citadel with a flourish of rapier and pistol. One priest of Baal was stabbed at the altar, his blood running over the chalice and mixing with the wine; a dagger was hurled at a second, and a musket fired at a third. Elsewhere, the consecrated wafer was seized by a desperate iconoclast and trampled under foot, as he cried, between his teeth, "If thou be the Son of God, save thyself;" and even the mild Archbishop Cranmer, within a few weeks after the remission of his first treason, composed a declaration, which, although it was in fact made public by accident, he acknowledged that he had intended to have fastened against the

door of St. Paul's; wherein, after setting out the virtues of Henry and his son in promoting the Reformation, he ascribed the reappearance of the idol of the Mass to the devil, of course in the form of Queen Mary. He excused himself on the plea that the many rumours current about him, made some public declaration from him necessary. But it would have been more prudent, and perhaps more proper, if he could have waited for the opportunity which would so soon have been afforded him, of declaring himself from his place in Parliament. Mary had nothing to do but to sit still and wait; no amount of political sagacity could have invented a course which it was more desirable for her that her adversaries should follow, than that upon which they now were thrusting themselves. Partially conservative (as the English always are) when in power, they were no sooner in opposition, than no ultra extravagance was too wild for them; and the queen, by the incessant homilies against rashness which poured in upon her from the emperor, the Pope, and her own ministers, was persuaded (irritated as she might naturally be) to continue to submit to provocation, and venture on nothing by her own authority. Only one thing she did, and that was really forced upon her. The pulpits had become political tribunes, or high places from which the opposite clerisies cursed each other; and the scandal becoming intolerable, she wisely required her subjects of both beliefs to content themselves for a while with prayer; and abstain, till more quiet times, from such a dangerous amusement.

Having done this, she quietly waited the approach of autumn, when Parliament was to meet. Neither she nor her ministers could foresee the result of the elections; but, in spite of all which Protestant writers have stated, of the means which were used to secure a majority, it does not appear, on examination, that they used any means at all: their policy was, to appear, as far as possible, to submit to the will of the country, and the absence of any evidence of attempts at bribing and intimidating, such as does exist for the elections of the following year, makes it far more than probable, that at first they desired to feel their way, and really to learn the actual temper of the people; on the present occasion a matter of unusual difficulty. On most subjects which divide a nation, it is possible, at least roughly, to conjecture the comparative strength of parties; but on the present, it was impossible, for the singular reason that three-fifths of the nation are described as of no religion at all; that is, neither Catholic nor Protestant, but ready to attach themselves to whichever party promised to be least extravagant.

On the 5th of October, the legislature assembled. We are told that it was violently purged of its anti-Catholic members,

but the records of its proceedings entirely disprove this random charge; and it is no more than an exaggeration of the expulsion of two of the bishops, who, on occasion of the high mass at its opening, were ostentatiously disrespectful, and were ejected in consequence out of the Abbey. Proceeding to business, the House of Commons was desired at once to consider the state of religion, and determine whether there should be any change in the existing Establishment—whether they would leave things as they were; or tolerate both religions; or, if not both, then which, and on what conditions. The discussion lasted eight days. There was no violence, and certainly no precipitancy; and, at the close, a commanding majority of two-thirds of the House agreed to repeal every act which had been passed under Edward, to abolish and forbid the use of Cranmer's prayer-book, and to restore the ritual unaltered, which had been in use in the last year of Henry the Eighth. Nothing could be more decisive. It was a grave and calm declaration that the country had tried doctrinal Protestantism, and did not like it. The protest against Rome was retained and re-affirmed; but, in all other respects, England was declared to be again a Catholic country, on the terms on which Henry and Gardiner had desired to establish it. And so distinctly this appears to us to have been the general desire at the time through England, that if Mary could only have brought herself to be contented with what she had achieved, if she could have felt that she was a queen of a great nation, as well as the restorer of the belief in Transubstantiation, and bridled in her eagerness with ever so little human understanding, the game was fairly in her hands. The crisis was of that rare kind when the after history of centuries may be seen to depend on the conduct of a single person; and it rested with her, to change the entire current of the fortunes of Europe.

Happily for all of us, Mary was without the faculty to understand her opportunity. There was no reason which could be expressed in words why Henry's Anglo-Catholicism should be a delusion. It is not easy to say (to keep to the usual illustration) why an aged branch cut from a tree should be unable to live independently; but so it is with the branch, and so it was with the State Church. Henry had affirmed *one* doctrine as supreme head: Edward had affirmed the opposite by the same authority; and now Mary, the third to whom it descended, declared in virtue of it, that it was usurped altogether, and desired to give it back to its proper owner. So decisive a *reductio ad absurdum* was enough even for Gardiner. When he found himself unable to prevail upon the queen, he gave up his project conclusively, and left her to carry out her own schemes undisturbed any fur-

ther, although knowing too well what a price she would have to pay for them.

These schemes, however, she was wise enough to keep from the knowledge of the Parliament. She accepted what they gave, and would not frighten them by touching on dangerous questions, as long as she had further work for them.

The religious revolution being completed, they proceeded next to repeal the act by which Mary was declared illegitimate, with some unfairness laying the blame of the separation of Henry from her mother on Archbishop Cranmer.

The illegitimacy of Elizabeth was thus in a manner re-enacted; and if, instead of waiting till the following year, the queen had then pressed to have her cut off from the succession, there is little doubt that the two Houses would have readily consented. Elizabeth herself was little known, and only rose in popular favour as Mary's scale went down; and, if she was set aside, the next heir would have been Mary of Scotland, a princess whose succession to the throne of England would, for many political and other reasons, have been extremely convenient. The country was weary of spiritual anarchy, and could not afford these constant revolutions of ritual, and the peaceful union of the two crowns of England and Scotland was equally desired by all thinking persons on both sides of the Tweed.

Such appear to have been the feelings of the English Parliament in October, 1553. But in periods of revolution the air is electric, and the wind shifts sharply and suddenly. In November all was changed. They had expressed a polite desire that their queen would marry. She took them at their word, and allowed it to transpire that she proposed to give her hand to the most powerful prince in Europe, the heir of the emperor. In an instant, the entire English heart began to palpitate; England was already, in imagination, become a second Netherlands, a province of Spain; the old liberties were seen vanishing one by one, Spanish noblemen dividing the great offices of State, Spanish bishops over the dioceses, Spanish priests in the pulpits, behind the Spanish prince the Pope, and behind the Pope, revolution, anarchy, civil war, and the devil.

Dr. Maitland, in his anxiety to prove every statement which has ever been made by any Protestant writer to be a lie, denies that the Spanish marriage was unpopular, and sets aside, without scruple, the entire testimony of contemporary history, on the single ground that the rebellions which it provoked were all unsuccessful. We will not quarrel with Dr. Maitland for the word "unpopular;" it is enough that Mary's wisest advisers, including two Roman cardinals, assured her that it would not only lose her

the affection of her subjects, but ruin the cause which she had most at heart; and that the Parliament, at the first hint of the matter, petitioned against it without a dissentient voice.

Mary, however, had ceased to listen to advice which went against her own opinionativeness. The Parliament were sent about their business on the instant, for their impertinent interference; and, on the evening of the day on which the resolution was passed in the House, she called the emperor's ambassador into her closet, and, before the image of the Virgin, swore her troth, somewhat theatrically, to Philip of Spain. She had never seen him. He was only twenty-six years old, while she was thirty-eight, and she had been betrothed to his father before the latter had married his mother. It is said that she fell in love through a portrait, which, if it was lovely, must have been unlike the original. It is more likely that she saw in him a prince like herself, devoted to the Catholic faith, who would go hand-in-hand with her in her crusade against the Protestants; the difference of years would hardly be so perceptible to her as it was to him, who had vainly implored the emperor to spare him so unwelcome a connexion; and, poor lonely creature, after her joyless existence, it was likely enough that she might long for a companion who might love her and be loved by her. But, whatever it was, it was a miserable dream, from which a bitter awakening was in store for her. Neither the disapprobation of her people, nor the entreaties of her ministers; nor the indifference of the bridegroom, which was evident to every one, could turn her from her purpose, and she went through with it to the natural consequences, which the emperor and herself were, perhaps, the only two persons in Europe unable to foresee.

Whatever Dr. Maitland may suppose, rebellion with the long-enduring English is not the immediate consequence of disapproval,—it is the last and most desperate remedy, to which they can only be compelled when all else has failed; but, in the partial revolts which broke out in the winter of 1553-4, in Kent, and Devonshire, and Suffolk, there were warnings enough, if the queen could have understood them, of the changing feelings with which she was now regarded. Though the two last were insignificant, the first, under Wyatt, was dangerous; and though London, on the whole, remained obedient, there were threatening symptoms visible which it would have been prudent to have treated with less disdain. But the Catholic princes had yet to learn the lesson which it required a century to teach them, that human beings could not any more be governed by the corollaries of Roman theology; and she went on her way, believing,

like a religious woman, that it was God's way, and that He would carry her through.

The secret history of the five months which followed, has been recently laid open to us by the industry of the late Mr. Tytler, who has published, from originals at Brussels, the despatches of Renaud, the Spanish ambassador then in England negotiating the marriage. The execution of Wyatt was just and even necessary. Fox has classed him among the Protestant martyrs (as, indeed, he classed a noted highwayman who was put to death for serious murders and robberies, but who expiated his offences, and earned an apotheosis by cursing the Pope under the gallows), but we cannot think that he has any business among them. His crime was treason, not heresy: he rebelled and failed, and had no right to complain of the consequences. But Mary disgraced her previous clemency by another execution, which was neither necessary nor just, and was no more than a useless piece of cruelty. Lady Jane Grey was not implicated in Wyatt's rebellion; she was not to have profited by it if it had succeeded, and other motives are supposed to have influenced the queen beyond what appeared upon the surface. It is said that she never forgave a speech which Lady Jane had made a year or two before, when on a visit to her at New Hall. One of the ladies in waiting was showing her over the house, and took her, among other places, into the chapel. In passing the altar, the lady curtsied. Lady Jane inquired what she meant by that. Her God was present there, the lady answered, and she curtsied to Him. Lady Jane, with a half smile, said she believed the baker had made him.

Such a piece of profanity, doubtless, lost nothing on the way through the lady in question, to Mary; and, on the mind of so thoroughly devout and real a believer, may well have made an impression which could never be effaced. It would of course be foolish to suppose that this, or any other *single* feeling, determined her upon acting as she did, but the sense that she was punishing an obstinate heretic, as well as her rival for the throne, may have softened the reluctance which we will hope that she experienced. This warrant was signed the day after the battle in the streets, in the midst of that excitement of feeling which follows the escape from serious danger. And, familiarized as Mary had been from her childhood with the shedding of blood, accustomed to see the friend and counsellor, even the queen of one day going the next, as a matter of course, to the scaffold, and having herself, for many a year, lived in steady expectation of the same end to her own life, she could not be expected to look upon it as the dreadful thing which it appears to us. If her conduct still remains unaccountable to us, we must leave what is obscure to

our charity, and think the best which we can. From her treatment of Lady Jane Grey, we turn to her treatment of another rival, whose position towards her was infinitely more questionable and painful.

The person in whose behalf Carew and Wyatt had professed to rise was the Princess Elizabeth. At the time of the outbreak she was ill at Ashridge. Letters written by Wyatt to her had been intercepted, in which he warned her to keep away from London. It appears to have been forgotten, both by those who were most anxious to destroy her, and by those who, in later times, most wish that she had been destroyed, that the fact of these letters having been intercepted is a proof that, at least, she never received *them*. Wyatt, on the scaffold, entirely exculpated her: she herself declared, on her honour, that no word from him had ever reached her. The only other evidence against her was a letter in cypher, supposed to have been written by her to the French king, which was found among the despatches of the French ambassador. But this, too, broke down when it was examined; and at the end of three months, after the most active efforts of hatred, the law officers of the Crown were obliged to declare that there was no matter on which to proceed against her whatever. It will, therefore, surprise persons who are unacquainted with the way in which history is written, to hear that modern historians speak of her concern in the rebellion as a certain and indisputable fact, and do not hesitate to say, that she owed her life solely to the clemency of her sister.

So many lies have been told about this business (Lingard is among the worst of the offenders), that it is worth while to follow the detail of it with some minuteness. We make no pretence to the character of the "unprejudiced historian"—a pretence hardly compatible with much self-knowledge; indeed, we are far from satisfied that, for beings like men, to be without prejudice is a virtue at all. But we undertake that we will not willingly and consciously tell any fresh lies, there being already so vast a superabundance of them.

That any love could have existed either at that or any other moment between the daughters of Anne Boleyn and Catherine of Arragon, it is not necessary to believe. There had been too many jars and jealousies in their early lives, arising out of their father's caprice, to have permitted them at any time to regard each other as sisters; and their several duties to their mothers compelled them to regard each other as illegitimate. Mary had, indeed, as we have seen, in the past autumn, declared her own legitimacy by a formal act, and although we may excuse and even admire her doing so as an act of natural piety, it was a violation of her father's will, who had undoubtedly desired to

place both his daughters on the same footing; while to Elizabeth it must have appeared a serious injury. But it is equally certain that no resentment ever provoked her to forget her duty as a subject, and only the most spotless integrity could have saved her from the efforts which were now made to destroy her.

One of the parties concerned in these efforts we are at no loss to identify, for the Spanish ambassador makes no secret of his own share in them. His letters in this critical year are almost a diary for the months of March, April, and May, and he exposes, without hesitation, his own aims and motives, and those of every one about him, as far as he was able to enter into them. His own most single-minded wish appears to have been, since his master's son was to commit himself to a residence among the English savages, to make his coming as little dangerous as possible. He freely expresses his terrors at the ferocity of their nature, and describes them as uncertain tempered wild beasts, alternately fawning and rabid, whose claws must be pared, and whose teeth must be drawn before they can be safe company for persons whose lives are valuable. Elizabeth was to him the rallying point of disaffection, and as long as she was alive there could be no safety for his precious Philip.

We said that she was at Ashridge at the time of the rebellion. A few days before the outbreak, Mary had written to desire her to come up to Whitehall, but she replied that she was ill, and was unable to leave her house. Lingard believes that it was pretence, that she was guilty, and conscious, and shrunk from showing herself. As he has no evidence to offer, except what he considers internal probability, as all the evidence which there is lies the other way, and as other people have other notions of internal probability, we need not trouble ourselves any further with this opinion of Dr. Lingard. At the end of a fortnight, a second dispatch came down of a more peremptory kind. The queen's own litter was sent to fetch her, with a company of the royal guard, and the escort was accompanied by the court physicians, who were allowed discretionary power, and were to take care that she was not injured by the journey. She was brought up by slow stages, four or five miles a day; the diary of each day remains to us exact, and it is evident that her own account of herself was literally true, and that she was seriously ill. Renaud's description of her entry into London is not a little striking.

"The Lady Elizabeth arrived here yesterday (the twenty-third of February), clad completely in white, surrounded by a great assemblage of the servants of the queen, besides her own attendants. She caused her litter to be uncovered, that she might show herself to the people. Her countenance was pale, her look proud, lofty, and superbly disdainful—an expression which she assumed to disguise the mortification

which she felt. The queen refused to see her, and caused her to be accommodated in a quarter of her palace, from which neither she nor her servants could go out without passing through the guard. Of her suite only two gentlemen, six ladies, and four servants are permitted to wait on her."

From the palace she was in a few days sent to the Tower, and with her the foolish profligate Lord Courtenay, who it appears Wyatt had intended should marry her, and in whose own head some notion of the kind had nursed itself. No sooner were they securely encaged, than Renaud assured the emperor that he never ceased to admonish her majesty of the necessity of a "prompt punishment;" the preliminary of a trial being, in the Spanish view of such matters, a very unnecessary formality. The safety of a prince of Spain was at issue, whose little finger was of greater value than the lives of a thousand English princesses. The council met day after day, and soon Gardiner followed Renaud in the same strain. He saw in Elizabeth a heretic, who, if Mary's frail body failed, would be a more dangerous enemy to the Church than her brother had been, and we cannot wonder at Gardiner any more than at Renaud. Most glad we should be, if we could believe that in the queen there was any reluctance to listen to them; but it is certain, that Elizabeth had no friend except her own innocence, and those unfortunate laws of England, which necessitated an arraignment and a conviction as the antecedents of the scaffold.

Mary did not hate her: we could almost wish she had. The most vindictive personal malignity would be a feeling more intelligible and more respectable than that which was now influencing her. We acknowledge, as we said before, that written accounts of spoken words, however correct, are necessarily an inadequate account of them, and often an absolutely false one. The intonation is everything, and the intonation evaporates in the passage from the lip to the pen. But after the most cautious employment of such means of judging as we possess, we really conclude that Mary at the time was capable of no feeling whatsoever, except an impotent eagerness for the arrival of her husband, and a readiness to sacrifice everything which lay in its way. At a meeting of the council, in the first week of April, Renaud declared—

"That it was of the utmost importance that the trials and execution of Courtenay and the Lady Elizabeth should be concluded before the arrival of his highness.

"The queen answered, that she had neither rest nor sleep for the anxiety she took for the security of his highness at his coming.

"Gardiner then remarked, that as long as Elizabeth was alive, there was no hope that the kingdom could be tranquillized, and that if every

one went on soundly to work as he did in providing the necessary remedies, things would go on better."

The difficulty, Renaud acknowledges, was not from any unwillingness in any quarter to proceed to extremities, "but that they had not been as yet able to fall on matters sufficiently penal according to the law of England. Nevertheless," he adds, "her majesty tells me that every day they are finding new proofs against her."

These little sentences, if they are given correctly, appear to us to admit of only one interpretation. It is but fair to say, however, that a very chivalrous defence has been made for Mary, by Miss Strickland; and thoroughly creditable as it is to this lady, that she has been the first Protestant historian who has dared to speak a word for her, we should be disposed, if the defence were entirely single-minded, to leave it unchallenged. There is no danger of an over lenient judgment of Mary Tudor in the minds of the English, and Miss Strickland's conception of her is at any rate, infinitely more like the truth than the popular one. In this particular case, however, she is unable to confine herself to the subject before her; and in vindicating one sister takes the opportunity of a side-blow at the other.

There is a foolish story to be found in Foxe, Heywood, and other Protestant writers, which has been copied from one to the other without comment or inquiry, to the effect that when Elizabeth was in the Tower,

"A warrant came down for her execution, Gardiner being the inventor of that instrument. Master Bridges, the lieutenant, no sooner received it, but mistrusting false play, he presently made haste to the queen, who was no sooner informed but she denied the least knowledge of it. She called Gardiner, and others whom she suspected, before her, blamed them for their inhuman usage of her sister, and took measures for her better security."

It is scarcely credible that a person of Miss Strickland's experience should have transferred to her pages such an extravagant piece of folly. No warrant could have been issued for Elizabeth's execution before she had been tried; and if any warrant was issued, it must have been signed by Mary. The Lord Chancellor of England is not likely to have set an example of such preposterous illegality; and if he really did venture on it, it is more disgraceful to Mary than anything which we know of her, that she passed it over with a reprimand for inhumanity. But nothing of all this occurs to Miss Strickland; and it is an opportunity for her too good to be passed over to make a point on a favourite subject. As Gardiner was to Elizabeth, so was Burleigh to the Queen of Scots, Though the latter was tried by a

high commission and formally condemned; though the Houses of Lords and Commons petitioned that sentence might be executed, and the warrant had been duly signed before Burleigh despatched it; yet she can see no difference of circumstance in the two cases; Burleigh only succeeded where Gardiner attempted; and Mary is an angel of mercy and Elizabeth an inhuman murderess. It remained to be seen what she would make of Renaud's dispatches; from her frequent allusions to them, there was no doubt that she had studied them carefully, and we were really anxious to learn whether any other meaning than that which we had gathered ourselves, could with any plausibility be forced upon them. Giving her the benefit of every doubt, the manner in which she proceeds is little to her credit.

"He" (the Spanish ambassador), she writes, "observes, angrily, that it was evident the queen wished to save Courtenay, and of course Elizabeth, since she does not allow that her guilt was as manifest as his."*

This passage she includes between inverted commas, as a direct quotation from Renaud; and if any such passage were to be found in his letters, it would of course be conclusive: we felt certain however that they contained nothing of the kind, and her reference being wrong, we could only conjecture, on going again carefully through with them, that what she intended to quote was this,—

"Quant au dit Courtenay, je la vois inclinée et persuadée pour luy donner liberté.

"Quant au dit Elizabeth *les gens de loix* ne trouvent matière pour la condamner."

The queen's desire to save is pointedly limited to Courtenay, while the difficulty with Elizabeth is ascribed not to any feeling of hers, but to the impracticable honesty of the *gens de loix*; and this is the perpetual burden of Renaud's lamentation; but it is a very different thing indeed from what Miss Strickland represents him as saying.

We suppose that she intended to quote only the first paragraph; that she paraphrased the second according to her own interpretation; and that the remaining errors are due to the carelessness of the printer and to her own want of attention in revising the press. But that she should have forced such an interpretation from such words at all, is a grave evidence of her untrustworthiness when her prejudices bear upon her judgment.

And now to leave this somewhat tedious story, and to follow

* "Life of Queen Mary." By Agnes Strickland.

Mary along the rapid process by which she disembarrassed herself of her brief popularity. The executions for the Wyatt rebellion had neither conciliated the Londoners, nor frightened them. Parliament was to meet in April to settle the preliminaries of the marriage; and as the time drew on, the English wild beast began to show its displeasure by antics which not a little terrified Renaud. One morning the city urchins turned out three hundred on a side to play at English and Spanish, the prince of Spain himself figuring in all the splendour of rags and tinsel; after a brief fight, in which Spain was contumeliously routed, the said prince was clutched up by friends and foes, and vicariously suspended from a branch; and so eager were his executioners, that the mock death was very near a real one. The queen lost her temper, and declared that she would have her parliament meet at York or at Oxford, where the people were good Christians and not a nest of heretics; but this was only an impotent threat: and, considering the way in which the Londoners had behaved a few months previously, it was neither wise nor graceful. At any rate, matters did not mend; a few mornings later, when the sun rose upon the cross at Cheapside, a cat was found swinging from it, apparelled like a priest with a shaven crown, her fore-feet tied over her head with a paper like a wafer-cake between them; and when Easter came there was "a great scandal" at St. Paul's, which was considered the best practical joke of the time.

"The custom was to lay the sacrament into the sepulchre the evening of Good Friday, and to take it out at break of day on Easter morning. At the time of taking it out, the quire sung, *Surrexit, non est hic*. But then the priest, looking for the host, found it was not there indeed, for one had stolen it out, which put them all into no small disorder; but another was presently brought in its stead. Upon this a ballad followed, that their God was stolen and lost, but a new one was made in his room."

It would have been well if this had been the worst; but attached to both religions there was a refuse of population, in which, both under Mary and Elizabeth, foul scandals against the character of the princesses readily generated themselves, and these were printed and scattered about the streets. It is to the credit of the Protestant historians that the most foolish of them have not polluted their pages with these abominations, while no cesspool has been too foul for priests, bishops, cardinals, and even great ladies, to dive into, for materials with which to defile Elizabeth. But although the stories against Mary were left to rot where they were thrown, yet they were offensive enough when first they were uttered, and wounded her cruelly.

At last, however, Parliament was sitting; and for these and all

other disorders a remedy would be devised. If the towns were heretical, the country was orthodox, and the loyal knights of the shires would outnumber and overawe the insolent burgesses. It may be asked with what good hope the queen, who had been obliged to dismiss her first Parliament with such precipitation, could look without alarm to the assembling of a second. The secret comes out in the despatches of Renaud. The hope of her life, in case she ever had the power, had been to make reparation for her father's injustice, and restore the property of the Church. The distribution of it had been in direct violation of the principle on which the confiscation had been justified. But Cranmer and Latimer had protested in vain; and the latter, unable to rescue a single acre for education or for charity, was obliged to content himself with anathematizing in his strong way the hypocritical lords and squires, who only pretended to be "gospellers" for the chance of the scramble. The gospel part of the affair was now laid aside; but the convenience of the broad lands remained unaffected. Almost all the peers, and a large body of the commons, had shared more or less in the plunder; and as the queen's wish was no secret, and many right-minded persons in the country were disposed to sympathize in feeling the enormity of the wrong, however they might differ as to the manner in which it should be remedied, there was no little anxiety among them. They were determined not to part with the lands, cost what it might to defend them; but they were not desirous that things should be pushed to extremities, and were open to reason if the queen would come to terms. And so it was arranged that they were to make no more difficulty about the marriage, and she was formally to relinquish her design upon their property. So far, all went easy. It was a downright bargain; so much was paid on one side, and so much was given for it on the other, and both parties affected to be mutually satisfied. But the queen attempted to close her eyes to its nature; to flatter herself that they had been persuaded not to a single act, but to approbation of a policy, and proceeded to make fresh demands upon them. The Catholic faith was re-established, but the country still swarmed with heretics, and she desired fresh powers to repress them. It was still in schism, if not in heresy; and she desired a reconciliation with Rome. Considering that at least the upper house was composed of the same men who had gone along with Henry's anti-papalism, and who, under Edward, had forbidden the very exercise of the mass under any pretext whatsoever; the demand which she was pressing upon their consciences was extravagant, and without further "consideration" she was made to feel that it was impossible that they could concede. The reconciliation with Rome was for the present again

postponed; but the chancellor, in the beginning of the session, brought forward a bill for the restoration of the penalties against the Lollards; and now it appeared that a second transaction was necessary. The difficulty had been foreseen as a possible one; and Renaud was empowered to meet it with promises of Spanish gold; but the peers were so well aware of the baseness of their doings, that without the money down they would not give way. Renaud's letters of agony are not a little amusing. First the peers sent the bill to the commons, refusing to pass it while the penalties were made death. Oh! the pensions—the pensions! where were they? Then they threw it out altogether; and still no money. At last there was* an understanding that it should be passed in the following session, with another understanding that the Prince was to bring the money when he came over. After this disgraceful revelation, we can understand Queen Elizabeth's motives in creating a new aristocracy.

Among other misfortunes which befel England through the gold of Spain, too clearly is due to it that dark and dreadful persecution which has made Mary's name execrable through all generations. The Parliament was now dismissed, the proceedings in it having scandalized the country, and "a great revolt," in Renaud's opinion, "being imminent," which it would be better "should be over before the arrival of his Highness." When this arrival was to take place was now the important question. The articles were drawn, and Mary was impatient; but Renaud was anxious about the revolt, and wished first to see the steam let off in an explosion. He regarded political effervescences as periodical necessities of the English, and recommended autumn as the safest to make a first acquaintance with them, "*pour ce que ordinairement les humeurs des Anglois bouillissent plus en l'esté qu'en autre temps.*" The danger might however be less than he feared. The queen assured him that there was not the slightest occasion for alarm, and that "*gaignant et s'assurant des principaux par pensions et liberalitez l'on n'aura occasion de craindre le peuple.*" At last, although he could not close his eyes to the determinedly cold attitude of the country, and though no preparations were made anywhere to celebrate the arrival except at the Court, he made up his mind that it might be ventured in July (Midsummer though it was), and reported to that effect to the emperor. So in July it was to be; and, like the tragedy writers who scatter sunshine over the scenes which precede the catastrophe, as if they would linger in the light to the latest

* This must have been what really took place. Renaud says the bill was actually carried; but this is a mistake. It was not passed till the following December.

moment before they plunge into the darkness, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of loitering over the tragi-comedy of the meeting of the bridegroom and the bride.

On came the summer, like no summer in all the world except in England—raining, thundering, and blowing. The English fleet went down to the coast of Spain to join the Spanish, and form a squadron of escort with them. But the Spaniards would have been better pleased to have been left to themselves, for complaints were forwarded to the Court that Lord Clinton, the admiral, did nothing but laugh at their ships, and “call them mussel-shells;” and as the prince was long in coming, and the sailors grew weary and wanted amusement, they “did so cruelly push and torment” the crews of the said mussel-shells when they were on shore for water together, that it became necessary to fix separate hours for their landing, to keep them apart. And this was not the worst; for when the prince came at last, and a stiff south-wester had blown them into the channel, where the English considered themselves sovereign, the Spanish admiral, though the heir of half the world was in his ship, was made to strike his top-sails, and do homage to English supremacy. What poor Philip thought of this there is no saying; probably all minor evils were drowned in the one terrible evil which was before him, and probably too he knew nothing about the matter; for to add to his miseries, he was wretchedly, pitiably sick. The voyage, however, if a detestable, was at least a brief one, and after no more than seven days of suffering, he was set on shore at Southampton, on Saturday, the 20th of July—a memorable day in the history of this country, for the prospects of the queen may now be said to have been finally closed up, and the love, interest, sympathy, affection of her subjects gone from her for ever: thenceforward there was no more inclination for Catholicism; thenceforward, in the terror of being absorbed into the dominions of a foreign country, England sought only to intensify and defend her nationality, and isolate herself within her own white walls from all foreign princes, priests, and potentates. It was not the husband of her sovereign that she could recognise in Philip of Spain, but the deadly enemy of herself, her laws, and her children.

Fortunately for us mortals, however, necessary as any future may be, and inevitable as by our own actions we may have made it, it is kindly kept from us wrapt up in clouds, and we are not made wretched about it by anticipation. No visions of wrecked armadas or plundered caracques haunted Philip's dreams, as he rested his wearied body at the Southampton mayoralty. And if Mary's sleep was troubled when she heard that he had landed, it was certainly from no thought of impend-

ing disasters. On the Monday evening, they were to meet at Winchester; and the long summer's day would only be long enough for the slow magnificence of the procession, in which the bridegroom was to march thither from Southampton. He had brought with him a glorious retinue, decked out in all the splendours in which they had been wont to glitter up and down under the blue sky of Castile. The choicest chivalry of Europe were there in choicest holiday costume, with gold, and pearls, and silks, and velvets, and plumes of gorgeous birds of Paradise, from the forests of the new world. Southampton had never seen such a troop of cavaliers as on that July morning wound along her streets; and well might Southampton stand and gaze, and wonder at them, for never before or since were so many men worth marking seen together there. Alva was among them, and Count Egmont, and, greater than either, William Prince of Orange, and Count Horn, four men whose equals were not perhaps alive in Europe, or in the world. Poor England, and still more the English climate, which showed such weak perception of the honour done to it! The sun, at least, did not care to look at them, however the people did. Swithin lying there in his shrine at Winchester would not sacrifice one hour of his moist rites. Down fell the rain, as if the whole torrent of the forty days were streaming into one; down it fell, hopeless, cheerless, incorrigible. The gay feathers dangled in the bonnets; the drenched horses drooped their heads, trailing their gaudy caparisons as they waded through the chalk slush of the roads; but no horse might quicken its pace, and no outward composure be disturbed: on they paced, slow, solemn, and most miserable. We can fancy how the Hampshire peasants stood grinning under the dripping eaves of the cottage porches, and bare-legged urchins darted out with disrespectful capers, as the last horse went by. We can fancy the oaths which were muttered between Philip's yellow lips at all England, weather, marriage, queen, and the whole accursed connexion. And the rain was not the worst. To propitiate the gods of his new subjects, he had drained in their honour, before starting, a huge tankard of "the wine of the country"—Hampshire ale—the flavour and the properties of which alike displeased his inexperienced stomach; and, within and without, he was drenched in wretchedness.

Two hours had brought them two miles from Southampton, when suddenly a messenger dashed up from Winchester full gallop in a shower of rain and mud, and delivered, breathless, a mysterious message, that the prince was to come no further, and was instantly to return. What was to be done? What was the meaning of it? Renaud's warnings, what he had said of

English inconstancy, the mysterious *boulissement* of their evil humours periodically recurrent at the dog-days, all rushed into his mind; the cavalcade was halted, and Alva, Egmont, and he, drew up at the edge of the road to consult. Tradition has not preserved what passed between them; but what strange thoughts the associations of those three names call up in us when we think of them on that wet day, standing talking at the ditch side, on the Southampton road. After such a ride together, and such a scene, it is hard to understand why they were not sworn friends for ever. But we must cut short our sentimentalism, as an English nobleman, who was present, cut short their agitation. "Sire," he said, laughing, "the queen only begs you will not think of coming to her in such dreadful weather." If Philip ever blushed, he blushed then. He gathered himself together, dismissing the hope which perhaps, for a moment, had shot across him, of a reprieve from the purgatory into which he was to be precipitated. The foot march recommenced; and after eight more mortal hours of slush and shower-bath, the draggled cavaliers waded into the town of Winchester, and found dry clothes and supper waiting for them at the Deanery. Where let us leave him to digest his watery welcome as best he could.

In another day or two, the precipitation was completed. How long a time elapsed before the queen's eyes opened to the light in which she was regarded by him we cannot tell. There was much to blind her; and perhaps, during the few succeeding months, she was as nearly happy as with her unhappy nature she could be. At the close of August, they made their entry together into London; where, though they were received with a show of pageantry, there were threatening indications visible also, which showed that the temper of the citizens had not become more submissive. At one end of London Bridge stood a large painted figure of King Henry, holding a book as if to present to her as she passed, on which was written, "*Verbum Dei*." Without taste, and without tact, she halted till a painter had been summoned, and had dashed out the words.

The objects, however, most notable on this occasion were the twenty cart-loads of bullion which followed in the train, and in which, as behind the triumphal car of the prince and queen, the honour of the English nobles was drawn along in shameful captivity. The price of blood was come, and Parliament was now to meet once more, when they were to fulfil their promise. Means of another sort, though equally sure, had been taken to secure a pliant House of Commons, and now the queen was to inaugurate her final victory, and place the last stone on the reconstructed edifice of Catholicism. Her first Parliament had

given her the mass, but protested against Pope and husband. Her second had granted the husband, but there ceased their compliance. The third was to do submission, in the name of the country, to a Roman legate. England was to be received again, as a returned prodigal, in the bosom of her mother, and, as a token of her repentance, was to offer up her misleaders with fire and faggot at the altars of the offended gods.

Unanimity would be certain; for no dissentient voice was to be permitted. The Church had been diligently weeded; the heretical bishops were in prison or in exile; three thousand clergy had been turned adrift to find some other employment or to starve. Convocation was already, therefore, secured, and the elections to the House of Commons could be controlled. A letter of Mary's is preserved to us, obviously a circular to the lieutenants of the counties, directing them how to proceed. It is addressed to the Earl of Sussex, and runs as follows:—

“Mary the Queen.

“Right-trusty and well-beloved Cousin, we greet you well: And whereas for divers causes, tending principally to the advancement of God's glory and the government of this realm, we have thought convenient to call our High Court of Parliament for the twelfth of next month, as by our writ of summons sent unto you you may at better length perceive; like as for your own part we doubt not but ye will be ready to assist us with your best advice and counsel for the furtherance of our good purpose in such matters as are to be treated of in our said Parliament, so, to the end the same may be more gravely debated and circumspectly handled to the honour of Almighty God and general commodity of our loving subjects, *we have thought convenient specially to require and pray you to admonish on our behalf such our good and loving subjects as by order of our writs have the election of knights, citizens, or burgesses within our realm to choose of their inhabitants such as, being eligible by order of our laws, may be of the wise, grave, and Catholic sort*; such as indeed mean the true honour of God with the prosperity of the commonwealth, the advancement whereof we and our dear husband the King do chiefly profess and intend, without alteration of any man's possession, as, amongst other false rumours, the hinderers of our good purpose and favourers of heresy do report.

“Given under our signet at our palace of Westminster, the 6th of October, this second year of our reign.”*

* If this letter was the only evidence remaining to us, it would not be sufficient to prove that the means employed by the court were decidedly unconstitutional, as the constitution was then understood. It is important, however, as a comment on the universal complaints of the Protestants, that the elections were unfairly controlled, and the following language of *Michele*, the Venetian ambassador at the court of Mary, inapplicable as we know that was to her first two parliaments, describes the impression which he gathered from the proceed-

The specific form of admonition which Sussex was to administer to the good and loving subjects may be left to conjecture. It is enough that it answered its purpose; persons who attempt a game of this kind usually taking precautions which shall secure them against immediate failure. All was at last ready therefore. The commons were nominees, the peers were bribed, the convocation weeded; and, with a hand of packed cards, the game would not be difficult. Considering what the work was, it had been dexterously done. The island of heretics was prostrate, and nothing remained but that Cardinal Pole, the legate, should now make his appearance and complete the farce. It was the culmination of Mary's star,

"and from that full meridian of her glory
She hasted to her setting."

On the 28th of November, the Parliament and the cardinal came face to face; on the 29th, the motion for the reunion with Rome was carried with acclamation; on the 30th was the great scene with legislature, king, queen, and legate, at the close of which, after mutual weepings, prayings, and admonishings, the latter rose in his place, and declared that "all those present, and the whole nation and the dominions thereof, he absolved from heresy, schism, and all judgments, censures, and penalties for that cause incurred, and restored them to the communion of the holy church, in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Amen, amen, amen, rang out round the hall, the members rose from their knees, and they and the court and the legate adjourned to the chapel and sang *Te Deums*; with what emotions we feel no temptation to pause and to consider. Next followed a similar scene with the convocation, and the Sunday after Gardiner did penance at Paul's Cross, and preached a sermon of self-abomination for his schism. The Parliament made haste with the work which remained. On the 18th of December, the persecuting bill passed, and, with the new year, the heretic burning was to begin. It was a great victory, or it looked like one; and to add to it, in the middle

ings of her third. He is mistaken in deducing a practice from a single instance, but his evidence is no less valuable as to what he himself witnessed:—

"The kings use in more than one way to keep out, (of parliament), or bring in, whomsoever they please; choosing for the latter purpose such only on whose good disposition towards them they can firmly rely. They are at this time become so formidable and powerful that they may do even as they please; nor can any body, whether in Parliament or out of it, impunely, or indeed without utter ruin to himself, venture to stand up in opposition, or even to make the least show of resistance to their pleasure generally. In short, servants they enter Parliament, and servile are their proceedings therein."

of all the joy, the queen was declared to be *enceinte*. Up went *Te Deums* again from every cathedral in Europe. Bells rung and bonfires blazed. There was no doubt any more; Heaven had spoken; Heaven had blessed the queen for her glorious work, and doubly blessed the Church through her. The news was sent flying to the emperor. "I never doubted of the matter," he said; "I never doubted but that God, who had wrought so many miracles, would make the same perfect by assisting nature to His good and most desired work." It was only natural that Catholics should think so. It was natural too, perhaps, when it all turned out a dream, that they should not have seen, in the failure of their hopes, the same evidence of the disfavour of God as they supposed themselves to see of His favour, while they thought it a reality. The weight of the evidence was the same, into whichever scale it was cast. But so it is with the sons of men. The most trifling coincidence, the idlest straw driven before the wind, will be claimed as a providence when it flatters their prejudices; the most startling catastrophe will be explained away, ascribed to luck, to fortune, or the malice of the devil, sooner than they will acknowledge it to be a judgment on their sins.

That Mary's pregnancy was a pitiable delusion, politically we cannot but rejoice. With her ultra-montane extravagance she had sacrificed for ever the hope of reconciling the English to any form of Catholicism, however moderate; and the events of the next three years would have inevitably precipitated a revolution if her breaking health had not enabled them to expect an early remedy in natural causes. There is no doubt how the struggle would have ended, but while it lasted it would have been inconceivably dreadful; and instead of the long glorious peace of Elizabeth, when the population doubled their numbers, and trebled their wealth, the best blood of England would have flowed away on new fields of Towton or of Barnet, and the Protestants might only have found themselves conquerors, to bleed to death on the scene of their victory. But for the poor queen herself, it was a disappointment which may well command our commiseration. From her childhood she had been the plaything of a fortune which had bound her heart in ice; and her woman's feelings, as she brooded over her own and her mother's wrongs, had curdled into bitterness. With a more powerful nature, injuries such as hers would have brought about some tragical catastrophe; but such a result was prevented by the poverty of her disposition, and she was transformed instead into a wretched being who could neither love nor be loved.

If her husband had treated her even with ordinary kindness—inexperienced as she, who had never known kindness at all,

must have been in distinguishing between the degrees of it—it might have satisfied her self-flattery; and if those other hopes had not deceived her, and if in becoming a mother fresh springs of affection had been allowed to open for her, it is not impossible that the hard frost-bound soil might have thawed, and the latent humanity shot up again.

It might have been so; and those dark blots which will now lie upon her name for ever, might either never have been, or have been washed away by repentance. There is no saying. History is not of what might have been, but of what was; which, indeed, perhaps is all which could have been. But Queen Mary, cruelly as she was wronged in her own young days, is not one of those persons whom it is possible to hate, and we pity her, even for her crimes.

To return to the Parliament. Although Pole had received a commission from the Pope to confirm the existing tenures of the spoliated Church lands, there was, nevertheless, a hope, that by persuasion, if not by violence, the holders of them might be induced to disgorge. The Mortmain Act was suspended for twenty years to give the priests the opportunity of working upon them on their death-beds, and perhaps of terrifying them by a refusal of the viaticum. The queen set an example by giving back what remained to the Crown; and Pole, in the very speech in which he consented to the Acts of Parliament which established things as they were, yet reminded those whom he allowed to retain what they had got of the punishment which God sent upon Belshazzar for his sacrilegious usage of the vessels of the temple. Here and there a few straggling monks began to nestle among the ruins of the abbeys, like the remnants of a wasp's nest about the blackened hole which has been their home; and natural repentance, and natural uneasiness, when the dying point was near, would soon, it was hoped, lead many a man to sacrifice for his children what he could not resolve to sacrifice for himself.

The gangrene of heresy was now to be cauterized. The queen had got her bill, and might now burn when she pleased. We can believe that the legislature, in granting her the power, had little notion of the manner in which she would use it. The Statute of the Six Articles, except on a few occasions, had been a dead letter in the hands of her father; and they may easily have been unable to conceive that a woman, who had been merciful to traitors, would be harder upon heretics than so ostentatious a champion of orthodoxy as Henry the Eighth. But they had underrated the power of Catholicism over a heart in which no natural feeling operated to soften or to counteract it.

We have no intention of pursuing the horrible history of the years which followed; but many attempts have been made to

remove the responsibility from the queen; and it is necessary to say, that the closer we examine, the more certain we feel that it is wholly and exclusively hers. It has appeared so horrible a thing that a woman should have done it all, that the blame has been desperately hurled upon Philip, Gardiner, Bonner, Pole, any one whose name is prominent. And yet, the Sunday after the first execution, Philip's confessor preached openly in severe condemnation of it; Gardiner and Bonner recoiled from their loathsome duty, and we have letters extant of Mary's own, in which she rebuked them for their slowness, and goaded them into proceeding. And Pole was so notoriously opposed to the persecution, that complaints were entered against him at Rome, his legative office was suspended, and only his death prevented his being called to account as a favourer of heresy. It was the queen, and the queen only; and the explanation of her conduct, if we will only reflect, is not so exceedingly difficult.

A Catholic, if he is really sincere, cannot but approve of persecution. If he believes, as he professes to believe, that teachers of what he calls heresy are indeed leading away the souls of all miserable men who listen to them, into the eternal fires of hell, no crime can equal theirs in atrocity, as the consequences of none approach it in horror. Catholics who pretend to deplore the spirit of persecution, can by no possibility be sincere in denying salvation to all who are beyond the pale of their church; and when they prate of toleration, they make their profession an imposture and a lie. We naturally shrink from pressing one another with the logical consequences of our creed, whether political or religious, and it seems a hard thing to charge upon the faith of so large a section of educated, well-disposed people, so dreadful a necessity. But the question is too serious to be trifled with; and whether we like it or not, we must look it in the face. Let us consider what damnation means in the creed of a Catholic; consider what the *crime* must be which involves a penalty so appalling. And if a simple heretical belief is sufficient to involve it, what can we say of those who teach heresy. It is only because the gates of hell lie beyond the grave, and he does not with his bodily eyes see the poor souls hurled through them, that the Catholic of weak faith talks of toleration. If he have the power to crush a heretic teacher, and spare him, he must stand self condemned—condemned of a crime as infinitely greater than that of him who lets loose a murderer from his prison, as the torture of unending years exceeds the moment's pain of a single death.

And thus Catholicism, wherever it is dominant, and wherever it is sincerely professed, would always carry out persecution to its extreme and cruel issue, were it not that in the generality, if

not the whole, of mankind there is an element of humanity which no creed can extinguish, making them *men* as well as orthodox believers, and compelling them to refuse the conclusion, even while they continue to accept the premises. Gardiner would have punished the *leaders* of Protestantism, as he would have punished the leaders of a rebellion; but four or five, instead of as many hundreds, would have closed the lists, if he had had the keeping of them. Bonner, a good-natured, choleric man, would have whipped a few for the example, and let the rest go free. But in Queen Mary, early ill usage had trampled out the natural woman, and delivered her up to Catholicism, to be moulded by it exclusively and completely. With a resolute wish to do the will of God, without one bad passion, careless of herself, and only caring for what she believed to be her duty, she had no idea of what duty meant, except what she gathered from her creed; and all her loves, and all her hatreds, submitted to the literal control of the propositions of it, uncounteracted and uninfluenced by a single human emotion. The character is a fearful but an intelligible one; and we shall not easily exhaust the instructiveness of it. We may look through history in vain to find a second specimen: one such was enough, and that one was raised up on high on the English throne, for all mankind to gaze upon as an example of what Catholicism was able to do with a nature wholly given over to it, in which no other influence, either of head or heart, assisted or interfered with its operations.

The most painful feature in the English persecution is the rank of the victims. Five bishops, and a very few leading clergymen alone appear, of men whose names were known to the world. There was neither peer among them, nor knight, nor gentleman—only poor mechanics, weavers, tailors, carpenters, common day-labourers, and poor blind boys. We are unwilling to think that the queen only struck where she dared, and would not risk a collision which might put an end to her proceedings; we know, as a fact, that it was among the poor that Protestantism had the strongest hold, and that the preachers of it were as unlettered as the first apostles: and yet as we turn over the catalogue of sufferers, the painful impression will cling to us that cowardice was added to inhumanity.

The rest of Mary's life is soon told: she was shot down from the show of her prosperity as swiftly as she was raised to it; her life on earth was one long mistake, and but for the brief delusive interval, which only served to make her cup more bitter, it was one long misery. The symptoms which she had mistaken for pregnancy were the approaches of a hideous disease. Her husband, for whom she had sacrificed the hearts of her

people, detested her, and, brute as he was, took no pains to conceal his aversion. He insulted her by infamous solicitations of the ladies of her court; when they turned with disdain from him, he consoled himself with vulgar debauchery; and making no secret of the motives which had induced him to accept her hand, when the policy burst like an air-bubble, he hastened to leave a country which was always execrable to him, and a wife whose presence was a reproach.

Thus bitterly Mary's heart was again flung back upon itself; and, with seared feelings and breaking health, she threw herself with undivided heart upon her religion to fulfil the mission on which she believed that she had been sent by God. The most severe edict which was issued for the persecution went out after her husband had left her, proving, if proof were wanted, that she, and not he, was the author of it. Heretics, like the Hydra's heads, seemed to multiply by their destruction, and every victim offered, kindled fresh and fresh enthusiasm for martyrdom. Dragged in troops before the bishops, the labour of the latter was to thrust upon them opportunities of escape; and, fairly read, the history of the Marian trials is that of wretched judges compelled to administer a law which they abhorred, and whose one effort was to escape the duties which it forced upon them. The queen's determination, however, only grew with failure. She saw the hatred of her people, but it did not move her. She felt her life was ebbing from her: it was the more reason she should make haste. Her sister's accession, which now she could not hinder, would be the signal for the downfall of all for which she had laboured, if she could not first destroy the poison. In the portraits which remain of her, we can read the history of it all; that high projecting forehead, falling in and narrowing above the eyes—weak, and yet inflexible; foolish, yet with the conceit of wisdom. As she sank and sank, the more fiercely she drove on the persecution: fresh and fresh powers were given to the ecclesiastics and fresh and fresh injunctions; what had begun in conviction of duty, had settled into a monomania. But the endurance of the people, like the queen's life, was drawing to its limits; and it was a race between them which would first give in. Near as the close of the latter evidently was, Cecil had to fear some dreadful outbreak would anticipate it. Her death was openly prayed for in the churches, and it was idle to declare it treason. The exiled clergy in Germany poured pamphlets across the Channel, in which it was declared lawful, and even meritorious, to make away with her *ferro veneno quocunque modo*, and though she justly made the possession of such papers punishable with death, yet,

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when the nation shared the treason, the impossibility of executing it made the threat contemptible.

Thus wretchedly, the last sovereign in England who reigned on to her natural end a Catholic, sank towards the grave. She ascended the throne when the people whom she was called to govern were inclining to return to their old bondage, and her reign, though but of little more than five years' duration, was long enough to make such a return impossible for ever. Fearful as it was, we cannot regret it, for those poor men whom she destroyed secured in their death a perpetual freedom to England; and if to die nobly in a noble cause be really for a mortal man the happiest service of life; if, in the midst of the profitless existence of so many millions of millions, those few are to be accounted blessed who have not lived in vain, the five hundred poor working men who sank to ashes at the stake by the order of Mary Tudor, are not among those whose fate we most deplore, or who would themselves ask us to deplore it. Surely happier far was the meanest of them all, than that poor forlorn princess who was piteously divorced from life by years of agony; who, although she passed away a queen amidst the splendour of a palace, yet knew too well in dying that no man or woman left on earth would waste one regret, or shed one tear upon her memory; and who, in the miserable consciousness of the vanity of her existence, prayed that she might be buried in the habit of a poor *religieuse*, in which alone it would have been well for her if she had lived.

ART. II.—CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF IRELAND.

1. *The Condition and Prospects of Ireland; and the Evils arising from the present Distribution of Landed Property; with Suggestions for a Remedy.* By Jonathan Pim. Dublin. 1848.
2. *Impediments to the Prosperity of Ireland.* By W. Neilson Hancock, LL.D., M.R.I.A., &c. &c. London. 1850.
3. *Transactions of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, during the Famine in Ireland, in 1846 and 1847.* Dublin and London. 1852.
4. *Tenth Report from the Select Committee on Poor Laws (Ireland).*
5. *The Cassell Prize Essay on the Condition of Ireland.* By William Edward Hearn, LL.B., &c. &c. Dublin and London. 1851.
6. *Report of the Committee of the Society for Irish Church Missions.*
7. *Sketch of the Origin and Operations of the Society for Irish Church Missions.* By the Rev. W. Marrable, A.M. Fourth Edition. 1852.
8. *Tracts issued by the Society for Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics.* London. 1852.

THE world is weary of the subject of Ireland; and, above all the rest, the English reading world is weary of it. The mere name brings up images of men in long coats and women in long cloaks; of mud cabins and potatoes; the conacre, the middleman, and the priest; the faction fight, and the funeral howl. The sadness of the subject has of late years increased the weariness. People who could read with enjoyment Abdallatif's descriptions of famine, and Defoe's of plague, turn away from narratives of similar woes in Ireland, because they are too real and practical to be an intellectual exercise or pastime—to serve as knowledge or excitement. Something ought to be done for Ireland; and, to readers by the fireside, it is too bewildering to say what. So the subject is left to Parliament; while members of Parliament feel in this case, as in every other where great questions are involved, that they can do nothing, except in as far as they are sustained by public interest. Our own attention has been of late so attracted to Ireland, and so much novelty of

incident and of aspect has presented itself in the course of our study, that we cannot but believe that an hour's interest and entertainment may be furnished to the reader out of the experience of many weeks, and the teachings of some new and valuable books.

Without going back into the sad old history of Ireland, we can give some idea of what was the state of things there before the calamity of 1846, and during the famine years,—and of the present state and prospects of the country. About the last of these aspects, at least, there should be nothing wearisome, for, of all new things, this is the newest. The new French emperor is a stale conception compared with it: and so is the junction of the Atlantic and the Pacific; and so are the gold-fields. Take what subject of contemporary excitement you will,—the opening prospects of Ireland do, in novelty and interest, surpass them all.

Ten years ago, the persuasion that lay deep in the Irish heart was that the height of human felicity was in having a stretch of green earth for one's own, with nothing to do. There is nothing wonderful in this being the general persuasion, in that particular island. A gentle rain, distributed over most days of the year, falls in a moderate total amount, but so as to prevent the pastures being either flooded or burnt up. A glance at a geological map of Ireland will show a vast extent of limestone, large tracts of which, thinly covered with soil, produce grass on which cattle thrive wonderfully. From end to end of the island, the quality of the stock is such as to strike a stranger more than many sights of which we hear more. If we do hear of it, it is in the form of lamentation that human beings should pine while four-footed creatures fatten like favourites of nature. But, why should not the cattle be fat? There is the vast limestone basin; there is the shallow soil; and there is the sweet, fine, thick herbage. The soil and the stock are evidently fitted to each other; so, let them be. The Irish have been, till now, willing enough to let them be. The landlord, whose interest was for life only, and who had no capital to lay out in farming, found grazing a good thing for the little money and trouble it cost: and so did his tenant, who, without a lease or other security, could not venture to look beyond the year; and so did the middleman, who, living where there was no middle class, could be genteel only by imitating the idleness of the landlords. Up to a recent time, Ireland has strongly resembled a slave-holding country in the one particular, of the disgracefulness of industry. Why it was so, it is easy enough to see. William III., addressing the House of Commons on the 2nd of July, 1698, made a promise which reads rather strangely now. "I shall," said he, "do all that lies in me to

discourage the woollen manufactures of Ireland." Other potentates made the same promise, and kept it faithfully: so, between that policy and the operation of the penal laws about religious matters, there was created a great gap in Irish society where there should have been a middle class. The laws against the importation of corn discouraged trade in food, and drove the people to patches of land for subsistence. Butter was exported from Cork and Waterford, and bacon from Dublin; but so small was the number of importers and retailers of food throughout Ireland, that the master difficulty at the time of the famine was how to put the food, as it arrived in abundance, within the reach of the people. Even now, it is a curious spectacle to the English traveller, —the attempts of the Irish to sell food to each other. Women carry about apples; and, here and there, two or three members of a family may be seen escorting a kid, or a fowl, or a basket of eggs, to some region where traffic goes on,—reminding one of Arthur Young's description of how the French peasants wasted their time in seeking a market—before the great Revolution. The fisheries never came to anything, for want of a market; and, in fact, the important class of food-sellers was almost entirely wanting in Ireland, except in the great towns. And in the great towns, the manufacturing element was smaller than has almost ever been known, in modern times, in a country where the people were numbered by millions. We have had a glimpse of the treatment of wool, in a country so rich in pasturage. One manufacture after another died out under restriction, or was destroyed by combinations of workmen. Flannel, coarse linen, silk, woollen, lace, gloves, and several more went down. The best workmen came over to England. The employers withdrew from business, in terror at the brutality attending trade-combinations; and those combinations were made as brutal as they were by the absence of a poor-law, which left no alternative to the depressed operative but violence or despair. There are few manufacturers capable of exercising the heroic pertinacity of the Messrs. Hutton, of Dublin, who have preserved to their country their splendid coach-manufacture, after half a century of firm and fine-tempered occasional conflict with men who battered their carriages, cut their silks and laces, beat their foremen, and compelled the partners themselves to ride home armed, and walk about in protracted peril of their lives. And so it has been with fisheries and curing establishments. The Catholics were depressed by penal visitations and restrictions; and the Protestant men of business were jealously watched by their injured neighbours, and so thwarted and held in check by their own work-people, that they gave up the game; and down went the pursuits of industry and the strength of the middle class,

and up went the value of the land and the dignity of having nothing to do.

There was not even the farming element of the middle class. Arthur Young gave a good account of the requisites for profitable tillage on the spot in his time. Speaking of Limerick and Tipperary, he says, "It is the richest soil I ever saw, and, as such, is applicable to every purpose you can wish. It will fatten the largest bullock, and at the same time do equally well for sheep, for tillage, for turnips, for wheat, for beans, and, in a word, for every crop and circumstance of profitable husbandry." In Ireland, the produce of wheat exceeds that of France by ten bushels per acre; and the superiority over all other countries in the produce of green crops is even more remarkable, where due pains are taken. But due pains were not taken in Arthur Young's time, and afterwards. There was no substantial farming class, any more than there was a manufacturing or commercial.

If we show what there was on either side of this great chasm, it does not follow that we must say what the reader is weary of hearing. We have all good reason to be tired of the popular representation of the Irish landlord and the Irish peasant. But, perhaps, there may be another aspect of each, disclosed by the searching power of recent misfortune.

It is rather a bold venture to say a word in favour of the Irish landlord,—in favour, not only of the Irish landlord who, in our day, impoverished by visitations of natural calamity, engages the respectful compassion of all humane men; but of him who was a by-word to the last generation. We shall be called perverse, and paradoxical, and so forth; but not the less must we say that, to us, at least, the case of the whole landlord class of Ireland is considerably altered by the recent exhibition of what that case really is—an exhibition made, not by the landlords, but by some who can tell their story better than they can themselves.

The laws have allowed the Irish landlord no fair chance. They have been cruelly oppressive to his fortunes.—But, who made those laws relating to Irish land? Did not the landlords make them? They did. But it was very long ago, when the law-makers were all land-owners; when, in the natural endeavour to legislate for the honour and profit of their own class, they did what such self-seekers always must do,—pass laws which must in time become so oppressive to all classes as to bring about, after a world of misery, their own extinction. A glance at the condition of an Irish landlord ten years ago, will show what his law-making ancestors subjected him to.

It appears that a mistake has been prevalent about the uncertainty of titles to land in Ireland. On the spot, it is said, and appears to be proved, that English conveyancers have been mis-

taken about this. The ascertainment of title has been difficult, in the case of incumbered estates; but the title, once got at, seems to be as clear there as anywhere else. But not for this was the owner the more able to sell any of his land—and not for this had he any more enjoyment of it while it was called his own. He came into it under a settlement which settled all his affairs, with a vengeance, while it arranged the descent of the land.

“Can you,” ask the Select Committee of the House of Commons of Dr. Longfield,—“can you describe, briefly, the mode in which this practice of family settlements interferes with the freedom of land and its transfer?—A common settlement is in this form: to the husband for life, and then terms are created to secure a jointure to the wife, and then charges for younger children, and then to the first son of the marriage in tail; and, till the first son comes to the age of 21 years, the land cannot by possibility be sold; and even when he comes of age, it is subject to incumbrances for the younger children; and sometimes a second settlement is made when the son comes of age, and there is a new set of incumbrances for younger children. I have known three generations of incumbrances on one estate.

“What is the practical effect of such a state of things with regard to that property?—The practical effect is that very frequently a country gentleman finds himself quite disabled from managing the property, where a great portion of the income of his property goes to other people who have no interest in the good management of the property; and he is a poor man, and is not able to act with the liberality with which he would otherwise be disposed to act.

“And he is injured by being placed in a position which he is not able to maintain?—Yes. He has the rank and territorial influence attached to the estate, though he has not the income from it. In improving times, he has an advantage, because he gets the benefit of any rise; but when a reverse takes place, he is unable to overcome it, because he bears the whole weight of the reverse, none of which falls on the incumbrancers.”—*Tenth Report*, p. 9.

Thus, the landlord had to bear all pressure of every sort. The poor-rate on the whole property had to be paid by him, while no allowance had been made for it in the arrangement of jointures and mortgages. He thinks this hard; but is told that it would be unjust to jointresses to tax their settled incomes; and that if there was any attempt to charge mortgagees with poor-rate, they would foreclose at once. If his farms are left empty, he is chargeable with the rates on them; and if the tenant has gone away in debt, the landlord not only loses his rent, but has to pay the arrears of rate. What can a man do who, with a nominal income of 1500*l.*, has only 400*l.*, and is subject to the charges upon the whole 1500*l.*?

The first thing he would desire would be the improvement of

his tenantry,—for his own sake, and for everybody's. But, he has no power to give the security of a good lease to a promising tenant: that is, the law does not allow, as in Scotland, a priority of claim to lessees, over other incumbrancers, in case of the landlord's death. He cannot bind his successor, and the lease expires with his life. Again, he cannot charge his estate with the cost of improvements, be they ever so desirable. He cannot, out of his restricted income, build houses and barns for his tenants, or drain their land, while it is out of his power to make a secure lease of sufficient length, or to engage to compensate them for their expenditure in improvements. Without such a lease, it is not to be expected that the tenant should incur such an outlay; so, down goes each party:—the land degenerates, the buildings fall to pieces, the tenant cannot pay his rent, the landlord loses his rent, and has to pay the rates and all other charges, while his property is sinking to waste. Again, while his fertile land is thus sinking to waste, he has no power to let waste land to be made fertile. In ancient times, when there were no surveys of land, it was a serious matter to alter the description of land—as by turning a moor into corn-fields; and the law forbade such transformation. If land now descends under the description of waste, it is against the law to cultivate it; and its legal description still is "waste." Again, the decay of woods in Ireland—a serious misfortune—is not the fault of the landlords, but a misfortune sustained by them. It is not the landlords who utter the foolish saying, that trees will not grow in Ireland. Those of them who are of ancient descent can tell of the extent of ancient forests. They can tell of outlawed chiefs who lived in the woods. They can tell that Westminster Hall was built of oak from Ulster. They can tell of the income once derived from the sale of timber and staves. They can point to their bogs, where miles of forest lie sunk; and some few can look up with complacency to the sheltering growth of trees about the family mansion. But they well know that, in the present state of the law, they might as well expect to see palms and banyan trees on their tenants' farms, as oak, elm, ash, or pine. Tenants for a shorter term than fourteen years,—that is, almost the whole tenantry of Ireland—have no claim whatever for the trees they plant, any more than for those they found growing; and the landlord cannot fell them, because the tenant has a right to their "fruit and shade." If the tenant obtains a renewal of his lease, he must cut down his trees within a year, or forfeit all claim to them; and the landlord cannot relieve him, because he may not charge the estate with improvements. It is only by a troublesome act of registration of his trees, that the tenant can have any benefit of them at all; and the short-lived and precarious benefit

obtainable is not such as will clothe Ireland with woods in the place of those that are gone.

"I remember," says Professor Hancock, "hearing of a case in a northern county, where the tenant attributed the landlord's unwillingness to purchase, or secure him the value of the trees, entirely to the landlord. The negotiations about renewing the lease were prolonged till the time within which the tenant could cut the trees had almost expired; but on the last day the tenant assembled the whole countryside, and cut down and removed every tree from the place, being compelled to destroy the greater part of the value of the trees, in order to secure to himself the small compensation for his labour and capital which the law allowed in the right of cutting. The country people, seeing an improving tenant resort to such a step, never thought of the law respecting trees, but were loud in their indignation against the landlord, very unjustly ascribing to him a set of circumstances over which he had no control."—*Impediments to the Prosperity of Ireland*, p. 126.

Up to a late date, the land-owner was controlled by law in the leasing of mines and coal-pits, the rent he was to charge being settled for him, and at such a point that he could get no lessees, while Cornwall was open to them. And here is a case of bondage about leasing for the erection of mills. Professor Hancock, in giving evidence that the owner is forbidden, in an ordinary case of settled property, to let more than three acres for a mill, and more than fifteen for a cotton-mill, is asked—

"Have you known cases in which a mill, or mills, have not been built on certain properties, in consequence of that restriction?—Yes; there is a very remarkable case that came to my knowledge; and I had the consent of the surviving parties who were connected with the matter to publish it. The substance of it is simply this: that about fifteen years ago (that is, before 1849) a gentleman, intending to erect a flax-mill, applied to a landlord in the north of Ireland, to give him fifty acres of land, and fifty acres of bog, to build a mill, and to put up a mill village in a very poor part of his estate. The landlord was delighted with the proposal: he offered to get up the fifty acres of land from the tenants, to buy out the tenants, to give him the fifty acres of land rent-free, and to give him the fifty acres of bog also rent-free, and to give him the longest lease that the settlement would allow. When the settlement was examined, it was found that the landlord could not carry out this good intention; that he must set at the best rent, consequently he could not grant the thing at a nominal rent; it was also found that he could not renew the lease as long as he lived, because the moment the mill was put up, he was then bound to set at the best rent again, and include the rent of the mill. The only lease that he could grant was for three lives, or thirty-one years; and the flax-spinner said, that he could not lay out his capital upon that lease, because he would have to lodge his lease the next day with a banker in Belfast, as security. In consequence of that, the mill was not built; the capitalist went to

Belfast, where he could get a better interest ; he built his mill, and he has laid out 15,000*l.* a-year ever since in wages. He has prospered ; and that district where that mill was not erected, was one of the poorest parts of that landlord's estate during the famine. It suffered very seriously ; and the people are still in a state of distress."—*Tenth Report*, p. 50.

Thus we see the landlord unable to sell, except under difficulties which amount to a prohibition. He cannot let his land, or not to advantage. He cannot improve, but by giving up his own income, and the fortunes of younger children, to throw the increased value into the lap of his eldest son. He cannot borrow money, for the improvement of his land, on the ordinary commercial terms. Being a tenant for life, he has to pay not only the interest of the money borrowed, but the insurance on the entire amount for his own life, being unable to charge his successor for improvements on the estate. He was brought up, perhaps, to consider himself a sort of prince—the descendant of old nobles—the proprietor of mountains, lakes, and rivers ; able to boast to the sovereign, in the Long Walk at Windsor, that to his castle there was an avenue of thirty miles. When he comes into possession, he finds himself, perhaps, with an income of a few hundreds a year ; with a tenantry for whose losses he is blamed ; with land, for whose deterioration he is made answerable. He cannot stand there in the midst, tied hand and foot, to be denounced by the priest, insulted by the newspapers, (especially by the *London Times*,) heart-wrung by the sight of suffering that he cannot relieve, perplexed by calls he cannot meet, and subject to the assassin's shot from behind the wall. He goes abroad, to live in peace on his little income, or to increase it by entering into political or other official life ; and immediately he is branded as an absentee. Hear Professor Hancock on this :—

"I do not think that the want of improvements arises so much from their being absentees as from their being heavily incumbered. I find that, with respect to those absentees who live in England for the purposes of ambition or pleasure, some of their estates are the most improved in Ireland ; but whenever an absentee is an absentee because he cannot reside on account of incumbrances, the mismanagement of his estate arises from its being incumbered, and not from his being an absentee. I doubt very much whether parties under entails would lay out much money in improvements ; certainly not without the adoption of the Scotch law, of enabling them to charge the inheritance for doing so. But I think that a great deal of what is attributed to absenteeism arises from the landlord not being allowed to sell. They are compelled to hold on their estates, and cannot reside on them ; and therefore, by law, they are made absentees. If they were allowed to sell their estates, the parties who bought would reside.

"Are there any proprietors whatsoever in Ireland who do erect farm buildings, and carry on their business with their tenants upon the same principle that is generally adopted in England?—I believe there are some who do so; and I believe some of those who do it most are absentees."—*Tenth Report*, p. 65.

Such was the state of a large proportion of the landlord class, just before the famine. In many districts, the priests of the two churches were almost the only resident gentry: the priest of the one church with an income, but no influence outside of it: the priest of the other church with much power, but very little money. Of farmers, and shopkeepers, and artisans, there were very few. The middlemen were almost the only specimen of the middle-class. On the further side of the chasm, there was a mournful spectacle. We will not describe it; for everybody knows what was the cabin-life of the Irish poor. We will merely set down the numbers. Out of a population of eight millions, nearly three-and-a-half millions lived in mud cabins—in the lowest order of human habitations. Because of the faults in the ownership and occupation of land, there was no improvement. Because there was no improvement, there was no middle-class, or work, or wages. Because there was no middle-class, or work, or wages, the multitude betook themselves to such land as they could obtain. Because the most abundant crop from that land was potatoes, the people lived on potatoes: and, finally, because, when potatoes failed, they could go no lower for food, they were doomed victims of famine.

And all this time, while landlords were abroad, or hiding from their creditors behind their own iron gates, and maintaining the population as paupers in the workhouses which were rising over all the land—while many millions of acres of good land were lying waste, and the seas were alive with fish, which nobody caught—no less than 20,000 Irish capitalists had invested nearly 40,000,000*l.* in the English funds, at 3½ per cent. interest. There lay the money, while the world talked of the impoverishment of Ireland, and cried aloud for an influx of capital. We may be very thankful for this curious fact of the investment of so large an amount of Irish capital in the imperial funds. It shows that Ireland is not without capital. It shows that the material for a middle-class exists; for this money cannot belong to the incumbered landowner; nor to the very few unincumbered, who could possess but a very small share of it, and would not invest that share so unprofitably; nor can it belong to the farm-tenants, hampered as they are for want of capital to improve their business; and, of course, it does not belong to the labourers. It must belong to those who constitute the traffick-
ing and speculative middle-class in England, and who are ready

to become such a class in Ireland, as soon as there is the same freedom and security for speculation as there is in England. It is a comfortable fact in another way—as a testimony to Irish caution and thriftiness in money matters. There cannot be a greater mistake than to speak of “Irish idleness” and “Irish improvidence,” because the younger sons of the aristocracy have been wont to gallop about the country, and game, and drink, and get into debt. What the real character of the bulk of the Irish is, as to industry and providence, we have abundance of testimony. Professor Hancock says—

“These migrations of labourers afford the strongest proof of the energy, industry, and foresight of the Irish labourers. They are willing to undergo every toil for good pay. One-half of these harvest labourers every year traverse and retrace Ireland, from Connaught to the eastern ports, for the sake of the high wages for harvest work. The self-denial which they practise while in England, in order to save all they can of their wages to provide support for their families during the winter, is the strongest proof of their providence. But the extent to which they understand the economic principle of buying in the cheapest market, is illustrated by some observations of the Census Commissioners :—‘The singular thrift and foresight which has so frequently been remarked as characterizing these people (the harvest labourers) is curiously illustrated by this table, in which it will be seen that no less than 12,256 Connaught labourers embarked at Drogheda, and only 8,308 at Dublin. This unusual circumstance is attributed to a small reduction in the fare from Drogheda a few weeks before the season commenced; which reduction was industriously made known in all the towns through which the stream of labourers was likely to pass in its progress from the west.’”—HANCOCK, *On the Condition of the Irish Labourer*, p. 8.

So reported the Census Commissioners of 1841. The testimony is confirmed by those who have since known the Irish labourers face to face. “You may tell my friends,” said a benevolent and wise settler in a remote part of Connaught, to a traveller,—“you may tell my friends in England, that I am not in any one respect disappointed, and in some agreeably surprised. I find, perhaps, somewhat less truthfulness than among the same order of neighbours in England; and I have met with an instance, here and there, of dishonesty; but not more than I should expect anywhere. And I find, to my surprise, that my neighbours are not only very industrious, but very provident.” And he went on to tell how hard they worked, and how rapidly they saved. Where they put their money, he did not know. They did not put it into his hands, nor, he believed, any other man’s. It requires the lapse of generations to do away with the suspicions engendered by tyranny; and the gentry are not yet the bankers of the labourers; but the money was somewhere—

whether in the thatch, or in an old stocking, or under a stone—and there was plenty of it—enough to carry many men to England once a year, and a good many more to America.

When everything was brought to depend on the potato—when that dependence was screwed up to the last degree of tightness—the potato failed. It was the potato that yielded the landlords their high rents, real or nominal. The farmers paid wages in potato-ground. It was for potato-growing that middlemen sub-let the land as the only way of making it profitable. On the potato, the labourer staked his all. As the Central Relief Committee declare,

“The labourer thus became a commercial speculator in potatoes. He sunk his capital in manuring the ground, and in seed. He mortgaged his labour for a part of the ensuing year, for the rent of his field. If his speculation proved successful, he was able to replace his capital, to fatten his pig, and to support himself and his family, while he cleared off his debt to the farmer. If it failed, his former savings were gone; his heap of manure had been expended to no purpose in preparing his field, and he had lost the means of rendering his pig fit for market. But his debt to the farmer still remained, and the scanty wages which he could earn at some periods of the year were reduced, not only by the increased number of persons looking for work, but also by the diminished ability of the farmers to employ them.”—*Transactions*, p. 9.

We hope that reason enough has been shown for the sad state of the Irish labourer, without throwing blame on the potato. The condition of the land and labour market exhibits but too much reason for the people eating the food they could most readily lay hands on—and that food was the potato. Their becoming addicted to it was the effect, not the cause, of their poverty. They became as fond of it as people always are of the staple of their food; but there is abundant evidence that their tastes enlarge with experience, and that there is no natural obstacle to the Irishman becoming as good a beef-eater as his English neighbour. When the Indian meal first came over, it was not so good as it is now. Its transmission and management were not so well understood. In at least one workhouse orders were given to wet it, as a precaution against its being sold; and this made it as hard as mortar, and sour. It was a trial to the weakened digestion of the hungerers to deal with any new food at all; and many who were dying before, were believed by their friends to have died of the new food. But all that was got over long ago; and Indian meal may now be regarded as an established article of popular food in Ireland. “O, ma’am,” exclaimed a Connaught girl to a friend of ours, “I hope it will please the Lord to take me to Himself, before I have to eat turnips.” Soon after, she was glad enough to get turnip-tops;

and now, when authorized to return to potatoes, she and her neighbours, while very glad, find they like to have meal too.

It would be mere cruelty to afflict our readers with details of the famine. If it should, unhappily, be ever necessary to recur to that dreadful history, for warning or guidance, it may be found, told in the most noble manner, in the volume of "Transactions" before us. "Noble" is the word for this remarkable volume. It is noble in its uprightness, in its simplicity, in its wisdom, in its benevolence—at once earnest and calm. We wish that the sentimentalist and the misanthrope, the sceptic and the enthusiast, the self-seeker and the agitator, would read this book and take a lesson. Its earnest conscientiousness may be a lesson to us all; and we are sure that its unconscious revelation of the goodness that is dwelling in the midst of us, ought to be a comfort to us all. Rich and rare fruits came out of the famine itself; and here is a feast of the richest and rarest. But the pain must be taken with the good; and here may be found details of misery to which we may refer, but which we shall not quote.

Nothing like this distress was anticipated when the Poor-law was framed. There was no adequate machinery for dealing with a whole hungry population. The houses were many miles apart. There were, as we have said, no food-shops in districts where the people had not been accustomed to buy their food.

The priest of either church found himself alone, in the midst of the famine-stricken—left to deal single-handed with the calamity. And now (of all times!) was felt in its full bitterness the misery created by the protective system, just then expiring. Under that system, a factitious encouragement had been given to the growth of wheat, for exportation to England; and not only had the growth of green crops, flax, oats, and barley, been discouraged, but the importation of various kinds of food, and their distribution through the country, had been artificially hindered. When the hour of need came, nothing was ready. Food had to be hunted up on foreign shores; vessels could not be had for less than double or treble the ordinary rate of freight. "We are unable," wrote an American, "to send you all the food you require, for want of vessels. It is heart-rending to think that, while our granaries are bursting with food, your poor people are starving." And when it arrived, who was to distribute it? If the Government did, this was ruin to the trading interest, to the small specimen of a middle class which could not be injured without accelerating the ruin of all. If the merchants and shopkeepers went down, all was over. The Government interfered as little as it could, without letting the people die unassisted. They sent their supplies to the west, where scarcely any trade in

food existed at all; and from their commissariat depôts, food went forth in the least objectionable manner then possible. But, as the Committee declare,

"It had doubtless some effect in retarding the growth of a new trade in those very districts where it was most required. Any administrative interference with the natural course of commerce produces an apparent necessity for its continuance. The original restrictions on the importation of corn led to the interference in 1845; and the interference in 1845 rendered some repetition in 1846 almost unavoidable."—*Transactions*, p. 22.

We have not forgotten, it is to be hoped, the vast munificence of the Americans, during the whole of that awful time; nor the generosity shown wherever the story of a nation's hunger was known. "Our difficulty," says one of the benevolent agents, "was not that there was not food enough for the people, but that we could not get it to them in time to save their lives." It appears, indeed, from what the traveller in Ireland now hears as he goes, as if there was nothing for it but visiting every house with gifts of food. As this could not be done, the people died in their cabins, and lay there till the roofs tumbled down upon their bones, because there were none to bury them. A gaunt man, trembling from exhaustion, made his way to the commissariat window, through the groaning crowd of hungerers, with a basket on his shoulders, and another on his breast, and a dead child in each. A lady, crossing through the long grass of a field, found a dying child half-hidden there, alone. A stranger, travelling for benevolent purposes, with a guide, proposed to ask a question at a house by the road side. There was no answer to the knock. They went in, and found the corpses of the man and his wife on one bed, and of the two daughters on the other. The parents had been sometime dead. Of the pretty young girls, who lay close together, one was yet warm. What a last hour must hers have been! But no more of this! Suffice it, that these were the scenes common over all Ireland, and justifying the saying that, owing to the effects of the then expiring Corn-laws, no adequate relief could possibly be given, otherwise than by ministering from house to house—for which no machinery existed. Something like this was the adversity which Peel foresaw when he delivered to Parliament the evidence collected by the agents sent by Government to Ireland. It should be remembered now, how the Disraelis, and other protectionists, then scoffed at the evidence of impending famine in Ireland. They called it a *ruse* of Peel's—a threat—a fabrication. They resisted an amount of evidence which should have sealed their lips, and softened their hearts, and humbled their pride. Men who could use the woes of Ireland as they

did, to wring the great statesman's heart, and insult his name, and maintain their selfish policy for another term, can never again be worthy of a nation's confidence. Whether they were destined to be converts to Free-trade or not, the men who showed themselves so devoid of integrity, reasonableness, and heart, as the Protectionist leaders, during Peel's exposition of the case of Ireland in 1846, can never be fit to rule a nation that has a conscience and a heart. It is not quitting our subject to say this: for there is a very close connexion between the advocacy of Protectionist principles and the state of Ireland in 1846—a connexion which it is, as yet, much too soon for us to forget.

The money-value of the lost potatoes and oats of 1846 was reckoned by the Government at sixteen millions sterling. The first step towards relief was taken at Calcutta, where, on the earliest hint of probable distress, 14,000*l.* were raised. Nearly a million and a half was contributed by associations at home, central and local. Government advanced nearly ten millions. Irish emigrants sent home, from America and elsewhere, in the course of 1847, 200,000*l.* Year by year, we may remark, that species of remittance has increased, till it reached, last year, the amount of 1,000,000*l.* The Americans sent food to the value of 133,847*l.*, besides tens of thousands of pounds in money. "The supplies sent from America to Ireland," say the Committee, "were on a scale unparalleled in history." This also is a fact which it will ever be too soon for us to forget. Then came the unfortunate mistake of the Public Works test—the roads, yet unfinished, where haggard men were sent to faint away, in proof of the reality of their need—roads which are now shut up and grass-grown; unfinished, and sadly premature if they were finished. Then came the dropping dead at the gate of the workhouse, or within the doors; and the opening of auxiliary workhouses, where fever patients lay three or four in a bed; and the coffins could not be put together fast enough; and death made a repeated clearance, only to have the space filled again. Then were landlords compelled to lock themselves within their gates, because they could not pay their rates,—some of them even being glad to have a bag of meal dropped in the night at their own backdoors. Then was seen the strange spectacle of the representative of an ancient family, lately a justice of the peace, presiding in his own mansion—not as host,—but as master of the workhouse, with his own children there as paupers. Then did every kind of animal disappear from the road, even the donkeys: and a horrible stillness reigned when every living thing had been eaten. Then did the jobbers come forth, and make their profit out of the misery. A man here and there

committed the bull of riding on his own handsome horse to fetch away the meal he meant to beg and then sell; but the owner of fifteen cows drove them up among the hills before he put on his pauper character. Then did the good Quakers, and other friends of the suffering, spread their net-work of communication over the land, and "lift up the hands that hung down, and strengthen the feeble knees." Then did those excellent men toil and strive,—not only to feed the hungering for the day, but to prepare a better lot for their future years. Here, they set the people to fish,—there to grow root crops; here to spin or embroider,—and there to preserve, if possible, the quarter acre which precluded their claim to legal relief. After appeasing the immediate hunger, their aim was to foster industry, and guard trade, and multiply resources, and discourage selfishness, as much as despair. It was not to be expected that their farms and their fisheries should flourish at such a time, or at any time,—seeing how fatal corporate management is to industrial enterprises; but nobody will question their funds being well spent, in supporting life and hope, whether the result in money was profit or loss. Now was the time when another change of incalculable importance was begun. In some wild parts of Connaught, a Quaker must have been a new sight. "I believe," said one, the other day, "they think us very queer people." Something of an angelic light must have beamed into dim eyes, from under the broad brim—some heavenly tone must have sounded through the plain speech—when the strangers entered the desolate places, to see whom they could aid, and to speak of better cheer. Some—many—of the people's own priests did likewise. Some had no longer a horse, and could not, therefore, go far. Some were hungry and poorly clad, and all the good were overworked; but there were many who did all they could. Many there were who did not. After all due allowance is made for unreasonable expectation, on the part of the people, and for the fretfulness of anguish—after all due allowance for the suffering of the priestly class itself, it is impossible to avoid the persuasion that very many showed themselves hard, selfish, and insincere in their ministration. They had brought up the people in the belief that salvation depended on the performance of the last offices; and their neglect and refusal to perform these offices is, in the minds of the people, an established fact. Whether they are right or wrong, so they believe. They had always paid the priest before every body else,—paid him for his blessing on every article of their furniture or dress,—paid him at the chapel,—paid him in their homes,—paid him by the road side,—paid him while they had anything left; and now they say that,

calling him to dismiss in peace the soul of the famishing, he refused to come, or neglected to come, because they, this time, could not pay. They say now that "the priest is no good where there is no pay." Whether this judgment is just or unjust, such is the popular judgment in a multitude of cabins in the west; and the fact is of vast importance, as will be seen hereafter. Meantime, the apostles of that season did their work without a word of claim on either hand. Here is their notice, pathetic in its calmness, of their martyrs:—

"At an early period of the distress, fever and dysentery, the usual attendants of famine, had appeared, and continued very prevalent throughout the year. The fever was peculiarly fatal among the upper classes. Those who had exerted themselves in the relief of suffering were most exposed to contagion; and thus the best and most tried were lost at the time when their services appeared to be increasingly required. Others sank beneath their own unceasing, though fruitless, efforts to relieve the suffering which they daily witnessed. This mortality greatly increased the difficulty of procuring suitable administrators of relief, and we had to deplore the loss of many of our most valued correspondents."—*Transactions*, p. 65.

Under the Temporary Relief Act, which began to operate in June, 1847, the daily issue of food amounted, before the harvest, to rations for above three millions of persons. Then came the harvest; and then followed the amended Poor-law, by which great relaxations in the ordinary principles of the law were permitted, in accommodation to the needs of the time. Out-door relief was allowed even to the able-bodied poor, till a natural state of society should be restored. Then the charity funds, rapidly becoming exhausted, were no longer applied in the distribution of food, but in clothing, in seeds and implements, in raw material for industrial employments, and in aiding the holders of small lots of land to hold them on till the crisis should be past.

It was over at last. The visitation left the condition and prospects of Ireland entirely changed. The oracular personages who had held forth all their lives about over-population, suddenly found themselves compelled to silence, and to observe what was to be seen before venturing to preach again. Perhaps they see now that what they called over-population was simply under-production; and that if there had been manufactures and a middle class in Ireland, with a free trade in food, the famine could not have happened. The same, or a greater number of people might then have been fed, under any failure of a particular crop. All that set of considerations was now over. It is believed that about a third of the population has been carried off by the calamities of the last few years, and emigration removes more

than a quarter of a million a year. But the reduction of capital was found to have kept pace with the reduction of labour, and most forlorn was the aspect of the land. The lowest order of dwellings had disappeared, or nearly; and of the next, the bare gables stood up, dreary monuments of the calamity gone by. Wide tracts of land were falling back into waste, and for miles together scarcely a human habitation was to be seen. Where men were at work, it was for sixpence a day, or perhaps digging a stony soil for 7s. an Irish acre; at which rate a good digger might earn 4d. a day—a rate of pay for which no man can dig well, for want of sufficient food. The women were earning more than the men, at embroidery, knitting, crochet work, &c. We know of one family of ladies who pay away at this time, 80,000*l.* a year to women who do crochet work in their own cabins, the work having now attained the beauty of point lace. The burden of the family maintenance was found to have devolved upon the women, in many parts of Ireland—a strange and fearful spectacle in itself. Another was the over-proportion of children. In Cavan workhouse there were 800 young girls at the close of the famine. The priests went afoot now, and their coats were rusty, and their demeanour subdued. The landlord's gates were closed, and their drives grass-grown; and the receiver came and went, instead of the family residing. The removal of the millions who were gone left a clear space on which the real questions of the country and the time stood forth conspicuously. These questions were at once seen to be, what they are now,—the land, and the churches.

The first thing to be done was to establish a free trade in land, that land and other capital might find their way to each other, and labour obtain due scope and reward. The first step towards this was to let out the land into the market; to make it purchasable at all. How well this has been done by the Incumbered Estates Act, the world knows. The burdens have been transferred from the inheritance to its price; the costs of sale have been reduced to a comparative trifle; the title has been made accessible and indisputable, and overgrown estates have been divided into manageable portions. The benefit is vast. The old landlords, humbled by long and too severe reproach, and then by calamity, had not the pride of a former generation; and their mortifications cannot but be largely compensated for by their relief and present freedom. If they have lost some ancient honours, they have slipped their bonds. At a recent date, the amount of sales effected through this court was nearly seven millions and a half; and the process is in full activity. One remarkable fact in connexion with these sales is the very small number of other than Irish purchasers. Desirable as it is

that there should be a greater fusion between the inhabitants of our different islands, and that Scotch and English farming should be well planted down in Ireland, we cannot but rejoice that the Irish have ability to buy their own fields, and that some of the capital so unnaturally locked up in the imperial funds should now sow the Irish soil, and yield its harvests where it ought. One circumstance we are sorry for; that the Friends, who have done so much for Ireland, cannot be purchasers in this court. The Tithe commutation is an insuperable obstacle. They would make such admirable settlers and employers, that it is a matter of regret that they are excluded from this class of purchasers. Of the buyers, many are, no doubt, the mortgagees, and some are the owners, who take this method of shaking off their burdens, and beginning with a small but clear property. But, whoever they may be, the purchasers must mean to do something with their land; and this is the grand point—the land being brought into a useable state.

If the Incumbered Estates Act stood alone, it would render great immediate service, but leave the country subject to the return of the old mischiefs. It has been followed up, therefore, by other Acts, and will be by yet more. Irish judgments now attach only to the lands to which they relate, instead of extending over so many claims as to embarrass the ascertainment of title. They are now of the nature of a mortgage. Indexes of land, based upon the Ordnance Survey, are now provided; and original deeds are to be deposited instead of memorials; and the process of investigation into title is simplified and made secure. The power of leasing is greatly expanded, and its expenses are reduced. Moreover, the suffrage of the tenant is now made independent of the tenure of his land. This not only severs a bad political connexion, unfavourable to the granting of leases, but much more than doubles the constituency, which had sunk very low. Still, other improvements are needed to facilitate dealings in land; and all Ireland, and we hope a good deal of England, is looking with eagerness to the further reforms promised by the Irish Attorney-General for the present session of Parliament.

What, then, is doing on Irish land?—so much of which is thus set free. To look at the worst symptoms first: certain landlords, and not a few,—landlords of the kind that have brought down so much reproach on their whole order—are indubitably trying to bring back the old state of things, for the sake of their own pride and profit. Such men are sneering at manufactures, and crying out for a restoration of the Corn-laws. They disbelieved to the last moment, this year, in the failure of the potato; and, when compelled to believe it, they used their utmost en-

deavours to conceal the fact. They discourage emigration, lest wages should rise. They favour, to their utmost, small holdings, and sub-letting, and potato planting,—knowing that they can never again enjoy their old rents but by this method. They refuse leases to skilful farmers, and are pleased to see the finest pastures, even in the shallow limestone bottoms, broken up for potato patches. Another set of landlords are those who, well nigh impoverished, are giving up all thoughts of tillage, except such as is required for the winter feed of stock. Their tenants are gone, without having paid rent or rates: the farm-buildings, always wretched, are crumbling into ruins; nobody applies for their farms, or only on terms which they cannot grant. The wages of labour are rising, continuously, if not rapidly. The men who had 6*d.* a-day are not content with 9*d.*, and ask 1*s.*, and they talk of having another 6*d.* next year. The men are right; but the employer cannot take them on,—at least till he has augmented his capital. He lays out what he has in stock, throws his farms together into a great grazing ground, and finds two or three herdsmen enough on land which, under tillage, would occupy a score of labourers. These landlords are unpopular; but what can they do? The people vilify the fat cattle that flourish where men have pined and died; and they claim to be employed. But some of them will go away; and the others can, as the case shows, get work at rising wages. Another class are the purchasers of the old estates; some of whom are managing, by skill, care, and benevolence, to support the whole population on their lands, without a threat of ejection, and with substantial help towards emigrating, if it is desired. These, though in the districts where the people shoot landlords, seem to be as secure as the English merchant in his counting-house. And so are the new settlers, Scotch and English, who take farms, or break up new ground, or set up peat-works or salt-works. Not being involved in old or political feuds, and setting out on the supposition that wages will rise as rates fall and the people depart, they begin, with a good grace, to pay well. They say, that they meet with no difficulty while they make a point of good work, stick to their own business, ask no man what his religion is, and pay wages regularly in cash. When these settlers, or any other cultivators who understand their business, have fairly introduced the practice of good tillage into the soil of Ireland and the mind of its inhabitants, we, or the next generation, may hope to see a great extension of the proprietary class of landholders. At present, it is much too soon for a peasant proprietary; and the extension ought to be, and must be, very gradual. Before the famine, the number of landowners was smaller, in proportion to the land, than in any part of

Europe except Spain. The number, for all Ireland, was supposed not to exceed eight thousand—eight thousand proprietors of land in a population of more than eight millions! Through the division of overgrown estates, now going on,—through the intermediate process of leasing,—through the establishment of tenant-right, of some kind and degree,—through the natural demand for agricultural products which must arise from the spread of manufactures,—and through the increasing tendency to regard the tillage of the ground as a food manufacture,—men will become qualified to deal properly with land, and therefore to possess it as their own; and, by that time, land will be no more difficult to buy than other raw material. That time is a long way off; and much has to be done in training the people to the practice of good tillage: for nothing can well be worse than the spectacle of Irish fields and pastures as they stand now. The time may come when they will be like the Scotch, where, within a walk of Edinburgh, may be seen the highest perfection to which the food manufacture has yet been brought. There lies the land, rich and various; there are the people, no longer too many; there are the new possessors, bringing in new methods; there are the government and lawyers, throwing open the sale of land by facilitating its transfer; and there is the absentee capital, flowing back steadily, though not very fast, and bringing plenty more after it. Every pound of such capital, flowing back into Ireland, represents a particle of a middle class which, thus deposited, will become fruitful,—filling up the wide space between the barren heights of landlordism and the engulfing floods of pauperism.

So much for the one grand feature in the condition of Ireland. Now for the other—the churches.

This used to be considered a very old subject. People were tired of it before Catholic Emancipation. But it has suddenly become a very new one. There is a fresher interest about it now than there was when King James was galloping away from the Boyne. The complaint against the Protestant Church in Ireland has always been that it was not a missionary church, and that it was therefore a mere imposition upon the Catholic nation. It was quite true that, at first, there was no attempt to convert the Catholics, but only to subdue them; and that afterwards, it was found impossible—as was natural enough—to make any impression upon those whom we had handled so roughly at the outset. It is no longer so. A fever of zeal has taken possession of a portion of the Church, and conversions, of various quality, are going on with a rapidity suspicious enough to leave no excuse for disappointment in the probable case of reaction. The impression of dispassionate observers on the spot seems to

be little more favourable to the Protestant Church than before, since events appear to show that that Church either does nothing or breaks the peace.

Here and there may be seen a Protestant clergyman, rich, and living in a good house, with his pretty church within sight. He is beloved by his neighbours, who cut his hay to the neglect of their own, and look glad when they meet him in the road. He is a farmer and good neighbour all the week. On Sunday, he preaches to his own household, and perhaps half-a-dozen more. It is as a neighbour that he is beloved,—his clerical character being forgotten; or, if the people are told of his fine income as a priest of heresy, they forgive it in their thankfulness for his letting them alone. Here and there may be seen a Protestant clergyman, once filled full of the true spirit of a missionary, but now, disappointed and forlorn, baulked of sympathy, and wounded by exclusion, finding nothing to do, and only too much to feel, sunk into bad habits—even suspended for intemperance. Painful as this fact is, it is fact. The answer in Ireland is, when one asks whether the thing is so,—“it is just the same with the priests.” Again, here and there—in many places now—may be seen the Protestant clergyman in the missionary character, the busiest of men. There are not only prayer meetings, and school meetings, and missionary meetings, but every transaction in life is to go forward “on true Protestant principles.” Crochet and embroidery are no longer to be taught but in connexion with true Protestant principles: bibles and tracts are, on the same principles, to be laid on every table in inns and public buildings: the clergyman, in asking a blessing in public on his boiled egg and bread and butter, intercedes for the downfall of Popery. If a passionate priest works himself into a rage, at the altar or on the highway, and a fit of apoplexy is the consequence, the clergyman hastens to point out how Heaven acts on true Protestant principles in dispensing its judgments: and little children have their mouths stuffed full of texts, to spit in the face of the priest—all on true Protestant principles. In the strength of the same principles, the missionary gets up again, when knocked down in the street, sees himself burned in effigy, and affixes to the priests all the terms descriptive of Antichrist that he can cull from the Bible; and on the same principles, he “deals plainly with the people in search of a blessing,” saying, “If you listen to the priest, you will be damned.” He is not always aware that the priest follows him, saying, with the same “plainness,” “If you listen to that man, you will be damned.” And, perhaps, neither is aware that the natural effect upon the people is, first, perplexity and terror, and then a sly defiance of both zealots. Threatened with perdition

on both hands, they think there must be some mistake, and doubt whether there is any such gulf at all. Or, the same superstition which made them slaves to the priests before, makes them anything but disinterested disciples now. They "love Jesus" warmly enough for a time. His name relieves them from the horror of their relations having died unannealed in the famine. He will preserve their potatoes,—and they saw that the priest could not,—for the priest's sprinkling the potatoes with holy water did not do any good (even though salt was prudently used also); and, in truth, their new faith gives them, if not a good potato crop, plenty of work and Indian meal. We do not suppose that the charge of open and shameless bribery—of intentional bribery at all—brought against the missionaries, is true. The standing rule of the body is to apply its resources only to the spiritual wants of the people. They say, however, that they do not presume to interfere with private charity; and private charity cannot, and need not, resist the appeal of converts who show that the Catholic employers of the neighbourhood will not give them work, and that the priest is bent upon their ruin. Work and food must be found for such, and ought to be; but, then, it throws a suspicion on the spiritual character of the movement, that the converts rise in the world by it. Priests denounce from the altar the Jumpers (as the Connaught converts are nicknamed), who, in the actual words of a priest at Achill, "are justified by stir-about and redeemed by porridge." A short extract or two will give an idea of the state of things, according to the view of the Mission Society itself.

"In the district of West Galway there are now between 5000 and 6000 converts in connexion with this Society, where, in 1840, not 500 Protestants were to be found. . . . In this district of the country upwards of 3500 children are daily attending the mission schools, and are instructed in the Scriptures, which they delight to read. These often prove a blessing to their parents, in conveying from their schools the information they receive, whereby many of the aged and infirm have learned the way of salvation; thus, out of the mouths of these babes has God perfected his praise! They are each of them, more or less, 'able to give him that asketh a reason of the hope that is in them.' On asking a girl in the Streamstown school-house, 'What is it to believe in Christ?' the reply she made would put to shame many more advanced, and under greater advantages from their youth. She said—'It is the Spirit of God moving the soul to lean upon Jesus, and trust Him for salvation!' Would to God this explanation of what faith in Christ is were apprehended by our young and old! In visiting these stations in the far west, one cannot but observe the decrepid and famine-stricken appearance of many; yet the eye brightens up, and the whole countenance changes when Jesus and His salvation is the subject

of conversation. The eagerness and facility which they exhibit in finding out passages of Scripture is remarkable, and nothing they delight in more than holding a controversy with their priests and neighbours, concerning the way in which a sinner can be saved."—*Sketch, &c.*, p. 23.

They *are* "ready;" they *do* delight in these conflicts, these shrewd and excitable Irish children. And it is true that they do perplex and confound the priests. The traveller asks himself which is the most disgusting and mournful sight,—a controversial child provoking the priest, or the priest, the people's guide, who can be foiled and exasperated by a voluble child? The controversy too often ends in the priest's laying his horse-whip over the little creature, or knocking it down with a box on the ear, followed up by his shouting aloud words of this sort: "The curse of a mother's broken heart be upon you! May God Almighty scald your heart in your dying bed, and command your soul to the lowest pit of hell!" We shall not be supposed to have drawn on our imagination for these words. They were actually used by a bishop to a convert, the utterance of the curse being preceded by an exhibition of the apostolic ring.

"The influence and power of the popish bishop and his emisaries," says the Sketch, "is, however, daily on the decline in districts where the Reformation has gained ground. In the town of Clifden—where Mr. Dallas was burned in effigy—Mr. D'Arcy, the magistrate, struck in a mob consisting of at least a thousand persons—the Rev. Mr. Kilbride knocked down, and nearly murdered—and about 400 or 500 children cruelly beaten with sticks and stones—all which happened in or near Clifden in June, 1850—so great a change has taken place within the short period of a year, that when Mac Hale, their 'archbishop,' was actually in town, in June, 1851, with a body-guard of '*Italian police*,' not an insult was offered towards the Protestant Bishop Plunket, Mr. Dallas, or his party, in Clifden at the time."—*Sketch*, p. 26.

Dr. Mac Hale was somewhere else this last summer, where matters did not go off so quietly. He was visiting Achill; and there, as soon as the great brawler was gone, the little brawlers began to do like him. The reports of the petty sessions have since shown the consequences. There was, besides all manner of private railing between the Mission and the Papists, a riot at Keel, when two Scripture readers were mobbed, and a priest incurred a trial and a penalty of 5*l*. Such is the condition of the religion of peace and love in Ireland just now. Our short extracts show something of the offensive temper and manners of the missionaries; and we have nothing to say for the priests. The natural tendency, in regarding such a case as that of the Irish Catholics, is to side with the weaker party—to disbelieve

the bad, and think the best to the last moment. That last moment, however, is that of setting foot on the Irish coast. On the spot it is utterly impossible to think well of the priests and their influence. After traversing the whole island, the observer has seen, perhaps, scarcely one who looks even human. Their very preparation for office consists in extinguishing human affections, while the passions seem to be exasperated by the process. It is painful enough to see in Italy the priests who go about in couples—the fat and thin, the jolly and ascetic; but it is worse to mark the two Irish classes—the brutes and the devils. These are strong words, but they convey our impressions; and, in considering the ecclesiastical condition of Ireland, it would hardly be right to disguise those impressions. There is plenty of material for forming a judgment for those who wish to do so. Let them look back to the part the priests took in the elections of last summer; let them read, not only the writings of John of Tuam—who may be considered an exceptional personage—but the *Tablet*, the understood organ of the body, for the last year alone. Let them go to South Inniskea, the island which is almost in view from the missionary field of Connemara, and ask for the stone pillar which the inhabitants worship. There, within the diocese (we believe) of John of Tuam, is the stone pillar, which is annually dressed in new woollen by the old woman who acts as priestess, and to which the people pray for wrecks. This, and the locks of hair hung on trees for offerings in various holy places, and plenty more such horrors, will show to any body who wishes to know what care the Romish Church takes of her children, and how far she has saved them from what she calls the perdition of heathenism.

What are the prospects of the two churches?—and of Ireland in connexion with them? There is no question about the weakening of the power of the Romish Church—not only among the few thousands of recent converts, but over a wider area. In inquiring, for instance, into the responsibility of the priests in regard to Ribbonism—in inquiring whether they must not necessarily know, through confession, of every Ribbon conspiracy, one is told—“By no means. There is no doubt that they might, if they chose, put a stop to secret societies; but, as to knowing of special plans, they know little more than any body else, as men now very seldom confess. Women do; but the mortal sin of neglect of confession is very lightly and generally incurred by Irishmen now.” Will Catholicism long sustain itself, in the presence of such a fact as this?

We have a strong impression that Catholicism will profit by this conversion-movement. If it is to die out, it will die out

less fast for this. The movement is not a healthy one, and it is manifestly of a temporary character. It is quite certain that the hearts of many "converts" are still with their priests and their old ways; and many will do what Gavan Duffy proposes—but with more sincerity—"go back to the old holy well." Of the many who will not do this, we do not think the greater part will belong to the Protestant Church under any form. Our expectation rather is that, in an age when the Protestant Church cannot hold her ground elsewhere against awakened inquiry, she will not do so in Ireland; and that the cry in the next generation will be about "the great spread of infidelity." This is the common and natural result of such mutual hatred and denunciation as exists between the earnest members of both churches in Ireland. Any one who reads the *Tablet* on the one hand, and the Tracts issued by the Protestant Mission Society on the other, may judge for himself whether the conclusion of a rational generation must not be that all who so vituperate must be wrong—the one party as much as the other. What will be done with church property in such a state of things, each thinker may debate for himself. If we set to work to wish, we should probably wish for a revival of the Appropriation enterprise;—for the application of all church property, left over and above the reasonable needs of actual worshippers, to educational and other moral and intellectual purposes. Meantime, we cannot but see how partial must be the improvement of Ireland while this conflict of the churches is going on. In the great Dublin shops, where the shopmen are Ulster Protestants—as violent as Mac Hale, and as ignorant as his priests—there is talk behind the counter and in the evening club, of "wading knee-deep in Catholic blood." In Sligo, the priest obtains the name of the Clerical Skull-cracker, from instigating a street-row, for which he goes to jail. In Mayo, Scripture readers, who are not clergymen, and are sometimes ne'er-do-weels, mob young women who listen to the priest rather than become "Jumpers;" and in Clare, three priests lead on the mob to stone soldiers in a narrow lane. In the rivalry of oratory, there is no saying which excels,—the Orangeman who utters his opinion of the Catholic clergy, or the priest who, from the altar, denounces the landlord, threatens the electors, and hints to the peasantry what to do to the neighbour who refuses "to vote for God." And there seems no hope of a subsidence of this hatred through lapse of time. The Catholic priesthood is certainly more offensive than it was,—stirred up from Rome (which some of the wisest of them lament to safe hearers), and exasperated by new opposition and by poverty. Very poor they are; for the

people who died in the famine and fever were their most lucrative disciples; and they are growing daily poorer from the emigration of their flocks. And the Protestants, even some of the best educated and the most liberal in politics, are saying that there is nothing for it now but a tooth-and-nail fight with the Romish Church. They believe that the people can never prosper till Romanism is cast out, and they point to the contrast which exists between certain continental peoples, and which they ascribe to their respective Protestantism and Catholicism. Those who have seen how industrious and prosperous Catholics are in the United States and in the plains of Lombardy, and in the Vale of the Arno, and, we may now add, in districts of Ireland, settled by just and peace-loving gentry, will insist that it is not the Catholicism, but something else which makes the misery of Spain, Sicily, and Mexico. But the Irish Protestant gentry do not think so; and they are for theological war. We confess that, looking at the kind and degree of disqualification and disgrace on both sides,—at the bad quality of the Catholic priesthood on the one hand, and the unjust exaltation of the Church of the minority on the other,—we regard the religious quarrel as the most melancholy and the most thoroughly discouraging of the woes of Ireland.

It is cheering, to a certain extent, to rest on the hope held out by the National School system,—the brightest symptom of Irish life at present. The Dublin schools are a glorious spectacle; and there it is found possible and easy for Catholics and Protestants, at the very age of theological passion, to live together on good terms. The teachers who are in training there, from the age of seventeen to five-and-twenty, have no quarrels about religion, though the Catholics and Protestants are in about the same proportion there as throughout Ireland. If this could last, while half a million of children are going forth from the National Schools, to spread themselves over the land, we should have great hope of the subsidence of the theological mischief. But this would imply such a decline or local extinction of the Catholic Church as we have little reason to expect. It would imply this because, as we all know, the National School system is abhorred, as are the Queen's Colleges, by the Catholic authorities and their ignorant ministers; and there are tokens at present of renewed vigilance and aggravated hatred which make us dread a break-up, after all. It is a satisfaction to see that Lord Derby's government does not mean to meddle with the school-system. We earnestly hope that the Protestant supporters of the schools, who have shown their benevolent zeal by great devotedness, will incessantly remember how much more

important it is to preserve the school-system in its strength and integrity than to make Protestants of any score or two of the pupils,—giving opportunity to the priests to complain of encroachment on their domain.

We have enlarged upon the two great causes of Irish misery,—the condition of the land question, and that of the ecclesiastical controversy. The worst mischiefs of the land question are over, or are doomed. The worst mischiefs of the ecclesiastical question are in full force. What is there to be seen besides? The Repeal agitation is over; and, except at election times, other political agitation, though the priests are ever ready to revive it. Tillage is improving, wages are rising, the workhouses are becoming disburdened, with a fair prospect of further and sufficient relief when the weight of infirmity and orphanage left by the famine is naturally disposed of. Education is raising the next generation to a fitness for a better fortune. The institution of Schools of Design in Dublin and Belfast points to an improvement in manufactures. There is something better even than all this. The education of children seems to be reacting on the mind of adults. The tone of society, in town and country, is so changed, that the Edgeworths and their contemporaries would hardly know their own country. It is a great thing to observe that literary societies are on the increase, and that reading and discussion are taking the place of shooting and drinking. But more striking still is the flourishing condition of two new societies, whose success shows how earnestly some of the best minds are engaged in searching into the causes of Ireland's misfortunes. The Dublin Statistical Society has been established only five years. It is so flourishing as to be able to send lecturers,—gentlemen of high qualifications,—to deliver lectures in a circuit of provincial towns. Out of it has sprung another,—an Association for Promoting Scientific Inquiry into Social Questions. Out of these has come some of the reform in regard to the laws of land already attained, and out of them will come much more. To them we owe, directly, Professor Hancock's small but highly important volume, whose title stands at the head of our article; and Dr. Longfield's Report on the Land Question, and Dr. Lawson's on the Patent Laws. Mr. Pim, who was considered by Sir R. Peel the highest authority on Irish subjects, and whose work ought to be on every statesman's shelves, is one of the fraternity; and so is Professor Hearn, who wrote the Cassell Prize Essay on the Condition of Ireland, while teaching Greek in the Queen's College at Galway. If we were asked what practicable measure we should suggest, and most earnestly desire for the benefit of Ireland, it would be to send as many as possible

of these gentlemen to Parliament. If we could see Professor Hancock and Mr. Pim in the House of Commons, in the place of any two ranters who may be found there, and Drs. Longfield and Lawson instead of the bores, we should consider the regeneration of Ireland the most probable event in the world. Any large constituency which should send them to the National Council would virtually declare their country saved, by choosing for their representatives men who can so well instruct the Imperial Government how to save her.

ART. III.—CHARITY, NOXIOUS AND BENEFICENT.

The Charities of London. By Sampson Low. London. 1850.

THERE is much in the aspect and the tendencies of our age and country that is encouraging and gratifying. We are receding fast from the barbarisms of former times, both in practice and in legislation. As a community, we are awakening to a far stronger and more general sense of the claims and dues of all classes. We are beginning to estimate our objects and possessions more according to rational principles and less according to conventional formulas. We are learning to look rather to the essentials of actions and enjoyments, than to the adventitious and unreal qualities with which imagination and prejudice have hitherto invested them. We judge more by substance and less by shadow. We lead on the whole a more individual life than formerly, and are less the slaves and puppets of each other's breath. Fame is less to us, and achievement and acquisition more. We are a little reverting towards nature and reality. Fewer are willing to ruin themselves, in order to seem rich. Fewer are disposed to wear chains, in order that they may seem to wield sceptres. Fewer are ready to pull down their house, in order to build their monument.

On the other hand, with our progress in civilization and intelligence, we have encountered many of its perils, and are lapsing into some of its disadvantages and drawbacks. We are getting soft; we are getting material; we are getting utilitarian and calculating. We are in danger of reducing everything to an arithmetical standard, and discarding everything that cannot show a pounds-shillings-and-pence balance in favour of its retention. We are too apt—at least a pushing, active, and increasing school among us is—to forget that there are things too

high, too sacred, too great for calculation—things which the multiplication-table and the two-foot rule can neither estimate nor measure. We are in danger of being more swayed by material realities than by grand ideas; yet ideas are realities too. Interest is taking the helm which principle ought to hold. Where we formerly worshipped power, fame, and empire, we now bow down before the more solid idols of peace, safety, comfort, and wealth. But we are also in peril from another tendency, with which we are more immediately concerned in the following pages: we are becoming foolishly soft, weakly tender, irrationally maudlin, unwisely and mischievously charitable. Under the specious mask of mercy to the criminal and benevolence to the wretched, we spare our own feelings at the cost of the most obvious principles of morality, the plainest dictates of prudence, the dearest interests of our country. We are kind to every one except society. We find it easier and more agreeable to be generous than to be just. We shrink from painful subjects, painful scenes, painful necessities.

Under the old system of parochial administration, for example, mistaken kindness, a misty sense of duty, and bad political economy, had gone hand-in-hand in augmenting destitution, and demoralizing our peasantry, till the result of their joint efforts threatened absolute ruin to society, when the new Poor-law stepped in to arrest the evil. It did much: it would have done much more, had not blind charity—debased this time by an admixture of the worst political passions—interfered to prevent the free and full action of those thoroughly sound, though stern principles of right and justice, on which it was founded. It was perceived by the authors of that admirable measure, that the only way of discouraging pauperism, and promoting energy and self-reliance, was by rendering the position of the pauper less comfortable and less desirable than that of the independent labourer. It was shown—what it was a reproach to our national good sense to think required a proof—that this was demanded by every consideration of policy and justice. But since it was necessary that the poor-house should be a substantial and weather-proof building; since it was essential to health and propriety that it should be warm and clean; and since it was impossible to feed the inmates so wretchedly, or to cook their food so ill, as in the case of the honest and self-supporting peasant, it became indispensable to the object in view to compensate these advantages to the pauper with some counterbalancing *désagrémens*, in the shape of confinement, labour, classification, privation of tobacco and other luxuries, &c. &c. It was at once seen, moreover, that paupers supported by the contributions of the industrious part of the community should not be allowed to

propagate paupers at their leisure and their discretion. It was admitted to be indecent to have married couples sleeping together in the public dormitory, and it was found simply impossible to provide them with separate rooms: man and wife were therefore separated in the workhouse. Then, it was obviously wise and right that the young and the old, the curable and the corrupt, should not herd together. It was necessary that children should be instructed and trained, so that they, at least, if not their parents, might cease to be willing paupers: the young were, therefore, classified together, and placed under proper control and tuition; and there began to dawn a hope of better days and worthier feelings. Forthwith, however, our benevolence took umbrage: it was cruel to separate parent and child: it was wrong to separate man and wife—"whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder:" so the right of indefinite multiplication at the expense of others was broadly maintained. It was barbarous to force the aged and unfortunate into the workhouse, (as most unquestionably it often was,) so the law must be relaxed; out-door relief must be conceded; and the few hardships and restraints which still remained to make pauperism unattractive, must be modified or removed, till the very purpose of the original scheme was all but neutralized.

We are now just beginning to awaken to some of the mischiefs wrought by this ill-regulated tenderness. Alas for poor human nature!—our very amiabilities seem to lead us astray. The crimes of the virtuous, the blasphemies of the pious, and the follies of the wise, would scarcely fill a larger volume than the cruelties of the humane. In this world a large part of the occupation of the wise has been to neutralize the efforts of the good. Selfishness and benevolence have been fellow-labourers in doing harm. It has seemed scarcely possible to attempt to do good without incurring the danger of doing a preponderating amount of evil.

There must, it is evident enough, be something intrinsically and fundamentally wrong in our system and principles of action, when such excellent feelings can lead to such deplorable results. It is well worth while once more to call attention to the point in which the error lies. In doing this, we are well aware that we are but treading over old ground that has been travelled by far abler expositors before us. But, alas! a path needs to be trodden very smooth, and made very plain indeed, before public opinion will practically and habitually walk therein.

To relieve distress, whether arising from accident or want, is not only the impulse of benevolent and cultured feelings, but a healthy natural instinct—an instinct which, in a rude and simple state of society, might probably be indulged with safety. But as we recede from this condition, as social arrangements become

more complicated, and men grow more and more sophisticated, it soon begins to appear that our charitable impulses cannot always be followed without injury or danger; that to relieve misery is not always to mitigate or diminish it; and that to attack symptoms and effects only is a costly and clumsy mode of action. Then arises the second stage of awakened kindliness—the desire to search out causes, origins, and hidden springs, to cut off poverty and privation by drying up their source; in a word, to prevent misery instead of relieving it. At this stage many of us, theoretically at least, have now arrived. But our search is groping, unsystematic, and incomplete; our tenderness is too impatient to wait for the slow, but certain harvest of *radical* applications, and of wholesome principles. We not only shrink from administering the unpalatable medicine, but when administered, we interfere with its operation by anodynes and palliatives; in a word, we are still in a measure thoughtlessly obedient to the more instinctive promptings of our nature. Finally and slowly, and only after we have exhausted every form of benevolent error, do we reach the last form which ripened and chastened charity assumes, and learn and recognise—painfully, it may be, and reluctantly—that success in our object is only attainable when we shall have taught suffering and destitution to prevent themselves—when the cure shall have been found in the natural operation of the malady itself.

The charities of England, in extent, variety, and amount, are something perfectly stupendous. They have long been so. There is scarcely a conceivable form of human want or wretchedness for which a special and appropriate provision has not been made. There is scarcely a malady to which the human frame is subject, scarcely a casualty to which it is liable, which has not a peculiar hospital or dispensary allotted to its victims. If people are destitute, they are lodged, clothed, and fed at the cost of the public, by a compulsory Poor-law. If they meet with accidents, hospitals and infirmaries without number are open to receive them. If they are afflicted with disease, the medical charities are endless and diversified, and easily accessible. Thousands of surgeons are willing and anxious to attend them *gratis*, for the mere sake of practice. If maternity comes and finds them unprovided, lying-in-hospitals and cognate institutions swarm around them. If a long course of vice has punished them with a loathsome malady, Lock hospitals welcome them and cure them. If they wish to emigrate, there are societies to help them. From the cradle to the grave, they are surrounded with importunate benevolence.

The following graphic sketch of the all-embracing charities of one of the most pauperized districts of the metropolis is full of

instruction. It was given to the Commissioners of Inquiry in 1833, by the Rev. William Stone, of Christchurch, Spitalfields, who describes himself as a clergyman concerned in the distribution of about 8000*l.* a year of charitable funds:—

“A young weaver of twenty-two, marries a girl of nineteen : the consequence is, the prospect of a family. We should presume that, under ordinary circumstances, they would regard such a prospect with some anxiety ; that they would calculate upon the expenses of an accouchement, and prepare for them in the interval by strict economy and unremitting industry. No such thing. It is the good fortune of our couple to live in the district of Spitalfields ; and it is impossible to live there without witnessing the exertions of many charitable associations. To these, therefore, they naturally look for assistance on every occasion.

“They are visited periodically by a member of the *District Visiting Society*. It is the object of this society to inquire into the condition of the poor, to give them religious advice and occasional temporal relief, and to put them in the way of obtaining the aid of other charitable institutions. To the visitor of this society the wife makes known her situation, and states her inability to meet the expense of an accoucheur. The consequence is, that she obtains from him, or under his directions, a ticket either for the *Lying-in-Hospital*, or for the *Royal Maternity Society*. By the former of the charities she is provided with gratuitous board, lodging, medical attendance, churching, registry of her child's baptism, &c. ; by the latter she is accommodated with the gratuitous services of a midwife to deliver her at her own home.

“Delivered of her child at the cost of the *Royal Maternity Society*, she is left by the midwife ; but then she requires a nurse, and for a nurse she is, of course, unable to pay herself. A little exertion, however, gets over this difficulty : she sends to the *district visitor*, to the minister, or to some charitable parishioner, and, by their interest with the parish officers, she has at last a nurse sent to her from the work-house. But still she has many wants—and these, too, she is unable to supply at her own expense. She requires blankets, bed and body-linen for herself, and baby-linen for her infant. With these she is furnished by another charitable institution. Soon after her marriage she has heard one of her neighbours say, that she had been favoured in no less than *five* successive confinements with the loan of a ‘*box of linen*’ from the *Benevolent Society*. She had accordingly taken care to secure the ‘*box of linen*’ for herself ; and during her confinement she receives occasional visits and pecuniary relief from a female visitor of the charity. By her she is kindly attended to, and through *her*, or the ‘*district visitor*,’ she is provided, in case of fever or other illness, with the gratuitous services of the parish apothecary, or some other charitable medical practitioner of the district.

“At the end of the month she goes, *pro forma*, to be churched ; and, though perhaps the best dressed female of the party, she claims exemp-

tion from any pecuniary offering, by virtue of a *printed ticket* to that effect put into her hands by the midwife of the *Royal Maternity Society*.

"The child thus introduced into the world is not worse provided for than his parents. Of course he requires vaccination, or, in case of neglect, he takes the small-pox. In either case, he is sent to the *Hospital for Casual Small-pox and for Vaccination*, and by this means costs his parents nothing.

"He has the measles, the whooping-cough, and other morbid affections peculiar to childhood. In all these instances he has the benefit of the *City Institution for Diseases of Children*.

"Indeed, from his birth to his death, he may command *any* medical treatment. If his father be a Welshman, he applies to the *Welsh Dispensary*: if not, or if he prefers another, he has the *Tower Hamlets' Universal Dispensary*, the *London Dispensary*, and the *City of London Dispensary*. In case of fever, he is sent to the *Fever Hospital*. In a broken limb, or any sudden or acute disorder, he is admitted into the 'London' or other *public hospital*. For a rash, or any specific disease of the skin or ear, he can be sent to the *London Dispensary*. For all morbid affections of the eye, he goes to the *London Ophthalmic Infirmary*. In case of rupture, he receives a ticket for the *Rupture Society*, or for the *City of London Truss Society*. For a pulmonary complaint, he attends the *Infirmary for Asthma, Consumption, and other Diseases of the Lungs*. And for scrofula, or any other disease which may require *sea-bathing*, he is sent to the *Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary* at Margate. In some of these medical institutions, he has the extra advantage of board, lodging, and other accommodation.

"By the time the child is eighteen months or two years old, it becomes convenient to the mother to 'get him out of the way:' for this purpose he is sent to the *Infant School*, and in this seminary enters upon another wide field of eleemosynary immunities.

"At the age of six, he quits the *Infant School*, and has before him an ample choice of schools of a higher class. He may attend the *Lancasterian School* for two-pence a week, and the *National School* for one penny, or for *nothing*. His parents naturally prefer the latter school; it may be less liberal in principle, but it is lower in price. In some instances, too, it is connected with a *cheap clothing society*; in others, it *provides clothing* itself to a limited number of children. And in others, again, it recommends its scholars to the governors of a more richly-endowed *clothing charity school*. A parent of this sort, however, has hardly done justice to herself or her child, till she has succeeded in getting him admitted into a school where he will be *immediately and permanently clothed*. This advantage is to be found in the *Protestant Dissenters'*, in the *Parochial*, or in the *Ward Charity School*; and she secures him a presentation to one or other of these, either by a recommendation from the *National School*—by the spontaneous offer of her husband's employer—or by her own importunate applications at the door of some other subscriber.

"It is possible, indeed, that she may not succeed in getting her child into a clothing charity school: it is more than possible that she may find a more profitable employment for him than attendance at the *National*; she may keep him at home all the week to help her to nurse her fourth or fifth baby, or she may earn a few pence by sending him out as an errand-boy. Yet even under these circumstances she does not necessarily forego the means of getting him an education, or a suit of clothes, for nothing. Even then she can send him to one of the innumerable *Sunday schools* in the neighbourhood; and for clothing she can apply to the *Educational Clothing Society*. 'The object of this society is the lending of clothing to enable distressed children to attend Sunday-schools.' Only, then, let her child be 'a distressed one,' and he is provided with a suit of clothes, which he wears *all the Sundays of one year*, and, in case of past regular attendance at school, *all the week-days of the next year*. The Sundays of the second year, he begins with a new suit of clothes as before.

"The probability, however, is that by the time the boy is eight or nine years old, his mother does succeed in procuring his admission into the *Clothing Charity School*; and there is the same probability that she will continue him in it. She has strong reasons for so doing—for she knows that he will not only be educated and clothed at the expense of the charity, but that when he is fourteen—that is, when he has remained five or six years at school—he *will be apprenticed by it to some tradesman*, with a fee, varying in the different schools, from 2*l.* to 5*l.*

"At fourteen, accordingly, the boy is put apprentice, by the charity, to a weaver; and at the expiration of the usual term he begins work as a journeyman. He has hardly done so before he proposes to marry a girl about his own age. Within a few months she has the prospect of a child, and a child brings with it many expenses;—but no matter, he need not pay them. Charity never failed his mother in precisely the same difficulties, and why should it be withheld from him! In the case of his wife, therefore, as in that of his mother, the *Lying-in-Hospital*, or the *Royal Maternity Society*, provides the midwifery; the *workhouse*, the nurse; the *Benevolent Society*, the blankets, linen, pecuniary relief, &c.; the *parish doctor*, the *dispensary doctor*, or some other *charitable doctor*, the extra drugs and medical attendance.

"Our *protégé* now finds that his earnings are precarious—and that, even at their utmost amount, they are inadequate to the support of his increasing family. But his father's family was for years in the same circumstances—and was always saved by *charity*. To charity, then, he again has recourse.

"He hears that twice a year there is a *parish gift of bread*. From some vestryman, or other respectable parishioner, he obtains a ticket for a quartern loaf at Midsummer and at Christmas. There is also a *parish gift of coals*. By the same means, he every Christmas gets a sack of coals. Indeed, by importuning *several* parishioners, and by giving to each of them a different address, or the same address with different names, he is sometimes so fortunate as to procure *three* sacks instead of one. On these periodical distributions he can confidently

depend; for most of these parishioners dispose of their annual tickets to the same poor persons from year to year as *a matter of course*; and others who are more discriminating, invariably find, upon renewed inquiry, that their petitioners are in the same state of apparent indigence or destitution as before. Under these circumstances our applicant soon comes to look upon his share of the parochial bounty as a legitimate and certain item in his yearly receipts.

"But this is only a slight periodical relief. He wants more loaves and more coals; and he has the means of obtaining them. If the weather be severe, the *Spitalfields Association* is at work for months together, distributing bread, coals, and potatoes. The *Soup Society* also is in operation, and provides him regularly with several quarts of excellent meat soup at a penny, or sometimes even a halfpenny, a quart. At all times several *Benevolent Societies*, and *Pension Societies*, are acting in the district; and from these he receives food or pecuniary relief. He may apply, too, to the charitable associations of the different religious denominations—to the *District Visiting Society*, to the *Independent Visiting Society*, to the *Friend-in-need Society*, to the *Strangers' Friend Society*, to the *Zion's Goodwill Society*. He may even be lucky enough to get something from all of them.

"If his bedding is bad, he gets the loan of a blanket from the *Benevolent Society*, or from the *Blanket Association*; or he gets a blanket, a rug, and a pair of sheets, from the *Spitalfields Association*. The last of these charities supplies him with a *flannel waistcoat* for himself, and a *flannel petticoat* for his wife. In one instance it furnishes his wife and children with *shoes and stockings*.

"Thus he proceeds from year to year, to the close of his mendicant existence. Before leaving the world, he might, perhaps, return thanks to the public. He has been *born for nothing—nursed for nothing—clothed for nothing—educated for nothing*;—he has been put out *apprentice for nothing—he has had medicine and medical attendance for nothing*;—and he has had his children *also born, nursed, clothed, fed, educated, established, and physicked for nothing*. There is but one good office more for which he can stand indebted to society,—and that is, his *burial*. He dies a parish pauper; and, at the expense of the parish, he is provided with shroud, coffin, pall, and burial-ground.

"I wish it to be particularly understood that, in thus describing the operation of charity in my district, I have been giving an *ordinary*, not an extraordinary, instance. I might have included many other details; some of them of a far more aggravated and offensive nature. I have contented myself, however, with describing the state of the district as regards charitable relief, and the extent to which that relief may be, and actually is, made to minister to improvidence and dependence."—*Administration of the Poor Laws. Published by Authority, 1833, pp. 296—302.*

We find from Mr. Sampson Low's book, which we have placed at the head of this article, that the charitable institutions of London are 491 in number, and that their annual income

amounts to not less than 1,765,000*l.* of which 742,006*l.* is derived from endowments, and 1,023,000*l.* from voluntary contributions. Other cities and districts are not far behind; but of these we can offer no summary. Certainly, however, there are means here amply adequate to the relief of all misery that ought to exist and would naturally exist. Yet we do not find that destitution or suffering has been either eradicated or provided for: we do not feel clear that it has been *met*: we are by no means certain that it has not *increased*. There can be no doubt at least that it still prevails to a most alarming extent—to an extent scarcely equalled in any fully civilized country; and that it prevails most in our great towns—precisely, that is, in the very quarters where most has been done to relieve it. What, then, is the inevitable conclusion?—a conclusion not only flowing out of these premises, but confirmed by the testimony of every man of practical experience and observation—that such charity creates more distress than it relieves.* We should weary our readers more than would be wise, were we to attempt to bring forward even a tithe of the evidence—whose weight and reliability could not be questioned—which pours in upon us in proof of this position. Every police magistrate, every relieving officer, every minister among the poor, concurs in the same doctrine. But mere testimony will be comparatively needless, if we spend a few moments in considering, separately, the inevitable effects of this abundant and outpouring charity: *first*, on its recipients; *secondly*, on society at large; *thirdly*, on the donors themselves.

I. The effect of charity upon its *objects*. Selfishness and indolence are natural to uncorrected humanity. Few will exert themselves who can subsist without exertion. Fewer still will undergo the wearisome drudgery of severe and continuous toil, who can supply their wants in any easier mode. The goad of necessity, or some equally urgent stimulus, is needed to arouse men in general to that steady industry under which alone individuals can flourish, and civilization can advance. In the complicated system of modern society this is especially true. The support of a family requires a degree of diligence, prudence, and self-denial, which it is difficult to make general. Thousands will always be found who will exercise these virtues only on compulsion. This compulsion from these thousands we have been careful to take away. Subsistence is difficult to earn by labour—easy to obtain from open and careless charity. What wonder that such multitudes prefer the latter mode! The extent,

* "Charity," (said one witness), "creates the necessity it relieves; but it cannot relieve all the necessity it creates."

the thoughtlessness, the indiscriminate nature, of our benevolence, has called into existence a class—the most noxious that can infest a community—to whom charity is an ample, a regular, a luxurious livelihood; who can calculate with certainty upon this income—who *subsist* upon it, as upon any other occupation or profession. The same system not only maintains this class, it is perpetually recruiting and increasing it. It tempts into it all the more indolent, reckless, and poor of the labouring classes. It saps the virtues of energy and self-reliance in those yet uncontaminated, by holding out to them the demoralizing contrast between the easy comforts of those who beg, and the hard privations of those who toil. Wherever it plants its baneful footsteps, it spreads selfishness around it. It teaches men, ever ready to learn so luxurious a lesson, to rely on others rather than themselves. It soon teaches them to claim, as a right, sustenance from others, and to be discontented and malignant when it is withheld: it raises barricades almost insurmountable in the path of real philanthropy: it renders it almost impossible to do good among this class: it undermines the efficiency of the religious teacher, and actually poisons his ministrations. The ministers attached to the domestic missions, even while describing the most painful scenes of squalid misery, intimate that they found their power of giving pecuniary aid sadly interfered with their moral and religious influence. While money could be extracted or hoped for, a deaf ear was too generally turned to other and more valuable species of assistance. Hear the testimony of a clergyman in one of the most pauperized and charitable districts in the metropolis:—

“As a clergyman of a parish containing a population of 18,000, four-fifths of whom are of the industrious classes, I have observed the operation of an organized system of charity to be prejudicial to them; and with the sanction, or rather under the responsibility, of my honourable calling, I have testified my conviction to that effect.

“Indeed, it is in reference to the *spiritual* duties of my calling that I have been most painfully impressed with this conviction. Very soon after coming into the parish, I was struck with the incredible difficulty, the almost hopelessness, of exercising any specifically religious influence over the working-classes of my population,—I do not mean, by the public instructions of a place of worship; a mere insignificant fraction of them ever enter any, or can by any importunity be prevailed upon to do so,—I mean by personal domestic visitation. It is a mockery. ‘We want bread and not preaching,’ is the sentiment always uppermost in their minds, and sometimes on their lips; and he is an unwelcome visitor who brings the Bible in one hand, without a loaf, a blanket, or a shilling, in the other. And no wonder. By the prevailing system

of charitable relief they have been *nursed* in this carnal spirit; they have been justified in these selfish expectations. Instead of being allowed to learn the great and salutary lesson of Providence, that there is a natural connexion between their conduct and their condition, they have, by this artificial system, been taught that indigence is *of itself* sufficient to constitute a claim to relief. They have been thus encouraged in improvidence, immorality, fraud, and hypocrisy. . . .

"But these, though some of the most common, are not the most painful, indications of the demoralizing effects of charity upon our population. What is more directly and peculiarly offensive to my *professional* feelings, is their hypocritical religious pretences in sickness. Numbers of them, though strangers all their lives to a place of worship, and utterly ignorant and heedless of religion, will yet send to request my prayers on these occasions. In nine-tenths of these cases, I have not been many minutes in the room without discovering that it was not my *prayers* but my *money* that they wanted. I have witnessed most revolting scenes of this kind. It was the practice of my predecessor to distribute the alms collected at the Sacrament to the poor communicants assembled round the table. For obvious reasons, I disapproved of this; and after my second communion I gave notice that I should discontinue the practice. I stated to them my reasons, and my intention of thenceforth distributing these alms in my private ministrations among the poor, in cases of well-attested distress, and especially at sick-beds. 'Indeed, sir,' (said one of these devout communicants) 'then the sooner I'm sick the better.' Most of them seemed much affronted at the change; and I may mention that, since it took place, not more than two or three of them have been in the habit of attending. *I traced some of them to more charitable places of worship.* It may be said, that circumstances like some of these are natural. True. In the present state of things they are so. But what prospect do they hold out to the conscientious clergyman? They tell him that, to a population in so artificial a state, so pauperized, so demoralized, he cannot be a *clergyman*. They tell him that he must forego the specific—*i.e.*, the *spiritual*—duties of his calling; that he 'must leave the word of God, to serve tables;' and that, in fact, to four-fifths out of 18,000 parishioners, he must stand in no higher official relation than that of a perpetual overseer."—*Evidence of the Rev. W. Stone, and others* (unpublished, 1837).

Not only does our boundless and teeming charity support vast numbers in idleness and improvidence, and encourage these vices in numbers more; not only does it multiply and perpetuate destitution to a degree which none but those who have practically witnessed its operation can adequately estimate; not only does it unfit them for the reception of worthier and more beneficial influences: it has created a class of professional mendicants who live by imposture—and live in a style of luxury which honest, and even successful, industry can scarcely dream of. The fund which supports these creatures seems absolutely inexhaus-

tible. Begging has become not only a regularly organized trade, but it is divided into as many distinct branches, and carried on in as many various modes, as the cotton or the hardware trade. Its earnings seem to be at least as certain, and generally far higher. Nay, it is more than a trade: it has become an art, and an art in which talent of no insignificant order is engaged. Every species of ingenuity is enlisted in the service of deception; the most vigilant police, and the most experienced mendicity officers, are constantly baffled and at fault; and the mendicant revels in the success of his manœuvres. We have no means of forming even a conjecture as to the number of those who make a living by these mischievous and disreputable means; but there can be no doubt that it is enormous. Many of them are children trained from the cradle to this scandalous profession. Were indiscriminate charity to be regarded in its true light, and scouted as a crime instead of being hugged as a virtue, all this degraded class would vanish as by magic. It is the conclusion of Mr. Chadwick, after a series of most laborious investigations, that not above *three per cent.* of the cases of mendicancy, in whatever form,* are genuine, and that not above a third of these are cases of really unavoidable and unmerited distress; and we have now lying before us the unpublished testimony of a mendicity officer of long and large experience, which fully confirms this estimate. In this case, therefore, only an infinitesimally small proportion of the charity bestowed goes towards alleviating destitution; while nearly the whole of it is spent in creating misery, and fostering and maintaining sin.

But this is not all—nor the worst. This system of mendicancy is the nursery, the hot-bed, the forcing-house of crime. Comparatively few of the regular beggars confine themselves to begging. They begin with asking; they end with thieving: they constantly, as might be expected, carry on the two occupations simultaneously, and make one play into the hands of the other. The information they procure as mendicants they use as burglars, or sell to those who do. The tramping beggars are almost always thieves. The evidence given before the Con-

* Perhaps we should except the begging letter-writers—a class which, as a whole, is perhaps more scandalous than any other, but which includes also more cases of real distress.

“Of giving to street beggars, (says the Minister of the Poor in Liverpool), I cannot speak in too strong terms of censure. In most cases, those who thus cheaply indulge their benevolent feelings are the unconscious ministers of laziness and vice. I have made it my object to examine into many of the statements of these professional mendicants, but without a satisfactory result, *even in a solitary instance.*”—*Report for 1849*, p. 9; also *Report*, 1851, p. 34.

stabulary Force Commissioners abounds with proofs of this connexion.* The distributors of charity are, therefore, in the great majority of instances, recruiting sergeants for the prison, the hulks, and the gallows. Later on, they have to pay for transporting or for hanging those whom now they are paying to support in vagrancy and vice. But there is another channel through which the same operation is repeated—through which benevolence multiplies malefactors. It is well known, and has been proved over and over again, that a vast proportion of the money given in charity is spent in *gin*.† Judges on the bench, inspectors of prisons, chaplains in gaols, all concur in telling us that in five cases out of six, crime has had its origin in drinking. Hear the evidence of the able and benevolent clergyman already cited:—

“The small shopkeepers who live in the parts of my parish inhabited by the most indigent of the population, and who of all persons have best opportunities of knowing their habits and condition, declare that they never witnessed more profligacy and intemperance among them, than ‘at the time so much money was given away in the Church’—meaning the relief which was administered in the distressed year 1826, in the parish vestry-room, over the west entrance of the church. So gross was the *general* abuse, that the applicants, after receiving relief at the church, would not even go directly from thence to the public-houses *in their own neighbourhood*. They very commonly became intoxicated at the public-houses *contiguous to the church*, and in this state were seen entering public-houses nearer to their own homes. Many of the persons who shared in this relief, received a certain amount of money periodically; and it was common to observe some of these pointing in the direction of the church, and saying to their companions, generally females,—‘Ay, never mind, we shall get something *there* to-morrow, and then we’ll have a glass together.’

“As a pointed confirmation of this, I will mention a fact communicated to me by a most respectable medical practitioner in my parish. He attended the family of the landlord of a public-house called ‘The Ten Bells,’ and situated within a few yards of the church. This landlord had for a long time owed him a bill of about 10*l.*, and had always declared himself unable to pay it from the extreme slackness of business. *Within a week from the commencement of the relief in 1826*, the

* See especially page 60, where thirteen kinds of these worthies are defined.

† During the time of famine, as is well known, large sums were given away in meal and other food, in the Western Highlands and the Hebrides. “In the year ending 10th of October, 1848, the sum expended on ardent spirits by the labourers and crofters in Mull was 6099*l.*—or *double the amount of the extraordinary aid found necessary in that most severe year for the relief of their distress*.”—See Sir John M’Neill’s “Report on Destitution in the Western Highlands.”

landlord's wife waited upon my informant:—she expressed regret that the bill should have remained so long unpaid, and told him that in consequence of their *vast increase of business since the beginning of the distribution of money in the church*, she had now great pleasure in being able to hand him the amount.”*

II. Let us now consider, for a few moments, in the second place, the operation of this extensive, organized, miscellaneous charity upon society at large. What must be the effect upon the industrious of this boundless patronage extended to the idle? What must be the effect upon the struggling of this exhaustless and ready-at-hand provision for those who have ceased to struggle? Alas! the solution of the problem is contained in the mere statement of it: the question suggests its own answer. What *can* the effect be but discouragement of all industry and effort—destruction of all honest and dignified self-reliance—disheartening of all independent feeling? What, upon any other people but the Anglo-Saxon, must the effect long ago have been, but the utter disheartening and obliteration of all manly energy, of all sense of worth and justice? The pauper who sinks willingly upon his dirty feather-bed, we feed and foster; the criminal, whose fall is consummated, we pet and comfort: the frugal and toiling labourer, who is struggling, with all his earnest soul, to keep himself from the great gulf of eleemosynary degradation, we load with fresh burdens, and mulct and neglect for the benefit of the complacent recipient of charitable doles; the honest man, just stumbling on the verge of guilt, and striving to avoid it, we proffer no aid to, but surround with fresh temptations.

“Philosophy, emancipation, pity for human calamity, is very beautiful; but this deep oblivion of the law of right and wrong; this indiscriminate mashing up of the right and wrong into a patent treacle of the philanthropic movement, is by no means beautiful;—this, on the contrary, is altogether ugly and alarming. . . . To whoever does still know of loadstars, the proceedings, which expand themselves daily, of the sublime philanthropic associations, and ‘universal sluggard and scoundrel-protection societies,’ are a perpetual affliction. . . . ‘Laws are unjust, temptations great,’ &c., &c. Alas! I know it, and mourn for it, and passionately call on all men to help in altering it. But, according to every hypothesis as to the law, and the temptations and pressure towards vice, here are the individuals who, of all society, have *yielded* to said pressure. These are of the worst substance for enduring pressure! The others yet stand, and make resistance to temptation, to the law’s injustice; under all the perversities and strangling impediments there are, the rest of society still keep their

* Evidence of the Rev. W. Stone, and other witnesses. (Unpublished, 1837.)

feet and struggle forward, marching under the banner of *Cosmos*, of God, and human virtue : these select few, as I explain to you, are they who have fallen to *Chaos*. A superior proclivity to chaos is declared in these, by the very fact of their being there. If you want the *worst* investment for your benevolence, here you accurately have it. O my astonishing benevolent friends! what sort of reformers and workers are you, that work only on the rotten material? That never think of meddling with the material while it continues sound; that stress and strain it with new rates and assessments, till even it has given way and declared itself rotten; whereupon you greedily snatch at it, and say, Now let us try to do some good upon it! You mistake in every way, my friends: the fact is, you fancy yourselves men of virtue, benevolence, what not,—and you are not even men of sincerity and honest sense. I grieve to say it; but it is true. Good from you, and your operations, is not to be expected. You may go down. •

"Incompetent Duncan M'Pastehorn, the hapless, incompetent mortal to whom I give the cobbling of my boots, and cannot find in my heart to refuse it,—the poor drunken wretch, having a wife and ten children; he *withdraws* the job from sober, plainly competent, and meritorious Mr. Sparrowbill, generally short of work too; discourages Sparrowbill; teaches him that he too may as well loiter, and drink, and bungle; that this is not a scene for merit and demerit at all, but for duping, and whining flattery, and incompetent cobbling of every description; clearly tending to the ruin of poor Sparrowbill! What harm had poor Sparrowbill done me that I should so help to ruin him? And *I couldn't save* the insalvable M'Pastehorn: I merely yielded him, for insufficient work, here and there a half-crown—which he oftenest drank. And now Sparrowbill is drinking too.

"Justice, justice! Woe betides us everywhere when, for this reason or that, we fail to do justice. No beneficence, benevolence, or other virtuous contribution, will make good that want. And in what a terrible rate of geometrical progression, far beyond *our* poor computation, any act of injustice once done by us grows; rooting itself ever anew, spreading itself ever anew, like a banyan tree,—blasting all life under it, for it is a poison-tree! There is but one thing needed for the world; but that one is indispensable. Justice, justice! in the name of Heaven!—give us justice, and we live: give us only counterfeits of it, or succedanea for it, and we die!"*

There is golden wisdom in these lines. Benevolence is not only a poor substitute for justice: unless it acts under the orders and subject to the restraints of justice, it is its enemy and its destroyer; and our benevolence now is rarely so subject. We forget that our first consideration is due to the community at large—our second, to the worthy and striving members of it. Now tenderness to the criminal is treason to the community:

* "Latter-Day Pamphlets." No. II.

charity to the indolent is cruelty and injustice to the industrious. On this ground we hold the Poor-laws to be wholly indefensible on any plea except that which regards them as an atonement for a wrong—a compensation for past inequitable actions and arrangements. The popular idea which lies at the root of, and sustains, our present system of parochial relief is, that indigence—*however brought about*—is *entitled* to prey upon property; that the idle and improvident have a *right* to share the earnings of the frugal and the industrious, provided only that their idleness and imprudence shall have entailed upon them the natural result of destitution—a position which we hold to be as untenable as it is mischievous. Look how the law operates. It is not merely *large* properties that are taxed for the support of the pauper.

“The smallest *realized* savings of the energetic and frugal artizan are tithed by the overseer for the maintenance of the destitute, the indolent, and the drunken. Let us look at a few cases, not only real, but of daily occurrence. A knife-grinder at Sheffield, with better education, better feeling, or better sense, than his fellows, resolves that he will employ the high wages which his trade affords him, to raise himself in the social scale. He works steadily six days in the week, denies himself all the luxuries and wasteful recreations in which most of his brother workmen indulge, and, at the end of a few years, is able by unremitting diligence and unflinching self-denial, to purchase the cottage that he lives in, and to add to it a couple of acres of land. *The overseer immediately claims from him three shillings in the pound*—for the support of a man who worked in the same shop with himself, but who was always drunk three days in the week, and who is, of course, now on the parish! The cotton-spinner or warehouseman of Bolton or Manchester, who earns much, spends little, and abstains from marrying till he has invested a sufficiency in some fixed security, is rewarded for years of frugality and toil, by having to pay towards the support of the wife and children of the weaver who married at twenty, and deserted his family at thirty. It is folly to suppose that he does not feel bitterly the injustice of such a claim, or that he will always remain insensible to its demoralizing preaching. The mechanic who, in ‘good times,’ laid by a fund to maintain himself when work should be scarce, and wages low, and denied himself many comforts in order to do so, finds his fellow-mechanic, who exercised no such prudence, and refused himself no indulgence, supported by parochial aid;—and he feels what a sad and mocking comment this is upon the exhortations to economy and forethought which he so often hears. Two men, both able artisans, start with the same advantages in the same trade—each earning thirty shillings a week. The one is steady, industrious, and frugal, lives long single, improves his mind, lays by two-thirds of what he earns, and accumulates property rapidly. The other marries at twenty, spends all his wages, drinks occasionally, is disabled by sickness, or loses his place

by imprudence and irregularity. At thirty-five years of age, *the one is paying parochial rates—the other is receiving parochial aid.* These contrasts are very frequent; the result of them is very demoralizing; and the principle which upholds them clearly indefensible."

Of the effect of the Poor-rates as formerly administered on the agricultural population—of the injury even now wrought by injudicious and maudlin relaxation of the stricter rules introduced since 1834—we could fill sheets with instructive testimony. But it is needless. Those of our readers who may wish to refresh their memories on this subject will do well to peruse an article on "English Charity," which appeared in the "Quarterly Review," in April, 1835, and is understood to be from the graphic pen of Sir Francis Head.

We by no means wish to affirm that cases of *real* destitution, which *ought* to be aided and relieved, are rare or non-existent. Such, but for our system of compulsory, perverted, and mischievous charity, which poisons the feeling at its source—would find certain and abundant assistance. We have only been desirous to point out the inevitable operation, on the morals and energies of the industrious classes, of a custom which virtually raises the slovenly, the reckless, the lazy, and the debauched into a superior material condition to their own.

III. Thirdly, we have a few words to say as regards the charitable themselves. On those ill-regulated individuals whose charity is the mere dictate of a shallow vanity, or into whose donations publicity enters as a large and necessary element, we need waste no words of condemnation. "I hate charity," Lord Dudley is somewhere represented as saying; "'tis such an ostentatious vice!" "We hate charity," might as fairly be said; "'tis such a lazy vice." In a vast proportion of cases, and among those who contribute most liberally and largely, charity is a clumsy and hollow compromise between indolence and kindness; the acting motive is the offspring of a half-awakened conscience, and a more than half triumphant sloth. We give, because it is our impulse to be benevolent, and our wish to relieve distress; because it is easier to be open-handed to petitioners than to be patient and laborious in investigation; because, to hand over the money to almoners and societies, who *will do the work* of philanthropy for us, requires no effort;—whereas, to give our alms with that personal inspection and supervision which alone can make them effective, or save them from being mischievous, would require much. Charity so motivated and so bestowed, can bring down a blessing on neither giver nor receiver. In too many cases again,—probably in the great majority,—charity is a simple yielding to instinctive feeling, an *indulgence* of natural

emotion, a relief to our own feelings fully more than to the sufferings of others. To all unspoilt natures it is a positive pain to witness distress—a positive pleasure to relieve it; yet nothing can be more certain than that to give ourselves this pleasure where the result will be inevitable or even probable mischief, is no virtue, but a weak and criminal self-indulgence. We have no right to give free way to our feelings of compassion any more than to our feelings of indolence, of ambition, or of desire—where ultimate evil would be thereby wrought to the objects of our pity, or to our neighbours, or to society, even when the immediate consequence is temporary gratification to some wretched fellow-creature. "But," we are answered by several perplexed and pious people, "charity is inculcated upon us as a religious duty; compassion is instilled into us by the God of Nature: it is enforced upon us by the God of Revelation: we are commanded to give to him that asketh of us—we must obey that command: the good or evil consequences we leave in the hands of Him who has commanded us." This plea is so strongly felt, and so often urged, that it is worth while to give a little attention to the detection of the fallacy which it contains. Many, under the influence of it, give away a fixed proportion of their income—a tenth, or a fifth—in charity. Many, under the influence of it, never like to refuse an application. In Mahometan countries, where the command is considered even more stringent than with us, we have often been touched and struck with the universal and unhesitating obedience which is rendered to it. We never saw the poorest Asiatic pass a beggar without drawing out his nearly empty purse. But there, as here, the effects are most mischievous, and indicate a mistake somewhere.

In the first place—and without pausing to inquire whether an ordinance suitable and safe in one state of society can fairly, without mischief, be transferred to a widely different set of circumstances, and a wholly changed community—we would inquire of those who urge this plea of a revealed command, *Do they carry out* their principle of literal interpretation and inconsiderate obedience? Would it be *possible* to do so? Do they for a moment maintain that it would be *right* to do so? Do they not habitually, and without an idea of wrong, "turn away from him that would borrow of them"? Do they think themselves called upon to give to the notorious impostor who importunes them with lies, merely because "he asketh them"? Do they "turn the left cheek to him who has smitten them upon the right"—or do they hand him over to police constable A? Do they press their cloak upon the thief who has robbed them of their coat, or do they religiously and dutifully prosecute him at

common law? If, in these cases, they never dream of standing by the plain language of the text, why do they in the case of alms-giving? Why, of one and the same verse, do they take one half, and eschew the other? Is there not an obvious admission of error in this inconsistency of conduct?

In this case, as in so many others, "the letter killeth, while the spirit giveth life." In all those passages which inculcate charity, there is a rich and permanent meaning that underlies and vivifies the passing, accidental, and unessential form. They command us to desire and to labour *to do good*. In the days of Christ, and in the circumstances of his land, it may be that alms-giving was one of the most prompt and certain means of doing good, and was unattended by any of those mischiefs which invariably follow and surround it here. It is not so now. Our hearts are to be filled with the desire to promote the happiness and mitigate the woes of our fellow-creatures. Our hands are to be active incessantly in this holy cause. This is the Christian law and precept. But when it can be shown that, to give alms, is not to relieve want, but to augment it and prolong it; that to support cumbrous and ill-judged, though well-meant charities, is not to mitigate, but to multiply distress; that to yield to the impulses of inconsiderate benevolence is cruelty, not mercy—is to spread the ravages of that moral depravation which is more fatal than any material necessity, more infectious and incurable than any pestilence; when, in fine, it is notorious that to lavish charity is not to do good, but to do harm—how can men who reverence their Bible dare to shelter their self-indulgent malefactions under the outside of a text which, in its essential meaning, commands the very opposite of such unrighteous and egotistical weakness? Why, if they will have specific words, instead of pervading tenour, to hold by, do they never think of such texts as we might quote in crowds:—"It must needs be that offences come; but woe unto that man through whom they come." "I say unto you, If any of you shall cause one of these little ones to offend, it were better for him," &c. &c. "The industrious eateth to the satisfaction of his appetite, but the belly of the sluggard shall want." "The sluggard will not plough, because it is cold; therefore he shall beg in harvest, and shall have nothing." Or finally, "This we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat."

Is there, then, we shall be asked, no mode in which we may indulge those kindly emotions, and exercise that benevolent activity which surely could not have been bestowed upon us merely to lie dormant? Are we to be condemned for ever to witness want and misery around us, under a stern prohibition against making any attempt to relieve it? Are there no means of

doing good without the risk of doing a preponderating amount of harm? Most assuredly, yes: even the humblest among us in position and in powers, has within his reach ample opportunities, manifold channels, by the due use of which he may confer real blessings on his kind and kindred, sufficient to satisfy the most exigent affection, and may become, in sober truth, "a fellow-worker together with God, in exploring and giving effect to the benevolent tendencies of nature."* We fear, however, these modes are too laborious and unostentatious to be generally popular. The plain truth is, that the "luxury of doing good," like the luxury of growing rich, demands study, effort, industry, and caution. The profession of philanthropy, like every other, can be safely and serviceably practised only by those who have mastered its principles and graduated in its soundest schools. It is as dangerous to practise charity, as to practise physic without a diploma. He who would benefit mankind must first qualify himself for the task.

The first, the wisest, the surest, the most far-reaching field for the efforts of him who would serve his fellow-creatures, is the *ascertaining and enforcing those principles of social science* by which alone misery can be permanently removed or prevented, and distress, effectually and without mischief, relieved. Thus only can the *source* be discovered and dried up: thus only can the axe be laid to the root of the tree. Till this is done, all our other efforts—even the most energetic and self-sacrificing—are blind struggles, labours in the dark,—as likely to aggravate as to mitigate the evil:—

"The prayer of Ajax was for light.
Through all that dark and desperate fight—
The darkness of that noonday night—
He asked but the return of sight
To see his foeman's face."

There is no field so grand as this. He who relieves, even if successfully and harmlessly, a score of cases of human wretchedness, takes but so many drops out of an ever springing fountain of woe. He who, by patient thought, or searching investigation, reaches and exposes the hidden source whence all this wretchedness arises, who points out how it may be cured, and enforces the duty of its eradication, saps the very springs whence that sad fountain is supplied. A kind action is the widow's mite,—to the honour of the doer, indeed, but temporary and limited in its influence. A sound principle, once enunciated,

* Robert Hall. Sermon: "Reflections on War."

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and enforced on general acceptance, operates through all lands—bears fruit through all time. A few short years pass away, and we and our infantile efforts, and our feeble works, and our ephemeral charities, and our transient benevolences, and our microscopic barriers against an overwhelming tide of evil, and our puny struggles against an enemy whose hosts seem countless and exhaustless, will have been told off into the oblivion of the past, and have left no trace save in the books of the Recording Angel. But one certain truth of social or moral science—one clear and indisputable axiom—once discovered and made good, is eternal, unceasing, and omnipotent: it acts and works—an indefatigable agent—while its promulgator rests from his labours: it operates on millions who have never heard of him; on thousands who have long forgotten him. A good deed is human, and is marked by the transitoriness and feebleness of all human things. A great principle partakes of the attributes of Nature—its perennial freshness—its immortal activity—its resistless might.

The study, therefore, of those just laws on which social well-being depends, and from the neglect or violation of which all human misery springs—save that portion of it which is inseparable from an imperfect nature and a transitory life; the elucidation of those points on which we have departed from the dictates of sense and justice, and thus have brought upon society those maladies and sufferings under which it labours; the ascertainment and enforcing of the means by which our false steps can be most safely and rapidly retraced; these indicate the path in which they who have the requisite energy and patience may most surely and extensively *do good*. Sometimes the social wretchedness we would relieve springs from a selfish or a senseless law; oftener from obedience to a thoughtless impulse; oftenest of all from forgetfulness of some great rule of right—from having endeavoured to mend and counteract nature's mode of action, in place of watching it, and placing ourselves in harmony with it. We religiously believe that the want, destitution, and misery, which so haunt and shock us in our complicated modern world, are in no way natural or necessary; that in all cases it is due and traceable, not to God's ordinances, but to some notable and palpable contravention of those ordinances; and that he who would cure it and relieve it, must first find out where that contravention has been, and how it can most promptly be amended. We hold that "No world, or thing here below, ever fell into misery without having first fallen into folly, into sin against the Supreme Ruler of it, by adopting as a law of conduct what was not a law, but the reverse of one; and that till its folly, till its sin be cast out of it, there is not the smallest

hope of its misery going;.....that if huge misery prevail, it is because huge cowardice, falsity, disloyalty, universal injustice high and low, have still longer prevailed, and must straightway try to cease prevailing."

Unfortunately, this line and channel of benevolence demands a degree of mental exertion, of humility, of patience, which is gall and wormwood to the hasty and restless impulses of the charitable. It is shunned by them as at once laborious and unostentatious. They leave it, with a mixed feeling of incapacity and disgust, to the thinker, the statesman, and the political economist. Nay, they too often endeavour to raise a prejudice against these more patient and toilsome well-doers, as cold-hearted and even irreligious. Misery, they tell us, was not meant to be eradicated, but to remain a perpetual call upon the exercise of our tenderness and compassion. Those textualists—to whom the Bible, to which they should go for better teaching, is a mere arsenal of *sortes Virgilianæ*, to be opened at random and read awry—who condemn those who would abolish slavery in the name of the sentence which was passed on Ham: "a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren"—have also a verse ready to fling at the systematic and thorough "fellow-workers together with God," whose obscurer and severer labours they abjure. It is absurd to expect, and wrong to attempt to *eradicate* destitution (we are told), because it is written: "The poor shall never cease out of the land." It is *wicked*, no less than irreverent, thus to misuse Scripture, and go to it for missiles. Now, *first*, the passage in question is from a chapter in Deuteronomy,* and is given as a reason for the open hand and the kindly heart. It is one incidental expression picked out of a long passage, other directions (relating to the Sabbatical year of Judæa) and predictions of which are carefully put aside and eschewed; for example—that "we must lend, but never borrow;" that no creditor must exact payment of a debt from a countryman; that a bond-servant, who is unwilling to be set free, shall have his or her ear nailed to the door-post, and become a slave for ever, &c. &c. Why do the reckless citers of these Biblical expressions take the convenient and leave the inconvenient portions? *Secondly*, even if the passage in question were meant to convey the positive divine assertion which is ascribed to it, how could a statement relating to the peculiarly-governed land of Judæa, be held applicable to the wholly differently constituted land of Britain? However, in the *third* and last place, the supposed signification of the abused passage

* xv. 11.

cannot be the correct one; since, at the fourth verse, we are told that such and such things shall be done, "*save when there are no poor among you,*" or as the margin reads still more emphatically, "*to the end that there be no poor among you.*" Such are the unseemly and broken weapons with which the charitable assail the laboriously, scientifically, and judiciously benevolent!

"But," some will say, "this scientific, wholesale, somewhat roundabout way of doing good is not for us. We have neither the requisite knowledge nor the requisite talent for philosophical investigations into the primary causes of the misery we see around us; but our hearts bleed for it: we yearn to bind up the broken-hearted, and to pour oil into the wounds of the wayfarer; to communicate some portion of our own peace and prosperity to those whom Providence is trying with a darker and wearier lot. It cannot be that we are condemned to do nothing for our fellow-creatures: show us some way in which we also may be useful."—The plea is irresistible. Our views would bear a manifest impress of unsoundness were we unable to meet it with a satisfactory reply.

The men of action, as well as the men of thought, have their appropriate sphere of benevolent exertion, and one which yields prompter and more perceptible, if less grand and permanent results. But even here much previous consideration and information is necessary to enable them to act judiciously. They will still have to be most carefully on their guard, both against imposture and against anything which can impair self-reliance or the motives to industry. This premised, *their sphere of usefulness is that of personal exertion.* The easy course of making committees and societies their instruments and almoners must be abandoned for the far more difficult and laborious one of direct intercourse with the distressed. Relief and aid, judiciously administered to those whose circumstances are and have long been known to the giver, will do harm in comparatively few cases. To these it ought, we think, to be almost always rigidly confined. One great advantage of this mode of action is that assistance will be far more likely to reach the really and the *quietly* suffering. Now, it is the clamorous, the importunate, the shameless, who obtain the dole, while the patient, the modest, the enduring, who hide rather than parade their wants, are apt to be passed by, and are robbed by imposture or improvidence of the charity and the sympathy which are their due. True heart-breaking distress is far seldomer to be found in beggary than in a few steps higher in social life. The second advantage is, that the pecuniary means of the benevolent not only go much further, but are often found not to be the thing wanted. The assistance that a man of business, or a judicious lady, or any

person of education or knowledge of the world, can give to the poor, the ignorant, and the inefficient, without drawing their purse-strings, often far surpasses any that could be rendered by money. Instruction, such as experience can give, how to make the most of their slender means; *putting them in the way* of obtaining most readily and simply the object they desire; finding out for them the precise quarter in which their peculiar faculty will most surely and profitably meet with employment; unravelling any difficulties or *imbroglios* in their affairs, arising either from casualty or the injustice and oppression of others, which five minutes close attention from a practised man or woman of business will generally suffice to do; a well-timed letter written for them, if merely to show that they *have* a friend;—nay, even the mere sympathy of listening—will often prove the most invaluable aid which the rich can bestow upon the poor.

There is yet another mode in which the energetic and benevolent may do incalculable good. They may feel a particular vocation; they may be specially impressed with some one peculiar form of social evil, and may devote themselves to war with it; their line of usefulness may be indicated to them by their capacity rather than by their position; they may master one particular branch of philanthropy, and bind all their powers to its service. These are perhaps the most obviously, certainly, speedily, successful of all the messengers of mercy. They unite the full comprehension and careful thought of the first class with the personal action of the second. Such is Mrs. Chisholm, who, by years of unwearied individual effort, has remodelled the whole system of Australian emigration, has reunited many families long broken and apart, has saved many unprovided women, cast desolate upon the streets of Sydney, from destitution and from sin, and has started thousands on a respectable and prosperous course. Such is Mr. Wright, of Manchester, who, poor and laborious himself, has long devoted himself to intercourse with prisoners, gaining their confidence, and ascertaining their character and capabilities, in order that he might be able, when their term of imprisonment was expired, to procure for them some honest employment, and thus save them from the ordinary and otherwise inevitable destiny of the liberated convict—being cast back upon his evil courses for a living. Such, again, are several others we could name, were it not that we have no right to drag before the public those who “do good by stealth,” and would “blush to find it fame.” Such, finally, is the gentleman, a brief account of whose labours we subjoin:—

“In the spring of 1848 the attention of Mr. Walker, the Westminster Missionary of the City Mission, was called to the necessity of applying some remedy to the alarming vice and destitution that prevailed

amongst a large section of a densely peopled community, whose future prospects seemed to be totally neglected. A vast mass of convicted felons, and vagrants, who had given themselves up as entirely lost to human society, and whose ambition was solely how they could attain the skill of being the most accomplished burglars, congregated upon the 'Devil's Acre.' Most of these degraded youths were strangers to all religious and moral impressions—destitute of any ostensible means of obtaining an honest livelihood, and having no provision made for them when sent from prison. They had no alternative but again resorting to begging or stealing for a miserable existence; and not only they themselves being exposed to all the contaminating influences of bad example, and literally perishing for lack of knowledge, but also leading others astray—such as boys from nine to twelve years of age, whom, in a short time, they would train as clever in vice as themselves, and make them useful in their daily avocations.

"Nearly ten years' experience in visiting their haunts of misery and crime, and entering into friendly conversation with them, taught Mr. Walker that punishment acted with but little effect as a check upon criminal offenders; and it was thought more worthy of the Christian philanthropists to set on foot a system of improvement, which should change the habits and elevate the character of this degraded part of our population,—a system which should rescue them from the haunts of infamy, instil into their minds the principles of religion and morality, and train them to honest and industrious occupations. With these great objects in view, a scheme of training was commenced which has since flourished. *One lad* was selected from the Ragged School, fed, and lodged, as an experiment. The boy had been a thief and vagrant for several years, was driven from his home through the ill-usage of a step-grandfather: the only clothing he possessed was an old tattered coat, and part of a pair of trousers, and these one complete mass of filth. After five months' training, through the kindness of Lord Ashley, he was accepted as an emigrant to Australia. Finding he was successful, his joy and gratitude were unbounded. A short time before he embarked, he said, 'If ever I should be possessed of a farm, it shall be called Lord Ashley's Farm. I shall never forget the Ragged School; for if it had not been for it, instead of going to Australia with a good character, I should have been sent to some other colony loaded with chains.' He has since been heard of as being in a respectable situation, conducting himself with the strictest propriety.

"Being successful in reclaiming one, Mr. Walker was encouraged to select six more from the same Ragged School, varying from the age of fifteen to nineteen years; although at the time it was not known where a shilling could be obtained towards their support, he was encouraged to persevere. A small room was taken at two shillings per week; a truss of straw was purchased, and a poor woman was kind enough to give two old rugs, which was the only covering for the six. They were content to live on a small portion of bread and dripping per day, and attend the Ragged School; at last an old sack was bought for the straw

and a piece of carpet, in addition to the two rugs, to cover them. One of them was heard to say one night, while absolutely enjoying this wretched accommodation, 'Now, are we not comfortable?—should we not be thankful? How many poor families there are who have not such good beds to lie on!' One of those he addressed, aged nineteen years, had not known the comfort of such a bed for upwards of three years, having slept during that time in an empty cellar. Five of those lads are now in Australia, and the other—who had been the leader of a gang of thieves for several years—is now a consistent member and communicant in the Church, and fills a responsible situation in England.

"When the experiment was in this condition, a benevolent lady not only contributed largely towards the support of the inmates, but also recommended her friends to follow her example. A larger room was taken; the lady ordered beds and bedding to be immediately purchased: the merits of the system became more publicly known; two additional rooms were taken, and ultimately the whole premises converted into a public institution, known as the Westminster Ragged Dormitory, and particularly alluded to in the article before mentioned.*

"Since its establishment, there have been one hundred and sixty-three applications. Seventy-six have been admitted from the streets; thirteen from various prisons, recommended by the chaplains; twenty-three did not complete their probation; four were dismissed for misconduct; three absconded after completing their probation; five were dismissed for want of funds; two restored to their friends; two are filling situations in England; fifteen emigrated to Australia; five to the United States; and thirty are at present in the Institution."

Some great services yet remain to be rendered to the poor, especially in large towns, which they cannot render to themselves, and which lie, for the most part, beyond the reach of individual exertion. Such are sanitary arrangements, on which so much both of health, comfort, and morality depends, and yet which require not only consent and combination on the part of numbers, but sometimes also Legislative or Government facilities. These are legitimate and worthy objects for the united benevolence and means of numbers. One other we may specify—the placing of decent and comfortable dwellings within reach of the poor. In our great cities, it often becomes absolutely impossible for the working class to procure these for themselves. The establishment, therefore, of blocks of well-built cottages, and of model lodging-houses, in healthy localities, is an exertion of benevolence which the strictest principle must approve. They are not gifts; they are investments of money, yielding an adequate remuneration, and for which the good they do to others is

* We confess that now it has become an "Institution," instead of a case of *personal* care, watchfulness, and management, its real *good* will, we fear, become more problematical.

an incidental and additional return. They result from the employment of the thought, knowledge, and judgment of educated men on behalf of those who, though anxious for the advantage, and quite willing to pay for it, do not know how to set about procuring it.

To conclude. Destitution, and the charity which so largely causes it and so imperfectly relieves it, we regard as temporary evils, which will pass away together, so soon as true benevolence, under the guidance of wisdom, shall have brought back society into its normal condition of sanity and soundness. We do not believe that professions are to be always overstocked—wages to be always inadequate—labourers to be always improvident—impotence to be always fat and prosperous. We see countries where these things are not so: we see indications of the rising activity of causes, and the incipient triumph of principles, under the operation of which they will cease to be so in England. When that time shall have arrived—when those influences which are now only beginning to act, shall have wrought out their finished task—our kindly impulses and deep consciousness of the debt we owe to others, will cast off the lazy shape of charity, and rise into the attitude and assume the garb of true philanthropy. No longer partially a love of self, it will become, purely and unstainedly, a love of man. It need fear no pause in its activity, from the want of an ample and a worthy field. It will never die out from lack of aim. Though the destitute may “cease out of the land,” the objects of our Christian compassion and our human love never can. When poverty has ceased to be squalid and miserable, and when want is banished from a land of plenty, and dependence has died out with the social blunders and injustices which fostered it, humanity will remain as it was before—imperfect, feeble, subject to casualty, to misfortune, and to sorrow. In soothing, aiding, and strengthening these, benevolence will still and ever find abundant occupation; but its objects will be cases, not classes—exceptions, not rules; and its operations will be no longer carried on by machinery, relentless, ponderous, and indiscriminate; but by human creatures—watchful, tearful, considerate, and wise.

ART. IV.—THE ENGLISH STAGE.

Lettre de M. Charles Mathews aux Auteurs Dramatiques de la France. With a Translation according to the terms of the International Convention. C. Mitchell.

SUCH is the title of a *brochure* with which the lively manager of the Lyceum amused his own leisure and the town during the last theatrical recess. It is published in French and English, and, notwithstanding the sly hit at the convention in the title-page, neither version is strictly a translation. It appears to have been written in both languages, the points of departure being clearly marked by the *couleur locale*. The French is creditable to Mr. Mathews, perfectly easy in the *tournure*, and idiomatic in expression. Yet the reader feels at once that it is an Englishman's French, which is about as different from that of a Frenchman as an anatomical wax figure from the living original.

We note this, not by way of criticising Mr. Mathews, but for the sake of illustrating a difficulty which no Englishman has ever entirely vanquished. He may write with an exactitude so faultless, that even the Academy itself shall not be able to detect a flaw in the performance; yet the national *esprit*—that which imparts the distinctive *vis*—will still be wanting. The mind of a Frenchman is trained in a different school. As Hazlitt observed of that gay and volatile nation, that they are *au fond* the most melancholy people in the world, so beneath the surface of their most trivial productions, down to the evanescent *vaudeville*, there is a strict and severe arrangement of the subject. The Frenchman is a logician and casuist under his mask of vivacity. He is as systematic in the division and distribution of his topics, as in the observance of rule and measure in his old legitimate drama. The groundwork is as regularly laid out as the gardens of Versailles. So far, we may imitate him with success: for the same sort of method is attainable by a faculty universal and common to all. But it is when he comes to cover this formal surface with fantastical and meretricious embellishments that we strain after him in vain. Our sober judgment instinctively rejects these strange heresies of treatment. We cannot light up serious things after the manner of a galantie show. We cannot throw political treatises into the shape of dramatic *tableaux*. The cemetery, with us, must retain its air of sadness and solemnity; we cannot make it laugh out in the sun with gaudy decorations and floral surprises. There are some examples of excellent

French authorship by Englishmen, amongst the most remarkable of which are Colonel Townley's translation of "Hudibras," and Beckford's "Vathek;" but we do not know any instance in which the peculiarities we have indicated, and which give the "native hue" to composition, have been effectively reproduced.

The main object of the pamphlet is to show that the International Convention for the protection of dramatic copyright is calculated to lead to endless embarrassments and litigation. But if Mr. Mathews' statement of our obligations on that score be correct, the perplexities created by the Convention are really of no importance whatever. He tells us, that of 263 new pieces brought out in Paris in 1851, only eight were translated for the use of our twenty-three London theatres. Could we rely on the accuracy of this curious scrap of statistics we should certainly arrive at the conclusion that it was a matter of indifference whether the Convention increased or diminished the facilities for the production of English versions of French dramas. But we apprehend there must be some error in Mr. Mathews' figures, or that the year of the Exhibition, which he has selected to illustrate his position, was, for some unexplained reason, singularly barren of foreign novelties. The fact of our extensive loans from the French need not be reduced to a tabular form. It is notorious to every actor, playwright, and play-goer in the kingdom. Some of our minor dramatic authors are in the habit of dealing so largely in this commodity, that the London managers find it necessary, as an indispensable part of their business, to keep themselves *au courant* with the ever-increasing *répertoires* of the French stage, in order to be able to discriminate, amongst the pieces presented to them, between veritable originals and mere adaptations in disguise. Nobody knows this better than Mr. Mathews, although he says in his pleasant, bantering, and irresponsible way, that our own *cuisine* furnishes us with sufficient solid meat and pudding to support us, and that if we rush over to France now and then, it is only to look after a few made-dishes and delicate kickshaws to tickle the palates of epicures. But if this be all, why does he exhibit so much anxiety about the restrictive operation of the Convention? If we take nothing but a few kickshaws now and then from France, why does he trouble himself to show the French dramatists how deeply their interests are compromised by the new international arrangements?

When Mr. Mathews says that there were only eight new pieces translated from the French in 1851, perhaps he confines his enumeration to nearly literal versions. But such versions—of which, for obvious reasons, there are at all times very few—make but a small proportion of the whole amount of our obliga-

tions. The bulk of the dramas we derive from the French are not direct transcripts, but careful adaptations, the dextrous English playwright availing himself only of those portions of dialogue and design that will suit his purpose, ignoring the rest, and filling up the borrowed outlines with matter better adapted to the taste of his own audience. Upon this point we are glad to be able to quote so practical an authority as Mr. Mathews himself:—

“Literal word-for-word translations are of no use whatever, and have never, nor will they ever, have much success on the English stage. The taste of the two countries is so essentially different, that it requires a very skilful hand to adapt, expand, retrench, and arrange even the most available foreign dramas—especially as it is a well-known circumstance that the details which produce the most effect in Paris are frequently those which produce the least in London. Up to the present time, we have been in the habit of changing, cutting, adding, and altering whatever we have thought necessary to success.”

In short, we adopt the groundwork, invariably remarkable for the skill which it is laid out, and reject all those features in the treatment which are repugnant to English taste.

Of the eight translations referred to by Mr. Mathews, we find that two were produced by himself, two at the Adelphi, two at the little theatre in the Strand, and only one at the Haymarket—the last refuge of the national drama. Now, it is impossible to appreciate the value of a statement intended to show in how slight a degree we are indebted to our neighbours, unless it also presents the means of ascertaining how much we are indebted to ourselves. It is nothing to the purpose to say that we have taken only eight French pieces out of 263; the real question is, what proportion did those eight pieces bear to the total number we produced within the same period? We believe, that if Mr. Mathews had put the argument in this shape, he would have been compelled into an admission the very reverse of the inference he desires his French readers to draw from his figures. He may be assured that they understand their business too well not to be able to detect the fallacy; and that they do not need to be informed that the production, in a single season, of two pieces in such theatres as the Lyceum, the Adelphi, and the Strand, swallows up a very considerable amount of the literary enterprise of their respective managements.

The objections Mr. Mathews urges against the fourth article of the Convention are not of much weight. The object of the Convention is twofold—to protect the interests of authors, on the one hand, and to secure the ultimate interests of the public of both countries, on the other. If the production to be protected were equally available at each side of the channel, exactly

as it was originally produced, there would be no difficulty whatever in the matter. It might be protected as we protect any other copyright or patented article, by giving a certain term of years to the inventor. But the production is not of this nature, and cannot be thus provided for. French plays cannot be transferred to the English stage, nor English plays to the French: they must be translated or adapted. It is only in one or other of these forms that any use can be made of either. The Convention, therefore, appears to us to meet all possible contingencies, by explicitly regulating the conditions under which translations and adaptations are hereafter to be permitted. The author must acquire his legal rights by a translation in the first instance. Having thus established his property in a work, he becomes at once entitled to the same protection which the laws afford to native authors. But, in order to prevent the dramatic literature of either country from being arbitrarily withheld from circulation, it is required that this translation shall appear within three months after the registration and deposit of the original. We are not aware that anybody complains of that arrangement, nor does it seem to present any tenable ground of complaint. If an author thinks it worth his while to secure legal rights in a foreign country, it is no great hardship on him to require that he shall establish them within three months in the shape in which alone he can become entitled to them. And if he do not, he cannot reasonably object to the obvious consequence, by which his forfeited interest becomes common property.

With respect to adaptations, the case is different. It is impossible, in a treaty or legislative enactment, to define how far an adaptation may be carried without trespassing upon the rights of the original author. The question that arises here depends on special circumstances, and cannot be settled by a general definition. We learn from Mr. Mathews that, in adapting a French piece to the English stage, it must be changed, cut, augmented, and altered. Now, this is a process upon which the adapter expends some original skill, and by which, to a certain extent, he may make the piece his own. The question is, whether his excisions, alterations, and additions have that effect, or whether they are merely a colourable mode of appropriating to his own use the labours of another. It is evident that this is a matter which can be decided only on the evidence; and that, therefore, each case must stand on its own merits. The Convention accordingly provides, we think very properly, that the protection guaranteed to foreign authors is not intended to prohibit "fair imitations or adaptations of dramatic works," and that the question "whether a work is an imitation or a piracy, shall in all cases be decided by the courts of justice." To this provision Mr. Mathews

strenuously objects. Our mercurial manager protests against the appeal to law:—

“Why leave the decision to the lawyers? Why not at once give a plain and lucid explanation of the meaning of the words, and define terms before commencing hostilities? Why not settle a penalty in case of any breach of the law, and refer all questions that may arise upon it—[upon what? the penalty or the breach of the law?]—to a committee of dramatic authors, who, at least, may be supposed to understand something of the matter, rather than the lawyers, who cannot be expected to know anything about it?”

The sprightly temperament which Mr. Mathews turns to such happy effect upon the stage, is not favourable to the due consideration of international treaties. These crude and hasty questions have something of the air of that triumphant breathlessness which the actor infuses so successfully into “*Patter versus Clatter*,” but an argument involving practical results cannot be disposed of in this vivacious way. The Convention does not define the terms, simply because the terms cannot be defined: it does not settle a penalty for an invasion of property, because invasions of property are not punished by penalties, but by damages proportioned to the amount of pecuniary injury sustained; and it refers the breach of the law not to arbitration, but to the usual tribunals to which the judicature of both countries confides the decision of all similar questions. A committee of dramatic authors would be at once incompetent and prejudiced, besides that it would set up a piece of machinery so cumbrous and expensive as to deter most writers for the stage from appealing to its decision. Such a committee, to be effective and trustworthy, should be composed of an equal number of French and English dramatists; and we need scarcely add that the cost and inconvenience of assembling a mixed bench of judges from the two capitals to determine upon the infringement of a farce, would be so preposterous an application of means to ends, as to render it a dead letter in practice. Dramatic authors would be much more usefully employed in such cases as witnesses than as arbitrators.

Mr. Mathews thinks it quite a “legal conundrum” to decide “what is a ‘fair adaptation’ that is not a ‘translation,’ but only an ‘imitation.’” Profounder conundrums than this are, nevertheless, decided every day in the courts of justice; nor do we apprehend that any jury, composed of men of ordinary intelligence, could have much difficulty in arriving at a rational conclusion. It might be shown to their entire satisfaction, for example, that the “*Honeymoon*” is an imitation of the “*Taming of the Shrew*,” and that the “*Revenge*” is an imitation of “*Othello*,” that the “*Hypocrite*” is a fair adaptation of the

"*Tartufe*;" and that a great number of the one and two act pieces brought out in London during the last few years, are translations, cut, clipped, and altered to the English taste. Instances might occasionally arise in which it would be necessary to exercise a little closer discrimination; but, being susceptible of evidence and proof, there is no reason to fear that the same average common sense which is found capable of dealing with the most important and intricate causes, would not be able to determine the vested rights in a *vaudeville*.

Mr. Mathews labours under another perplexity about the appearance of the translation within three months after its original registration.

"What is meant," he asks, by 'appear?' Must the translation be 'played,' 'published,' or 'registered in manuscript?' Well, as 'appear' in theatrical parlance, means be 'played,' it is of no use saying, that a piece was 'written' at such a time—has it been 'played?' If not, it counts for nothing."

We have not the least suspicion of what Mr. Mathews means by being "registered in manuscript;" and, if we understand this passage correctly, are surprised that he should be so little acquainted with the state of the law in England, as to suppose that it is necessary to the protection of a dramatic author that his piece should be played. If he will try the experiment of appropriating to the use of his theatre any piece that has been only published and not played, he will discover his mistake. The Convention is quite clear upon this point. The translation must "appear" within three months—that is, it must be printed and published within three months; thereby establishing in the French author exactly the same legal right in his own production which the English author secures by the same means.

Passing from these knotty problems, we come to the subject of the French drama as a source for English playwrights to draw upon; and here Mr. Mathews is perfectly "at home." He touches, in a vein of laughing irony, upon the blunders our "lively neighbours" are in the habit of falling into whenever they attempt to depict English life and manners; shows how Mrs. Siddons is made to put on the disguise of a village idiot, and run about the muddy lanes barefoot, accompanied by a mysterious stranger, who turns out to be Sheridan; how a coach-maker's boy, called Robinson, who frequents the Dig dog tavern in the city, looking on the sea, with fishing-nets hanging from the walls, is discovered by the lord mayor to be the natural son of a peer of the realm, whose magnificent mansion is at the corner of Holywell-street in the Strand, and how this Robinson is afterwards commanded by the queen, in the middle of the street, to marry the waitress at an eating-house, and is then sent

off as ambassador to represent the Court of St. James's at Paris; how, in one piece, Shakspeare and Falstaff are presented drinking together at a public-house, where Queen Elizabeth meets the poet, the "divine Williams," and falls in love with him; and how, in another, Henry V., who died in 1422, is made to choose for his boon companion the dissolute Rochester, "who was not born till 1648!"

It would be as idle a waste of space to dwell upon these incongruities as to expatiate on the immorality of the modern French drama. Mr. Mathews indulges in some details upon this latter point which it is unnecessary to pursue. In the following passage, which, extravagant as it may seem to those who are unacquainted with the real character of the French stage, is not in the slightest degree exaggerated, we have a bird's-eye view of some, and by no means the most objectionable, of the ingredients that enter into the concoction of a genuine Parisian drama:—

"Milliners' girls and lawyers' clerks living together in the most unceremonious manner; actresses talking openly and unblushingly of their numerous lovers; ballet-girls, with accidental children by unknown fathers; interesting young ladies, who fall asleep, they don't know why, at the end of the first act; to awake with a baby, they don't know how, at the beginning of the second. In short, nothing but mistresses, accoucheurs, midwives, wet-nurses, infants, cradles, and feeding-bottles, in every direction."

The mere indecency of such exhibitions is bad enough; but the vicious scenes through which they are worked up to the surface, sparkling with witty dialogue, and displaying consummate adroitness in the management of stage effects and ingenious "situations," are still worse. We are not sure, however, that we shall fare better in turning to the "virtuous indignation" phase of the French drama.

The morality of a French play is, generally speaking, more dangerous than its most open and shameless vices. Its vindication of a moral purpose is usually accomplished through the development of an immoral design, so fascinating in its presentation as to captivate the prurient imagination of the spectators much more forcibly than the final moral satisfies their reason or awakens their conscience. Virtue in these pieces consists in the successful resistance to temptation, as if that were the sole business virtue had to transact in this world; and as the temptation is invariably of an illicit and debasing kind, the victorious issue of the struggle offers a very weak and inadequate compensation for the demoralizing effect of the process through which we pass to its attainment. Five acts, or even two or three, of exciting passion, treated with much suggestive skill, are not obliterated by a flat and artificial escape, at the close of the

last scene, from the perils with which the plot is thickly strewn. All that is real and striking in the play is its elaboration of the evil; while the good that comes in the end is dull, dreary, and unreal, disappointing rather than rewarding the expectation of the audience. A French dramatist's notion of virtue would seem to resolve itself into the conception, in the first instance, of some base design against the honour of a friend, or the chastity of a woman, and a valiant conquest of the meditated villany at the last moment. His hero must sin greatly in thought, before he can prevail upon himself to exhibit a little virtuous instinct in act; and his sin is painted in such attractive colours that it monopolizes the whole interest of the representation. It is not, in short, an example of fixed principles influencing human conduct, but of loose and vagrant passions checked on the eve of consummation by an impulse, in the stability or soundness of which no thinking being, capable of distinguishing between the true and the false, would place the smallest confidence. The lessons we derive from these illustrations of the triumphs of virtue make so faint an appeal to our moral feelings, while they set the worst vices before us in the strongest lights and the most energetic forms, as to be a hundred times more injurious than instructive to the miscellaneous audiences of the theatre, who have neither time nor inclination to wrestle with sophistries, and who take sensual impressions much more quickly than they can penetrate ethical subtleties.

In England, we place the morality of the stage on a different basis. We do not dramatize mental violations of the Decalogue, and take credit to ourselves for the non-commission of crimes which we hold it to be demoralizing even to contemplate. The sentimental repentance of a profligate who is endeavouring all through the play to compass the seduction of a married woman, and who relieves her from his persecution only just before the curtain drops, out of deference to a negative faith, conveys a "moral" which the English public are disposed to resent as a social offence, rather than to accept as a tribute to virtue. They do not sit in the playhouse to try cases of *crim. con.*, and will not consent to have the impurities of unlawful passion developed in detail, merely for the satisfaction of seeing an imperfect criminal retreat from his purpose in the end.

As a sample of the kind of play we have been describing, we may instance "*Le Comte Hermann*," a drama in five acts, written by a distinguished author, and produced at the *Théâtre Historique* some three years ago. This piece is ushered to the public with a preface and epilogue, in which the author is at infinite pains to impress upon his readers its chaste and lofty moral, which he deliberately announces as a philosophical expo-

sition of that nobility of soul which is raised above material passion and physical excitement. In the whole range of the French drama, probably, we could not discover a play more completely illustrative of the national idea of spiritual purity, this piece being avowedly written with that express object in view, by one who is not only a master of his art, but who thoroughly knows the way to the sympathies of his audience. He tells us that his earlier plays, written when he was young, were filled with wild passions, which he looks back upon in his maturity as dreams and follies; and that he now comes to treat of these matters more calmly and thoughtfully. The heroes of these plays, he informs us, died "*maudits et damnés*; but," says he, "you shall see how Count Hermann dies." It is the death of Count Hermann that crowns the moral; and to that matured offering on the shrine of French morality we invite the reader's attention.

It is necessary to premise that Count Hermann is one of those wonderful specimens of faultless humanity that we meet with only in fictions of a sublime and ecstatic order. He is the most disinterested of men, and so magnificent in his unselfishness that he thinks a great deal more of other people's happiness than his own. He is enormously rich, combines the chivalry of past times with the refinement of the present, has exhausted every kind of experience, and having no friends or relations except a nephew, who is to inherit his wealth, he very much resembles a man who is wandering about the world in search of sensations. In this condition of mind he meets a prodigal young nobleman at a gaming-table, lends him a large sum of money, and then advances a further amount, with which he buys up his whole estate. His health is suffering from a wound he received in a duel, and by way of change of scene, he proceeds to visit his newly-acquired property, accompanied by his physician, to whom the sister of the young nobleman is betrothed, in consideration of, or, to use the exact words of the play, in "exchange" for, a sum of three hundred thousand livres, which the said physician is to pay for the purchase of his beloved to her brother. The Count sees the young lady, and becomes desperately enamoured of her. The reader naturally supposes that the physician is very much alarmed at so untoward a circumstance. No such thing. He is a complaisant physician, and at once agrees to transfer the lady (and the pleasure of paying for her) to his patron. This, however, is by no means the most astonishing incident in the story. The young lady, sold and affianced as she is to the physician, has already fallen in love with another person, and that person happens to be the Count's nephew. Here is a Gordian knot of more than ordinary compli-

cation; but the experienced dramatist cuts through it boldly by marrying the young lady out of hand to the uncle, notwithstanding her attachment to the nephew. These transactions are carried on without doing the least violence apparently to anybody's feelings, all parties being quite ready to buy and sell for the sake of advancing the action of the play to that culminating point at which the grandeur of Count Hermann's character is to be developed. Immediately after his marriage he discovers the secret passion that is devouring the "chaste" hearts of his wife and his nephew.

Some men, upon making such a discovery, might be disposed to act rather harshly towards "the two young people," as the dramatist affectionately calls the contraband lovers; but Count Hermann is superior to vulgar prejudices. He takes the whole blame upon himself. "I," says he, "who ought to have united you, I have separated you. I am an obstacle to the happiness which God intended for you." Having adopted this noble view of the subject, he consults his physician as to how long he is likely to live, and ascertains that, in the usual course of his malady, he cannot expect to survive more than eight or ten days, which, considering that he has only just become a bridegroom, is rather a surprising revelation. He now calls the "young people" before him, announces to them, in the most benevolent and encouraging terms, that he knows all about their attachment, that he considers himself an impediment to their happiness, but that God is about to remove him out of their way, so that their union may be honourably consummated. In order, however, that, in the interval, their conduct shall be "as pure and chaste as their hearts," he draws off his ring, gives it to his nephew, and desires him to absent himself for a year, at the end of which time he is to return to "his wife," this accommodating arrangement being confirmed by joining their hands together! We are now at the end of the third act. At the opening of the fourth, the year has expired, but Count Hermann, instead of dying, as he ought to have done in the meanwhile, has perfectly recovered, and is in greater vigour than ever. He seems to have forgotten all about his nephew, but his nephew has evidently not forgotten about his wife, and returns to her, as had been agreed upon. Nothing can exceed the devotion of these "young people" to the noble-hearted elderly gentleman who has acted so considerately towards them. The dilemma in which they are placed is doubly embarrassing to persons of such acute feelings and such a fine sense of honour. They would rather die than be disloyal to him; and as it would be absolutely impossible for them to live without being disloyal, there is no alternative left but suicide.

This is the French solution of a virtuous struggle against illicit passion. The audiences are accustomed to it, and would, probably, look with contempt upon "young people" who could control their passions and live. The triumph of virtue is not in the subjugation of a strong wrong feeling, but in that atheism of the reason which takes refuge in prussic acid or the fumes of charcoal. That the reader may clearly understand what follows, it is necessary to observe, that, upon his marriage with the lady, Count Hermann wrote an inscription in the family Bible, by which he swore to consecrate his existence, even at the sacrifice of his life, to her happiness. The foundations of the catastrophe are thus laid in the obligations which the grand soul of Hermann voluntarily takes upon itself at the altar. We shall presently see how nobly he fulfils his oath. Karl, the nephew, being unable to live without violating his duty to his uncle, resolves to die, and, accordingly, procures a dose of poison from his friend the physician. Marie, the wife, having overheard the conversation, begs to be favoured with a similar dose, which the obliging physician, who argues philosophically on the propriety of these suicides, at once accords to her. Under these circumstances the lovers meet, to take an eternal farewell of each other, the Count listening behind a curtain to their pathetic adieux. This is the last scene of the play, the concluding part of which we have endeavoured to render with such verbal fidelity as might faithfully convey the expressions of the original without committing too flagrant a trespass upon our sovereign lady the Queen's vernacular. In the attempt to accomplish this difficult experiment, we frankly own that our English version looks very much as if it had the cramp.

Marie. (*Drawing a small phial from her bosom.*) Look, Karl!

Karl. Poison!

Marie. The same as yours. Do you think I should have seen you again had I not been prepared to die?

Karl. Marie! Marie! What do you say? What would you do? You shall not die.

Marie. Why should I live? You have resolved to die.

Karl. But the Count, Marie, the Count! Would you abandon him? Would you leave him alone in the world? Oh! God—even now I shudder at the thought of the misery I am drawing down upon him. Marie! for his sake, and to save me from his curse, I implore you to live.

Marie. The Count's heart is noble, and his love seeks only the happiness of the loved. He would rather see me dead than living in despair.

Karl. Marie, live! I ask it in his name, on my knees—on my knees!

Marie. Suppose my constant regrets for you—the heart is sometimes unjust—should at last turn to hatred of him.

Karl. Yes—you are right. Yes, Marie! It is better you should die loving him, blessing him, as I love and bless him. *We shall both be in heaven—two pure beings—two chaste creatures—who have never known an evil thought—we will pray for him.* You are right, Marie! Let us die together—let us die—my hand clasped in yours. Let us die, avowing our love to each other—repeating it with our eyes, when our lips can no longer utter it. Let us die folded in each other's arms [*ta poitrine contre la mienne*], so that our hearts may beat together to the last, and cease at the same moment. *Then God will send but one angel for us both, and the angel will take our two souls in his hand, and lay them, white as doves, at the feet of the Lord.*

Marie. No, no, Karl. *Such joy is not for us.* If we die together, and are found side by side, calumny would follow us to the grave. When the Count lays his wife in the tomb of his ancestors, he must be proud of her—he must feel that in her death she was chaste and pure as in her life. No, Karl, you must leave me,—you must return to the pavilion—then in five minutes, when the clock strikes, you murmuring ‘Marie, I love thee!’ and I ‘Karl, I love thee!’ we will bid adieu to this world, which we quit so young and so unfortunate.

Karl. Oh, Marie! is this your determination?

Marie. Yes—it must be so.

Karl. But if, in the interval, some unforeseen obstacle—if—if your strength should fail you—oh! Marie, call me back—I implore you—I supplicate you.

Marie. If any obstacle should occur—if my strength should fail me—I will take this light—I will raise it thus (*she takes the light and lifts it up*). Now, go, Karl—adieu!—adieu!

Karl. Oh! to leave you thus, without one kiss, without one embrace!

Marie. Karl—it is parting thus that will reunite us in heaven.

Karl. Oh, you are an angel! Adieu, Marie, adieu.

Marie. Adieu, Karl. (*Karl goes off.*)

Marie (alone; she pours the poison into the glass of water, looks at it for a moment, and then falls on her knees before the prie-Dieu!) My God, will you not pardon me?

Hermann, looking very pale, draws aside the curtains at the back, and approaching the table with a firm step, takes the glass, drinks its contents without speaking, and then raises up the light.

Marie (turning round). Oh!

Karl (rushing in). Marie! Marie! what has happened? The Count!

Marie. Karl, Karl—he was there!

Hermann (going to the Bible, and opening it, reads). ‘On this day, the 7th of June, 1839, Marie de Steuffenbach has consented to take for her husband Count Hermann, and in this holy book Count Hermann swears to consecrate his existence to the happiness of Marie de Steuffenbach—and to sacrifice all to her happiness—even to his life.’ Have I fulfilled my oath, Marie? (*He falls down dead.*)

The Two Young People (falling on their knees). Oh!”

The reader has now seen how Count Hermann dies, and can extract the moral for himself. This pattern-husband kills himself out of the way, to enable his nephew to marry his widow, and the "young people," falling on their knees in gratitude over his dead body, exclaim "Oh!" and so the curtain drops; and the author of the play, no less a person than M. Alexandre Dumas, claims for this piece of transcendent, perhaps we ought to say blasphemous, fustian the dignity of a grand sacrifice to virtue, and sets up the loves of nephew and wife, which they were about to consecrate in self-destruction, as miracles of heroism and chastity! If such be the issues of those plays that are addressed to the special service of morality, we cannot hesitate in concurring, with Mr. Mathews, that the French dramatists are not likely to reap much advantage from the Convention, unless they endeavour to shape their works a little more in accordance with our prosaic standard of right and wrong. Indeed, there can be no doubt that our stage would be none the worse, if it could wholly emancipate itself from the contagion of their example.

Respecting the condition of the English stage as it is, or its prospects from within, Mr. Mathews gives us no information. Confining himself to the consideration of the probable future supply of pieces from France, he leaves altogether untouched a much more important topic—the supply of actors to play them. This is really the question concerning which, in the existing state of the stage, the public are mainly interested. There would be no great danger of a dearth of new pieces, even if France were hermetically sealed against us; but, judging from present appearances, there is much reason to apprehend a dearth of actors. If we venture to enter upon this ground, so often traversed without any useful result, it is certainly not in the expectation of being able to arrive at a very satisfactory conclusion, but rather in the hope of contributing a few suggestions towards an inquiry that must always be perplexed by irreconcilable differences of opinion. We have no theory of our own to build up, no dogmas to propound; and, merely looking at the subject practically as it presents itself to us, our observations must necessarily partake of the speculative and desultory character of the materials with which we have to deal.

The decline of the stage is admitted on all hands. It is the common cry of managers, actors, dramatists, and play-goers. Everybody imagines he has found out the true cause in some influence that particularly affects himself, or that happens to have seized with special force upon his imagination. Managers and actors are disposed to trace it to the failure of dramatic talent. "Give us good pieces," they exclaim, "and we will

restore the stage." Dramatists, on the other hand, make no scruple of referring it to the actors. "Give us good actors," is their response, "and there will be no lack of good pieces." Other causes of the acknowledged decadence have been insisted upon with no less confidence—late dinner-hours, the breaking up of the patent theatres, the introduction of expensive spectacles, the starring system, the diversion of patronage into foreign channels, such as operas and French plays, the extension of religious prejudices, which has helped to crowd the lecture-room and empty the play-house, the diffusion of general and scientific knowledge, by which a portion of public attention has been drawn off from light and fugitive amusements, the pressure upon those means out of which the stage was formerly maintained, political excitements, which are always fatal to theatres, and the gradual apathy towards native art, which has set in ever since the continent was thrown open to us nearly forty years ago. Now, although some of these assumed causes are in reality effects of causes originating in the stage itself, there can be no hesitation in accepting them as affecting, more or less, the present state of our theatres. No doubt they have all had something to do with it. An institution which is dependent on internal resources for the sustentation of which no fixed provision can be made, and which is peculiarly exposed to external influences, must discover its conditions of success or failure in a variety of mixed causes, and not in any single cause. But to what extent each, or any, of these causes may have operated, or, indeed, how far those mutations in manners and customs, which, in our time, have been so frequently referred to as the principal agency in the deterioration of the stage, have really contributed to that result, are matters not so easy to determine.

When England dined at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, as in the age of Elizabeth, or at twelve or one, as in the days of the Stuarts, the theatre was almost exclusively supported by the aristocracy; and if we were to return to the play-house hours of those times (which would be utterly inapplicable to our own), or to postpone the performances two hours later for the convenience of the late diners, it is tolerably certain that we could not, by either expedient, recover the deserters. Under the Restoration, the admission to the boxes was four shillings, equal, probably, to about sixteen shillings of our money. This fact alone is sufficient to show that if the theatre has ceased to be the special resort of the upper classes, it has learned, by dropping into a lower scale of prices, to adapt itself to circumstances, thus, by degrees, taking in a wider constituency—one of the inevitable, and by no means discouraging, consequences of the

moral and intellectual progress of the people. We shall presently see that the select audiences of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have been displaced by the miscellaneous audiences of the eighteenth, so that the complaint against late dinner-hours does not carry quite so much weight as is ordinarily attached to it. To some extent, it must be admitted to operate injuriously; but the theatre insensibly accommodates itself to all such changes of manners. The history of the English stage illustrates this elasticity very clearly. Two centuries ago, and less, it was sustained by the court and the nobility—it is now sustained mainly by the middle-classes. The transition is strongly marked, and the conclusion to be drawn from it is obvious. If a change of taste, habits, or customs has acted injuriously in one direction, we generally find a compensation rising up in another. The theatre has always had to struggle through these alternations and vicissitudes of fortune. As susceptible as the mercury in the glass to surrounding influences, it has had its fluctuations of prosperity and adversity, and has managed to survive them all. Our own belief is, that, in spite of the undeniable depression under which it is suffering at the present moment, it has found at last its true and legitimate position, in being thrown for support upon the people.

Few of the causes to which the decline of theatricals is loosely ascribed are of recent growth. The complaint against foreign operas is at least as old as the time of Vanbrugh. Amongst the privy expenses of James II., we find charges for Italian singers and French actors, whom he carried with him in his train to Windsor and Winchester. The outcry against scenic decorations and spectacles does not date, as many people suppose, from the managements of Mr. Macready and Madame Vestris. So far back as the production of the "*Aglaure*" of Suckling, at the theatre in Dorset Gardens, the regular actors, who were then very little in advance of the old system of sign-boards and rude curtains, protested against the ruinous innovation of expensive costumes, processions, and embellishments; and there are yet alive amongst the few actors of the old school who have survived the fall of the patent houses, some who remember the extraordinary pains bestowed upon Shakespeare's historical plays by John Kemble, whose "*properties*," they will tell you, to the minutest details of the fibulae and the dagger, the girdle and the crown, were real and not sham, as in our more showy but degenerate days. Whatever share, however, the introduction of costly scenery and decorations may be supposed to have had in hurting the stage as a profitable speculation must be traced originally to the stage itself, and does not properly come within the category of causes for which the public are exclusively responsible. The spread of

religious prejudices is, undoubtedly, an external influence that seriously affects the interests of the stage; but even that is not a novelty of the eighteenth century. In much laxer times, religious crusades against the stage occupy no unimportant page in its annals.

It may be seen, then, that if this age, like every other age, has its special features of social vicissitude, the stage has been at all times subjected to a similar action, temporarily checking its progress, and interfering with its successful development; and that, thrown back upon its own vital energy, it has still overcome and outlived all outward hindrances. To that internal energy, therefore, we are justified in looking for its ultimate resuscitation. The power of the public to restore the stage is in an inverse ratio to the mischievous effect of its neglect and indifference. If this be true, even in a slight degree, the main effort to revive the popularity and re-assert the dignity of the theatre, must come from within. At all events, it is sufficiently evident that while the depreciation produced by external causes is indefinite and capricious, the success which follows skill and genius in the representations of the stage is positive and certain.

The facts on which this assertion rests are familiar to every person who is in the habit of attending the theatre. Without stopping to inquire whether the admission is creditable to the dramatic aptitude of the public, there can be no doubt that a "strong cast" will draw audiences, while a weak cast is doomed to address its mediocrity to empty benches. We are afraid it must be acknowledged, that it is not the charm of the play alone that fills the theatre, but the adequate interpretation of it by the actors; else why do we find the same play bringing crowded houses at one time, and failing utterly in its attraction at another? Where are we to look for the cause of this anomaly if not to the cast? The play is the same, the public is the same, the actors only are different. We know not how far this acknowledgment may place the actor above the dramatist in his own proper vocation before the footlights; but certain it is, that the noblest creation of the poet fails to awaken the sympathies, or kindle the emotions, of the public, unless it be presented with the requisite power and truthfulness. If the actors be unequal to their undertaking, the figures in the drama pass before the eyes of the spectator like shadows in the phantoscope. If, on the other hand, they possess the qualities required to impart vitality to the scene, the figures assume at once the attributes and earnestness of life. The difference is palpable, in a general way, to the least critical audience. We by no means say that the indiscriminate multitude gathered into pits and galleries from all classes and conditions of society, constitute the soundest tribunal before which the highest excellence of art can be put

upon trial, or that their judgment is always unimpeachable. But the instincts of this human mass are seldom wrong in detecting the broad distinctions between the true and the false, between the natural and the artificial, between strength and feebleness, intellectual originality, and common-place imitation. They know the ring of the true metal when they get it, although they may not be able to assay its exact intrinsic value. We may perceive, therefore, without pursuing the argument any farther, how much depends upon the actors themselves in winning back the popularity which has, of late years, fallen away from the stage. Something, doubtless, must be done before the curtain; but no such efforts, however well directed, will avail, unaccompanied by radical improvements behind it.

Did this view of the case stand in need of illustrations, they might be easily found by contrasting the present condition of the profession with its condition only some twenty or five-and-twenty years ago. Remember the actors who, at that time, conferred their lustre on the play-bills. You had then your Ellistons and your Mundens; your Listons and your Davenports; your Kembles and your Downtons; your Emerys, Youngs, Joneses, Trees, Glovers, Terrys, Wrenches, and others of no mean celebrity, crowded into the service of the evening. When we find that the bald and ragged dialogue of such pieces as "Charles XII.," relying for their success solely upon their "make-up," and their artistic situations, was delivered by such actors as Liston, Farren, and Harley, Miss Love, and Miss Tree, we are at once furnished with a key to the comparative prosperity of theatricals at that period. If we ascend to the higher forms of the drama, the comparison becomes still more striking. A new play at that time had a run of sixty or seventy nights. The utmost that can be hoped for from a new play in these times is that it shall struggle through a flickering existence of twenty or thirty; notwithstanding that we have made a marked advance in our dramatic literature beyond the conventional fustian of the Morton and Reynolds school. Even the advent of a single actor has been known to resuscitate the drooping stage in seasons of depression, when the town had forsaken the theatres in sheer weariness. The triumphs of Kean, who concentrated nearly the whole fascination in himself, made an epoch in the history of the patent houses. The astounding fact, that his son, Mr. Charles Kean, received 50*l.* a night at Drury Lane, may be taken as a gauge to estimate the value which managers attach to mere professional attraction. When Covent Garden was on the verge of bankruptcy, it is well known that the success of Miss Fanny Kemble saved the establishment. There may be great

differences of opinion respecting the merits of Mr. Charles Kean and of Miss Fanny Kemble ; but our argument has nothing to do with points of criticism. We are merely showing the inherent power there is in the stage to recover its popularity, or, at least, to recruit its treasury.

The present decadence of the stage is manifestly a decadence in the profession itself. Other causes have been in operation, but that is the paramount cause. The old stock of actors is nearly gone, and no young ones are rising up to replace them. Where are we to look for a successor to Mr. Farren, who has already outlived his powers and his reputation? Who is to succeed Mrs. Glover? Where are the new Ellistons and Mundens and Dowtons to come from, to revive our English Comedy? What manager is heroic enough to brave the experiment of running through a season such plays as the "School for Scandal," "Othello," or any of equal mark, with the present resources of the theatre? Mr. Phelps alone attempts the graver side of the drama, and sustains it with great courage and perseverance against peculiar obstacles. But his successes, most honourably toiled for, are not perfect. He exemplifies the desire but not the achievement. His troops are well drilled, but they are of inferior quality. Under his rigorous discipline, an actress like Miss Addison may be so moulded into a conformity with his theory of art as to blend in successfully with the general effect; but the moment she comes out of his hands, and has to trust to her own inspiration before a more educated audience, she fails. All that can be done with such materials is done, and done well. But it is done just up to that point which commands our respect for the excellence of the intention, but neither satisfies our judgment nor awakens our enthusiasm. Sadlers' Wells is more like a well-conducted seminary than a theatre of matured and self-relying actors. The vice of mannerism (not of the most genial kind either) besets it; the consequences of excessive training are visible in every effort. There is no spontaneity—no freshness; the whole performance is minted off upon the one careful pattern, and we miss that earnest individualization, which, even if it sometimes err egregiously, gives impulse and variety to the whole. It is possible to over-rehearse till the energy of the conception is worn out, and the actors come jaded before the lamps to their task-work—a result which we have sometimes felt painfully at this house. We must not be understood to depreciate the importance of study. Too much care is better than too little; and if it be not exactly the next best thing to genius, it is at least an appeasing substitute for it, and an honest tribute to art. But we cannot hope to see the recovery of the drama accomplished through these cold and accurate forms.

In the dearth of great actors to embody the loftier utterances of the drama, we are thrown upon material resources. Physical excitements supply the place of the moral elements, and nature is supplanted by an incessant succession of artificial expedients. We must give the actors what they can do, and what they like to do, if we would have that which is done, done well. One of the inevitable consequences of this downward tendency is to bring what is called the "legitimate drama" into contempt. It is the fashion amongst the minor critics to pooh-pooh! the five-act play as an antiquated prejudice, an obsolete superfluity. We are told that there may be as much passion in three acts, or even in two, as in five. So there may; but it must be condensed passion, an essence pungent in its appeal to the senses, and rapid in evaporation. It cannot be sustained passion, for it is contracted within limits too narrow to admit of the sustaining power; it cannot be passion depicted in its depths, and searching and drawing out the fibres of the heart. There is not time or room for that, nor does the temper or atmosphere of the short and vivid drama admit of such a process. You must have more leisure and space for the true and profound development of passion. You may exhibit its contortions plainly enough in two acts, but you cannot explore its mental reaches. We are not arguing this question here, or we might show that, independently of higher considerations, there are good structural reasons in favour of five acts. The third act is the corner-stone of the arch, from whence you survey the past, and look onward to the future; the culminating point, from whence the catastrophe takes its spring. This division of the action is not only convenient, but essential and indispensable. But we must not be carried away into a discussion with the playwrights. Our only purpose, in touching upon the subject, was to indicate one of the lowering theories which have been generated by the exigencies of the stage. The drama suffers as the profession of the actor declines. Our inability to realize the higher forms compels us to seek refuge in the lower, so we try to make a grace of our necessities by vindicating the use of the means to which they have driven us. The assertion of two acts against five is simply the argument of convenience and expediency. It is much the same as that of the property-man, who, in lack of proper materials, says, "If we cannot snow white, we must snow brown." Yet the destitute property-man does not go so far as to say that brown is better than white.

The effect upon the acted drama is sufficiently evident. What is the character of that drama? It has none. It struggles out in any vent it can get; but it does not force a vent for itself. It

is the slave of the lamps, and no longer their master. The stage makes the drama, not the drama the stage. You do not go to see the play, you go to see the actors; and as it is the actors who make the play, the play must descend to their level. The dramatist must shape his means to his ends, or go into oblivion. Whichever way we turn, the same result meets us. As the stage sinks or rises, so sinks or rises the drama. Were a new Shakspeare to come, he could not lift the stage to its former height with its present *matériel*; but if a new Kean were to arise he would revive at once the finest creations of dramatic poetry, and invest them with popularity. We should have the whole fabric of legitimacy reared once more, appealing, in all its original pomp, to the hearts of the multitude. Give us an Elliston or a Munden, a Lewis or a C. Kemble, and we shall see English comedy again. We are quite aware that successes of this kind are temporary, and that they last only as long as the favourite keeps the boards. But this condition is inseparable from all theatrical undertakings, which are in their nature fugitive and perishable. The actor can raise the stage into estimation only in his own time; he cannot bequeath his talents or his attractions to his successors; and the fact that his withdrawal is followed by an interval of depression is the best evidence that can be cited of the sources of prosperity.

The next remarkable circumstance connected with the poverty of the stage in the way of talent is the singular coincidence, that there never was a period when actors were so lavishly paid or when the expenses of management ranged so high. It would appear that salaries increase as desert diminishes. Perhaps the scarcity of even the inferior article has a tendency to put a sort of famine price upon it. In the time of the Kembles, 20*l.* a week was considered an enormous salary. John Kemble had 12*l.* a week; Munden never had more until he reached his famous farewell-night; Mrs. Glover's salary, in her best days, never exceeded 10*l.* a week, but lately, at the Haymarket, we believe it was advanced to 16*l.* or 18*l.*; Farren, when he made his great hit, and sprang into the highest place in the profession, had only 18*l.* Mark the contrast between those palmy days and the present and recent times. Macready, beginning successfully, and labouring assiduously, gradually worked upwards from 30*l.* a week to 40*l.* a night. Mr. Wright, for some years enjoying a salary of 30*l.* a week at the Adelphi, transfers his services to the Princess's at a salary rising, in three years, to 45*l.* a week. Miss Woolgar, it is understood, receives 18*l.* a week, Mr. Buckstone 25*l.*, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, 20*l.*, and the Keeleys, 40*l.* When Power, our lost admirable comedian, used to appear latterly at the Hay-

market, he received, for about an hour's performance in a rollicking Irish farce, the prodigious sum of 120*l.* a week. To say the least of it, these are rich rewards for the few who contribute to the maintenance of the stage. The Church, the Bench, the Army, the Navy, even Cabinet Ministers themselves, may envy the happy fortune of the popular actor.

When we add to these charges the other current expenses of a theatre, it becomes a matter of astonishment by what sorcery the managers of these costly establishments contrive to keep their doors open. The regular charges at Drury-lane were about 210*l.* per night, and frequently exceeded that amount. The ordinary expenditure at the Haymarket ranges nightly, according to the weight of the engagements, from 100*l.* to 180*l.* The pressure of this ruinous outlay assumes a still more alarming aspect if we look a little farther into these theatrical statistics. Even some quarter of a century ago, when the expenses were comparatively moderate, it was impossible to strike an average of the receipts. Sometimes the receipts exceeded 200*l.* when the expenses were only 60*l.*; and when the expenses ranged at 100*l.*, the receipts would sometimes sink to 40*l.* or 50*l.* Still, the salaries being low, the chances of profit, on the long run, were considerably in the manager's favour. This is now exactly the reverse. The chances are not only against profits, but, when profits are realized, they are "few and far between." All experience testifies that successes are brief and intermittent, while the periods of depression are generally long and continuous. When a manager is fortunate enough to reap a harvest of profits, his nightly gains are, at the best, comparatively small; while, on the other hand, when he is conducting his establishment at a loss, his losses are comparatively large. The outlay is constant and unavoidable, the receipts are always subject to fluctuation. In order to have a chance of obtaining profits he must incur an increased expenditure, by burthening his exchequer with "stars," or by expensive spectacles. If by this costly means he forces a net profit, it bears no proportion whatever to the risk. Upon one thing alone he can reckon with certainty, and that is, his expenditure, which, in the face of all vicissitudes, must still go on.

The public are so little acquainted with the details of managerial speculation, and generally form so inadequate an estimate of the great cost (if they ever trouble themselves to think of the cost at all) of those entertainments which they sometimes condemn so summarily, that it may be worth while to collect the items of a single case (by no means an exceptional one) in illustration of the hazards and charges of theatrical enterprise. The

conclusion to which it will conduct us, we venture to anticipate, will surprise most of our readers.

We will take the instance of Sir Bulwer Lytton's comedy of "Money," produced a few years ago at the Haymarket Theatre. In order to give full effect to the representation, it was considered necessary to retain the services of Mr. Macready, in addition to whom, special engagements, with reference to this play, were entered into with Miss Faucit, Mr. Wrench, and Mr. Vining. We believe we are correct in saying that these performers were expressly engaged to appear in "Money," and that their salaries, therefore, formed, throughout the term of their engagement, an extra charge upon the resources of the theatre, in addition to the expenses of the regular company. We are the more particular upon these points, as they are material to the formation of a just view of the efforts that are made on such occasions. Let us now see what were the increased expenses incurred in the production of this comedy, after which we will sum up the total expenditure it entailed upon the management.

In the first place, the author received a sum of 600*l.* for the London right of acting the play, extending, we presume, according to custom, over a period of three years; Mr. Macready received a weekly salary of 150*l.*, Miss Faucit, 30*l.*, Mr. Wrench, 18*l.*, and Mr. Vining, 8*l.* or 10*l.*, making altogether an increased weekly outlay of 176*l.* or 178*l.*, without taking into account any of the other costs of production, in the shape of costume, scenes, and decorations. The play ran for upwards of fifteen weeks. By the aid of the simple process of multiplication, we shall now arrive at some very curious and rather startling results. Multiplying Mr. Macready's salary by 15, we shall find that for playing in this comedy, for which the author received 600*l.*, that gentleman received no less a sum, from the Haymarket Theatre, than 2250*l.*; and if we could follow him into the provinces, and through his subsequent appearances in London in the same play, and add to this 2250*l.* the further receipts he netted from the same performance, the total would present an amount which, contrasted with the amount paid to the author (and that, too, a very large sum, as compared with the sums usually paid), might reasonably excite the astonishment of the playgoer, who is not in the habit of entering into calculations of this nature. We are far from desiring to draw any invidious inferences from this comparison between the actor and the author: we are merely jotting it down amongst the curiosities of stage statistics. Applying the same method of investigation to the other extra performers, we find that in the run of fifteen weeks, Miss Faucit received 450*l.*, Mr. Wrench, 270*l.*, and Mr. Vining, 120*l.*

or 150%. Now, adding all these sums together, the total additional expenditure upon the single comedy of "Money" will stand as follows:—

Author	£600
Mr. Macready	2250
Miss Faucit	450
Mr. Wrench	270
Mr. Vining, say	120

Total £3690

irrespective of the other costs of production and the regular unabated nightly expenses of the theatre, which, added to this amount, would bring up the total expenditure, during the run of "Money," to the prodigious amount of at least 13,000*l*. Whether the manager realized any profit from this costly venture we have no means of knowing; but we think it may be safely assumed, that if he did, it could not have been considerable enough to repay him for the risk.

We might cite numerous instances of a still more prodigal expenditure, but this is sufficient as an average sample of the sacrifices managers are compelled to make in the desperate hope of attracting the reluctant public. Such expedients may be regarded as an inevitable corollary from what is called the "starring system," which assumes its worst forms at those periods when the profession is at the lowest ebb. We will not stop to trace the origin of that system, which took its rise in the time of Elliston, and has continued to increase its exorbitant demands ever since, until it has strained the resources of theatres to the last extremity. No manager would willingly adopt the starring system, because it throws the power and control out of his own hands, and places him at the mercy (which is none of the tenderest or most considerate) of the popular actor, and forces him into a course injurious in the end not only to his own interests, but to the interests of the whole profession. Several circumstances, however, concur to render its occasional adoption, even at such a theatre as the Haymarket, which ought to subsist upon the strength of a regular established company, absolutely unavoidable in the present dearth of first-rate talent. We will touch upon a few of them.

Foremost amongst the immediate circumstances that have nourished and expanded this system, is the abolition of the patent rights of the large houses, and the throwing open the minors to the legitimate drama. We are not likely to be suspected of favouring monopolies of any kind, and least of all those that

contract the intellectual and moral pleasures of the people. But looking at this question practically, and seeing what consequences have ensued upon the abrogation of the exclusive privileges, we are obliged to acknowledge that the extinction of the monopoly in this case has not only not been followed by the gratifying results that were anticipated from it, but that it has tended very materially to lower the standard of art, and deteriorate the character of the stage. We cannot shut our eyes to facts. Instead of these patent houses, to which the higher forms of the drama were formerly confined, we have now no less than twenty-three establishments in London, all of which are privileged by law to take in the whole range of the drama, from Shakspeare to Fitzball. Some of these establishments are seated in the laps of great taverns, where the managers ply a double trade in gin and genius—a privilege, however, which, we understand, the Lord Chamberlain has latterly abridged. There is no limit whatever to the field of their ambition. How Shakspeare is presented in most of these places is not the matter to which we are now referring, although that consideration should not be altogether thrown out of view. We are merely directing attention to the fact, that the actor who has acquired a little popularity, or who is animated by a passion for prominence beyond the position to which he would be entitled under a more healthy *régime*, has here the opportunity of at once achieving his utmost desires. If he hold to the maxim, that it is “better to reign in hell than serve in heaven,” he has only to withdraw from the boards where he has hitherto occupied the subordinate post to which nature and education consigned him, and enter into a starring engagement with one of these Bacchanalian temples, and the thing is done. Many an obscure actor, whose name was before “unknown to fame,” has been called from oblivion in the large houses to lead the business, in all the pomp of play-bill honours, as Mr. So-and-so, from Drury Lane, or the Haymarket, at Grecian Saloons, Bowers, and Pavilions, reeking with beer and tobacco, where he is received with thunders of applause, to the inexpressible damage of legitimacy. Thus these numerous theatrical establishments have not only done much towards degrading the literature of the Stage, but have created a class of inferior “stars” that had no previous existence in the metropolis. This, however, is not the worst of the mischief so far as the stars are concerned. When there were but three theatres in London, where actors, having any real pretensions to eminence, could appear without compromising their reputation, a certain salutary restraint over their pecuniary pretensions was vested in the hands of the managers. The rivalry of the houses was restricted within narrow limits, and the competition for the pos-

session of particular performers was not the ruinous struggle it has since become. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* There are now three-and-twenty houses ready to compete for them.

The inexorable law of supply and demand does not relax its action in favour of theatres, any more than in favour of cotton-mills or breweries. The raw material must be paid for at the highest price it will bring; and in this matter of popular actors, the demand having increased while the supply has fallen off, the market value of the article has risen accordingly. It may be supposed at the first glance that these places of entertainment, situated on the outskirts of the town, in the heart of dense and squalid populations—places as little known to the denizens of the west-end, as the moveable booths of China, and whose existence is never even alluded to by the critics—cannot afford the luxury of entering into engagements with stars of the first magnitude. But this is a mistake. They are the most thriving concerns we have, although their names are never pronounced to polite ears; and our leading tragedians and comedians think it not at all beneath their dignity to pass an auriferous week, now and then, in one or another of them; and on some occasions, we believe, have made the grand tour of the whole suburbs from Paddington to Mile End. It is not very long since Mr. Anderson—who, now that there are no more Macreadys and Wallacks, may be excused for putting forth lofty pretensions, since there is nobody to dispute them—produced a vivid sensation somewhere on the City Road; and we are informed, on the best authority, that at an establishment called the Britannia Saloon, where the prices of admission are sixpence to the boxes, fourpence to the pit, and twopence to the gallery, the ordinary *honorarium* paid to a “star” is ten pounds a night. The extensive competition thus organized in the metropolis by the free-trade in theatricals, throws an important light on the rapid development, within the last few years, of the star system, and the advanced demands of the stars in their treaties with the regular theatres. The Saloons and Bowers offer them a retreat which renders them comparatively independent; and if they do not more frequently avail themselves of that convenient alternative, it is simply because the legitimate houses cannot do without them, and are therefore obliged to submit to their terms. Managers are sometimes also driven into these starring engagements by dramatic authors, who will not suffer their pieces to be played except by particular actors—a system by which the ultimate interests of the drama, its breadth, freedom, and universality, are sacrificed to personal ends.

Starring in London by London actors is a new feature in theatrical history; and its success, as an experiment on the folly

of the public, is utterly incomprehensible. That an actor whose lineaments and style are as familiar to the town as the statue at Charing Cross should become suddenly invested with increased attraction by merely transferring his services for a few nights to the house over the way, seems to be about as absurd a proposition as one of those schoolboy problems in science that repose upon impossible conditions. Yet it is a fact of frequent occurrence, nevertheless. At the Princess's, we perceive the nightly appearances of Mr. Wright duly announced in the playbills and the newspapers with all the pomp and circumstances of a star, although he is really one of the members of the company; and some three or four seasons ago, Madame Vestris and Mr. C. Mathews, stepping out of a neighbouring theatre into the Haymarket, were "starred" in the usual way at the almost fabulous rate of forty pounds a night. Now, neither the Princess's nor the Haymarket are established or conducted on the starring system. The management of the Haymarket, whose example in this direction is of so much importance to the well-being of the stage, appears to have resisted this system as long as it could, and instead of giving undue prominence to particular actors, to have aimed at the production of a creditable *ensemble* by an intelligent working company. We may therefore conclude, that whenever it has committed an aberration of this kind, it has been upon the compulsion of necessity.

Speaking of the Haymarket, we are reminded of the approaching retirement of Mr. Webster—an event which, in the present condition of the stage, cannot be regarded without regret and apprehension. The consistency and perseverance of his course, through difficulties of a novel and peculiar kind, are no less remarkable than its termination in his withdrawal from a house with whose varying fortunes he has been so long identified. Few managers have conducted a theatre with greater credit, or retired with higher claims upon the gratitude of the profession, or the acknowledgments of the public. Few managers have had more obstacles to contend against, or could have overcome them with more courage or steadiness of purpose. It is now about sixteen years since Mr. Webster entered upon the management of the Haymarket; since that time all those changes have taken place which have so seriously interfered with the prosperity of the drama. The privileges of the patent houses have been abrogated—two foreign operas have been established; French plays have been added to the regular attractions of the season; concerts in the day-time, beginning at two o'clock, and absorbing the fashionable masses who might otherwise to some extent have filled up their evenings in the theatre, have increased beyond all precedent; and there has been a gradual

dying-out of the stock of old actors, whose places are yet vacant. Mr. Webster fell upon evil days just as the traditional *prestige* of the house was passing away, and theatricals were beginning to fall into neglect. The whole term of his management may be described as a period of transition. In Mr. Morris's time, the theatre enjoyed a special and exclusive kind of patronage. It was then in reality, as it used to be called, the little summer theatre in the Haymarket, appropriately devoted to comedy and light sparkling after-pieces. It ran its performances far into the morning, seldom terminating before one o'clock, and frequently much later. The late Mr. Osbaldiston made his first appearance in London at this house *after* one o'clock on a Sunday morning, as *Rolamo*, in "Clari," that character not coming on till the third act. "Speed the Plough," a five-act comedy, was actually begun, on one occasion, after twelve o'clock, on a Saturday night, but by "cutting" and speaking fast, the actors contrived to get the performance over by a quarter to two o'clock; which is, perhaps, the latest hour for the close of a theatrical performance on record. The reason of these late hours was the extraordinary receipts which used to be taken at the doors after twelve o'clock. Saturday night was invariably the latest, in consequence of the Opera House being compelled to drop its curtain as the clock struck twelve, even in the middle of a *pas*, when the audience crossed over to the Haymarket in shoals. We believe that as much as 38*l.* has thus been taken at the doors after twelve on a Saturday night. The late receipts on other nights depended, to some extent, on late parliamentary sittings; but still more on the gambling-houses, which were very numerous in the neighbourhood. These establishments were obliged by the police to close at twelve o'clock, but they opened again one or two hours after; and the gamblers resorted to the theatre in the interval, to while away the time. "Fast" young men about town, too, dropped in before they adjourned to their late suppers, tempted by the seductions which the lobbies and saloon held out to them in those dissolute days. The large amount of these receipts may also be accounted for by the fact, that there was no second price then. Second price was adopted for the first time at the Haymarket, by Mr. Morris, about two years before Mr. Webster became lessee. This midnight, or morning, income has ceased, from many causes, under Mr. Webster's management. The gambling-houses have been diminished in number, or broken up; the opera people have fallen away from English theatricals; the performances are restrained within more reasonable hours; and lastly, the depravities of the saloon (now a dreary and deserted room) have been entirely abolished. It is greatly to Mr. Webster's honour that, at a heavy pecuniary

sacrifice, he was the first manager to refuse admission to a class of persons who formerly were amongst the regular frequenters of the upper boxes, and who formed no unimportant item amongst the attractions. The difficulties to be overcome in effecting this reform were of rather a formidable kind; for persons of the class alluded to held no less than forty debentures on the house, each carrying a free admission, to which they were legally entitled. As long as they conducted themselves without any open impropriety, they could not be denied the *entrée*. But, by acting with firmness in the matter, Mr. Webster extirpated the whole class.

The licence of the Haymarket was nominally for ten months, but it was strictly a summer theatre, and was open for only about four months in the year. Mr. Webster demonstrated the practicability of spreading its performances over a much longer period, and finally obtained an extension of the licence to the whole year. This is, perhaps, the most striking incident in the history of his management. Notwithstanding that he had greater checks and hindrances, and more apathy in the public to combat than any of his predecessors, he conferred advantages on the profession which none of them ventured even to contemplate. The Haymarket is the only theatre that has ever been kept open the whole year round, and it would be an injustice not to add, that it is the only theatre during these latter years that has never failed for a single week in its engagements—a fact no less creditable to the character of the manager, than indicative of the skill with which his enterprise has been conducted. By degrees, also, this house, once dedicated exclusively to comedy, came, by the shutting up of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, to be the last refuge of tragedy and the mixed drama—a circumstance unavoidable in itself, but prejudicial in its effects to the true interests of the theatre. So long as the Haymarket was confined to a comedy company, a picked troop of actors could be maintained at a comparatively moderate expenditure; but when it became necessary to augment the resources of the establishment for the purpose of adding serious plays to the *répertoire*, the outlay was increased in proportion. To carry out these hazardous projects, and to escape ruin in the result, could have been accomplished only by great energy, unflinching resolution, and consummate ability in the arrangements; and the success with which Mr. Webster controlled the perils of his position, affords the most practical evidence of that rare judgment and capacity which the stage stands in the greatest possible need of under its present adversity, and which we fear we may look for in vain elsewhere. The benefits he secured for the profession, and the encouragement he held out to

dramatic writers, are not likely to be transmitted with the wardrobe and the properties to future managements, who, animated by the best intentions, will find that the endeavour to emulate his example requires a combination of qualities not often so happily united—prudence, experience, promptitude in difficulties, consummate tact in making the most of limited resources, and unswerving resolution.

Mr. Webster is entitled to no little credit, in the midst of such accumulating discouragements, for having steadily persevered in maintaining the interests of the national drama. Plays of a high order do not “draw.” A manager who devotes his theatre to productions of that class, does so at a great risk. If there be anything very striking in them—a new incident—a choice bit of acting—strong situations—or picturesque scenery and costumes—they linger on for a few nights, but their attraction rapidly expires, and it becomes necessary to strengthen the bill by the addition of fresh novelties. The art by which original plays are thus pampered and kept alive during a feeble existence of a few weeks, is one of those mysteries of management of which the public are wholly unconscious. Mr. Webster has literally nursed the drama in this way for many years; but it has been effected only by a heavy expenditure. During the period of his management, the probable disbursement for new pieces—in which we include all classes of pieces—may be taken, on a rough estimate, at upwards of £20,000; an amount which considerably exceeds the average outlay of the larger houses under the *ancien régime*, when the production of a single five-act play was the one great event of a season. The closing of these houses appears to have cast upon the Haymarket the *onus* of maintaining the living drama; and it must be accorded to Mr. Webster that he discharged the obligation with spirit and liberality.

To that event, also, may be directly traced much of the decline of play-going enthusiasm. When the large theatres were open, the curiosity of the town was stimulated by their rivalry; there were richer and more varied attractions to choose from, to compare, to talk about; and the success of one was also the success of all. None of these houses were so prosperous as when the others were crowded. An overflow at one house helped to fill another; and the agitation behind the curtain, communicating to the public, produced a constant excitement out of doors. The “play” was then, indeed, “the thing,” to which the expectant multitude looked with eagerness every evening.

Another debilitating effect arising from the same cause, is the dispersion of the actors. Instead of having the best actors combined in the *ensemble*, they are now scattered over the metropolis. We need not dwell upon the injury resulting from this sub-

division of strength, so obvious in itself, and so familiar to every person who has reflected on the subject. It may be urged that the scattered public get the benefit of the scattered actors, and that what is lost in concentration is a clear gain, in a partial way, to desultory audiences. But we apprehend there is a fallacy at the bottom of this argument. There can be no ultimate gain to the public by any distribution of performers which has an inevitable tendency to depreciate the art of acting.

The abolition of the patents has effectually done this. Formerly there was a recognised and established school of acting in the country. There is no such thing now. When Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket, basked in the sunshine of popular favour, provincial actors looked forward to the great prizes of their profession, just as barristers look to the ermine, and exerted themselves assiduously in the hope of becoming worthy of the leading rôles in London when they fell vacant. The principal theatres in the country were training schools to prepare the artist for his crowning effort in the metropolis—the last venture and final test of his career. Such schools were the York theatre, under Tate Wilkinson, and the Bath theatre, under Diamond. There was a regular *curriculum* for the actor in those days before he was considered qualified to appear before a London audience. He generally began in York, where he worked hard to gain a little reputation; and if he was fortunate enough to distinguish himself there, he next underwent a still severer course of discipline before the critical benches of Dublin, famous for their literary judgment, and the exacting purity of their taste; and usually finished at Bath, whose refined and aristocratic audience stamped him with the approval which justified his ambition in seeking its ultimate reward in the metropolis. Diamond trained his actors upon an educational system. He entertained the theory that every actor should be an accomplished gentleman, a skilful fencer, a graceful dancer, an observer of life and manners, and an elocutionist; and that, instead of looking at the drama as a mere collection of skeleton parts, he should penetrate and endeavour to comprehend its spirit as a whole. His rehearsals were studies in the art of acting, and he bestowed infinite pains upon every individual member of his company in preparing him for the professional honours that lay before him. All that sort of training is at an end. The great rewards have been taken away. There is no longer any triumph awaiting the provincial actor in London. He has no longer any motive to stimulate his industry, or to induce him to cultivate his talents in the high walks of art; and he rushes up to London while he is yet only a recruit in the ranks, believing that he has as good a chance as anybody else to

obtain a command somewhere amongst the raw levies of the capital. It must not be supposed that, because we point out the evils which ensued upon the overthrow of theatrical monopoly, we therefore think a return to it desirable. It could not, and ought not to be restored. It had outgrown its uses, and fell by its own incapacity of adaptation to the wants of the age. But it is necessary to exhibit the true nature of the disasters from which the stage is suffering, in order to ascertain the direction in which we are to seek for the remedy.

The truth is, the actor no longer cultivates his calling as an art—he addresses himself to it as a trade. There is no art-life in England. The actors do not associate with a view to the improvement and elevation of their profession; there is no enthusiasm, no earnestness, no discussion amongst them in pursuit of their common object. Each man looks only to himself, to his own personal gains, vanities, and pretensions: he does not coalesce with others for the advancement of the general body: he makes no sacrifices to promote the dignity or extend the influence of the stage; but, extracting from it all the profit he can, he leaves it to take care of itself. Nor does he trouble himself to draw his portraits of humanity from the observation of real life. He is content to drop into the conventions and traditions of the theatre, and to reproduce the faded modes of his predecessors, instead of reflecting living manners and contemporary characteristics. The same feints and artifices, the same stale stage business that made our fathers crack their sides, constitute his principal stock-in-trade. We can see the well-known trick of the scene in advance,—we know accurately what is coming, by the unmistakable preparations which have brought in the same identical good joke, time out of mind. It is not by such means the stage can be resuscitated. The actor who does not go into the world, as the artist goes into the fields, to study the subjects he professes to paint, may be a skilful copyist, but will never produce a picture animated by the fresh colours and flowing outlines of nature.

It is perfectly consistent with this condition of the profession, that the individual in his private relations should be irreproachably respectable. We believe there never was a period when actors, as a class, were more thoroughly respectable. Provident views, and a passion for accumulation, have expelled the erratic and thriftless vices of by-gone generations. The old tavern propensities are gone out; the reckless dissipation and proverbial excesses have disappeared. Yet, with his greatly increased means, thus carefully acquired and garnered up, the actor of the present day does not realize that independence of character and position that belonged to the actor of the last century. His

respectability is not of that order. It retreats into a safe obscurity. His *status* lies lower down in the social scale. He is not surrounded—like the Kembles, the Youngs, and the O'Neils—by the *élite* of society. He does not enter into that region of life, nor does he mix up with the literature and art of the country. Nobility does not court him as it courted Garrick, whose correspondence embraced the whole aristocracy of rank and letters.

On the other hand, the morality of the stage makes a creditable set-off against its professional short-comings. The public, we are aware, hold a very different opinion. But the public do not possess the means of forming a correct judgment on this point. They know nothing of the life behind the curtain. The sins of the stage alone become notorious—its virtues are seldom heard of, and people are apt to conclude that it possesses none. A man may go through life strictly discharging all his moral and social responsibilities, without exciting the slightest notice; let him violate any of them, and his name is scandalized abroad at once. The same thing happens in reference to the stage. We are familiar, in a thousand exaggerated shapes, with its errors and lapses; but nobody ever tells us anything about its quiet charities, its home fidelities, its heroic triumphs over those special and most dangerous opportunities and temptations by which it is beset. The evil that is done is always known; but “we know not what’s resisted!” If we could trace these things to their source, we should discover that the stage is vitiated by contact with the great world, more than by an original taint in its own blood. The disgraces that have grown up in the theatre have been chiefly inflicted by the patronage of persons in power, who have introduced into the profession the individuals who have carried their shame into the green-room. The theatre cannot escape the influence that forces these vicious grafts upon it. Men of fashion like to see their mistresses on the stage, and will make any sacrifices to get them there. It flatters their vanity, and procures them the sort of *éclat* they exult in. But the profession itself is not fairly chargeable with the discredit such circumstances have attached to it. Those who have been born and bred in it are not the persons who have degraded its reputation; and, with a reasonable allowance for their position, there is no class in the community more remarkable for constancy and devotion in their domestic relations.

It will be inferred from the tenour of our observations, that we look to the stage itself for the main efforts by which its restoration to its former popularity can be effected. Its decadence is so universally admitted, even by the profession, that whatever could or can be done in other directions, would be of little or

no avail, unless an earnest endeavour be made to improve the character of the performances. The apathetic public cannot be drawn away from their late dinners, or diverted from the opera, until the English theatre puts forward attractions of a higher order than it is able to command at present. We think there cannot be any great difference of opinion on this point. By what means the *prestige* of the theatre is to be restored is another question, and must be left, properly, for the consideration of the actors themselves.

But while we urge this view of the case upon the profession, we are not insensible to the fact, that something—perhaps a great deal—remains to be done towards this end by the public. It is not altogether a one-sided proposition. If it be a function of the stage to instruct and raise the public taste, it is also a function of the public to cultivate excellence and refinement in the stage. It depends in a great measure on the audience to make the actor. We may see at once the working of this influence by contrasting a Whitechapel audience with the old audiences of Dublin or Bath. An actor who has not yet formed his style, goes to Whitechapel, finds it necessary to top the oceanic tempest that rages on the benches before him, contracts the worst vices of violence and exaggeration, and is lost for ever. Had the same actor been trained before the audience of Bath or Dublin—critical, refined, and fastidious—the tendency to extravagance would be toned down, he would find it necessary to cultivate a purer taste, and be brought at last to perceive that it is upon the development of the intellect, and not of the lungs and muscles, the permanent triumphs of art depend. All this is in the hands of the public. The actor floats on the current of applause, and, in whatever direction it flows, he trims his sails accordingly. He can hardly be blamed for adapting himself to his audience, seeing how much he lives in and for the hour, and how evanescent his glory is at the best. It is true, that there is action and re-action between the actor and the audience; but in this case it cannot be said, as in the physical world, that they are equal and contrary. An actor of great original powers, and a courage commensurate to their display, in despite of existing prejudices and habits, may produce some slight revolution in the public taste; but the public possess surer and prompter means of producing a revolution in the taste of the actor. It is much easier for the audience to correct the excesses of a performer who is constantly before them, and who almost unconsciously falls in with their demands, than for the performer to exercise a similar influence upon the fluctuating masses who have acquired a zest for coarse excitements. The extraordinary success of such pieces as the “*Corsican Brothers*,” which royalty

itself has patronized by repeated visits, presenting scenes that outrage morality and decorum, affords striking evidence of how far the public themselves have contributed to the degradation of the stage.

This is in a great measure to be accounted for by the change that has taken place in the elements that enter into the composition of the audiences. Even so recently as seventeen or eighteen years ago, the dress boxes of the theatres were filled by people of the highest rank in the liberal professions, by politicians, members of the aristocracy, and men of letters. Now they are scantily occupied by country gentry and the middle classes. The boxes have, in fact, ceased to be reckoned on as an important source of income. The manager relies on the pit and galleries for his revenues. When Mr. Keeley conducted the Lyceum theatre, we have heard that he paid the rent of the house by the receipts of a sixpenny gallery. Reduced to this extremity, it is not much to be wondered at that managers should yield to an overruling necessity, and provide that kind of entertainment most likely to suit the taste of the audiences upon whose support they are thrown. The audiences like broad effects, startling plots, and splendour of equipment; and the managers have little choice left but to comply with their wishes. As the education of the people advances, we may hope that a wider patronage and a sounder judgment will grow up; but, in the meanwhile, we must not cast the whole censure upon the stage, but endeavour to extract what remedy we can from the acknowledgment that much of it rests upon ourselves. The aristocracy have left the national drama to perish. They have abandoned it for French plays, Italian operas, concerts, and midnight dinners. We believe the late Duke of Wellington, who was constant in his attendance at the opera, was never, or very rarely, and certainly not for many years past, seen in an English theatre. We instance the Duke of Wellington because he was an unexceptionable type of his order, and because he always, at any personal inconvenience, faithfully discharged every public duty which he conscientiously believed to be imposed upon him by his station. He appeared at all places in public at the greatest sacrifices of his own ease and repose, where he felt himself called upon to appear by his strict sense of duty—at operas, *soirées*, balls, and drawing-rooms. But he never appeared in an English theatre. The fact is significant. It is clearly not considered by the nobility of this country to be one of their social duties to maintain the national stage.

Amongst the usages of the theatre which we believe to be extremely detrimental to its interests, is the custom of admitting the public at what is called half-price, or second price, at nine

o'clock. This custom is unknown in France, and is not adopted at the Opera Houses, or the French plays, in London. The only English theatre that rejects this custom is the Lyceum. The effect of the division of the evening into two prices is every way injurious: it materially affects the receipts, and creates a class of play-goers who are not distinguished at that late hour by the calmness of their judgment, and whose turbulence must be propitiated by violent stimulants. Actors and audience alike suffer from this irruption. A tumultuous rush of people into the house in the middle of a scene of interest, either comic or serious, utterly destroys the train of illusion into which the performance has led the spectators, and mars the best effects of the actors, from the consciousness that they have now to work against a want of sympathy in the new comers, whose impatience of the close of a representation, to which their feelings have not been previously wrought up, although it may not break out audibly, expresses itself in ways which operate fatally on the sensibility of the actors. All rational arguments bearing upon the material prosperity of the theatre, and the interests of art, concur in recommending the abolition of half-price as one of those practical reforms which cannot fail to improve the receipts, and to attract a better class of audiences. The invasion of boxes by troops of ill-dressed persons, the slamming of doors, the clatter of feet, and the struggle for places, at a moment when the attention of the audience is concentrated upon the performance; have long been regarded as a serious and unjustifiable interruption to the enjoyment of the public; and it has certainly produced an impression so unfavourable to the English theatres amongst the higher classes, as to make them shrink from the ordeal to which it exposes them. It is in the stillness of the Odéon and the Français that those exquisite touches of art, to which the French actors owe their celebrity, are cultivated and appreciated. The play is allowed to make its way to the feelings of the audience, and to awaken and hold their emotions in suspense, without the slightest jar, to the end. We want this assured quietness in our theatres: it would be equally conducive to the advantage of the profession and the public.

Taking a comprehensive view of the present condition of the stage, and of the various circumstances by which its fortunes are affected, it becomes a question for grave consideration whether the theatre should be left exclusively in the hands of private speculators. Seeing how the stage has failed under the existing system, it is worth considering whether the establishment of a principal theatre, to be maintained by some means at the public cost, might or might not be advisable. Wherever we turn, we find evidences of the ruin that has ensued upon the

exorbitant demands of proprietors, who, having merely a pecuniary interest in the house, and caring nothing for the drama or the profession, are utterly indifferent to all other results, so long as they can wring a rack-rent from the unfortunate lessee. This is an evil which is beyond the reach of legislation, and which lies at the root of all the difficulties against which the stage is doomed to struggle, and against which it must always struggle in vain. We cannot bring in a landlord and tenant's bill in the case of the theatres, to secure compensation to the lessee for improvements, or to protect him against the flagrant injustice of having his rent raised in proportion as he increases the value of the property. This is literally the system under which managers have been ground down for years past, and by which the means that might have fostered the drama have been forced into other channels. Elliston paid a rent of 10,000*l.* a year at Drury Lane, and, after laying out 3700*l.* on the house, which he gutted and improved, was compelled to withdraw from the establishment because he owed 3500*l.* Mr. Macready made a similar complaint against the oppressive exactions of the committee. He paid 7000*l.* a year, and was ultimately obliged to relinquish the speculation. The same committee that insisted upon these exorbitant terms are now glad to let the theatre for 3500*l.* At the Haymarket, the rent has been systematically advanced with every improvement made in the theatre by the taste, enterprise, and capital of the manager. When Mr. Webster originally took the Haymarket, the rent was about 2000*l.* a-year; but he had no sooner demonstrated, by the energy of his management, that he could make it profitable as a winter theatre, than the rent was raised to 3000*l.* a-year. The introduction of gas, which had never been in the theatre before, and which was essential to the production of scenic effects, cost him an outlay for apparatus of 1500*l.*; but this was a trifle in comparison with what he had to pay for permission to make this improvement to the proprietor, who immediately increased his rent by 500*l.* a year. And, after having altogether laid out upwards of 12,000*l.* in alterations, by which he may be said to have nearly rebuilt the theatre, his rent, faithfully mounting with his outlay, has now reached to nearly 4500*l.* a year. We have entered into these items to show the hopelessness of theatrical speculations under existing circumstances. There are more behind, if facts so notorious to the theatrical world required any further evidence. And it is because, looking at the matter financially, we believe it to be absolutely impossible for private enterprise to bear up against such oppressive burdens, that we are disposed to think a theatre maintained by public subscription, and conducted upon sound principles, would exercise a salutary influence, not

only in helping to restore the drama to its proper place, but in relieving it from the crushing expenses by which it is at present encumbered. This is really the monopoly that baffles all attempts to retrieve the interests of the stage. The mode by which an experiment in the shape we have indicated could be best effectuated requires much forethought in the details. The interference of the State in such matters is objectionable on many grounds, and would be justly regarded with jealousy and distrust. The example of France, where the State at once supports the theatre and robs it of its independence, will not assist us in the difficulty. Nor should such a design be exposed to the evils which result from joint-stock speculation. It should avoid the dangers of both extremes, and partake as much as possible of the character of a public enterprise. How this is to be accomplished, we will not now undertake to inquire: it is sufficient, for the present, to cast our suggestion upon the waters, hoping that it will be found to contain a germ out of which some future good may be developed.

ART. V.—AMERICAN SLAVERY, AND EMANCIPATION
BY THE FREE STATES.

1. *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* With a Preface by the Earl of Carlisle. London: Routledge and Co. 1852.
2. *Slavery in the Southern States.* By a Carolinian. Republished in "Fraser's Magazine," October, 1852.
3. *Uncle Tom's Companions: or, Facts Stronger than Fiction; being Startling Incidents in the Lives of celebrated Fugitive Slaves.* London: Edwards and Co. 1852.

DOES "Uncle Tom" speak the truth? This cry, which, echoing from one side of the Atlantic to the other, has found its way from his cabin to the hearts of millions,—is it in truth the plaint and prayer of the sufferer, or is it not rather a cunningly-devised fable, so cunning a device that, even when discovered, it defies indignation? Is this "life of the lowly" drawn from the life, or is it not from the artist's imagination?—America is the home of the Irish outcast, the workhouse of the English pauper,—a workhouse in which he is sure of both room and work,—can it be, then, that within the bounds of even that Union they separate man and wife, not, indeed, as a condition of aid or consequence of improvidence, but as a punishment of weakness;

because the strong, by the right of his might, claims the sinews of the husband, or, perchance, the charms of the wife? Surely in this hospitable region, to which hundreds daily fly from British miseries and mistakes, it cannot be the habit to hunt maidens because they fly from the ravisher, and mothers because they cling to their children, and strong men because they assert their manhood! The aspiring youth, weighed down by centuries of laws and customs, flies from the old country to the young republic for room to breathe;—will he find that the laws there honour a hero by setting on him a “Marks,” to track him with blood-hounds, and protect an “Emmeline” by tossing her into the arms of a “Legree;” and if a saint like “Uncle Tom” should chance to bless the land, make it possible for any ruffian who has money to torture him to death? In a word, does Mrs. Stowe paint American slavery as it is, or does she not? Most of her readers, we imagine, have answered in the affirmative, almost before they have asked themselves the question; the “yes” forced out of their beating hearts by her genius,—but is this fair? The good name of a great nation is at stake, and surely it ought not to be blasted by a mere tale, told ever so wisely, until at least its statements have been weighed.

Before, however, attempting to do this, one word, not on the artistic merits of this fiction, but on the reason which compels us to refrain from considering these merits, and to neglect its manner in order to confine ourselves to its moral—viz., its coming before us, not as a fiction, but as a fact. Probably no literary performance, fiction or other, ever in so short a time became such a fact. A few months ago it was appearing in the *feuilleton* of a weekly newspaper in the States, tumbling about the coffee-room tables, whiling away the spare minutes of their busy visitors; now it is part of the history of two mighty nations, influencing their feelings, and through them surely, though indirectly, their actions. This may seem like hyperbole; but it is not so. Only a day or two ago we found, in an American paper, one of the two great parties in the presidential struggle charging the other with using “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” as his text-book; and Kossuth may well feel that he has preached the Anglo-American alliance to little purpose, when the *entente cordiale* between the people is thus shaken, by America being held up as slave-holding and slave-hunting before the indignant gaze of abolitionist England. We have now before us, among multitudes of testimonies to her existence as an actual power, Mr. Sumner’s declaration in the United States’ Senate, that Mrs. Stowe is another Joan of Arc, rallying the hosts of freedom: by the side of which we have a democrat newspaper of Maine, describing her as an Eve, who, “not content with the agony she created in heaven, now seeks

to destroy the last hopes of humanity on earth by this attack upon our glorious Union;" and, stronger homage to her power than either of the above, we have a resolution before us in praise of this *novel*, submitted to the "Congregational Union of Independent Ministers of England and Wales," in their last solemn conclave, rapturously applauded, and only not unanimously passed because of some fear—by no means unreasonable—of the precedent. Nor yet can we stay to consider the adventitious aids of this wonderful success—what we may call the accidents of the fact—how far this popularity may, in the States, be owing to party spirit, to the antagonism between the north and the south; or here, to national conceit—to the self-glorification of feeling ourselves, in this matter at least, holier than others; or even to the rare accident of the cheapness of the book, to its being almost the first work of genius which our publishers—thanks, alas! to our pirates—have not been able to keep from the people.

All considerations such as these, though interesting enough in themselves, are plainly of but little moment compared with this one question—Is this description of American slavery true, which thus makes a nation to be divided against itself, and sets against it another and a kindred nation?

But slavery is a prejudged question, it will be said: its wickedness and folly with us, at least, admit of no debate; England has formed its opinion, and backed it by twenty million sovereigns. That our verdict on the general question is at present so unanimous might be doubted, witness the sneers and insinuations of our most influential newspaper, and the invectives of our most eloquent author. Mr. Carlyle compares "Quashee" to a horse, and both he and the *Times* evidently are of one mind that he almost as much needs a driver; but allowing the general question to be settled, there may yet be special considerations affecting slavery in the States. However mighty the evil, the Americans did not make it: they found it. Our task, then,—and it is by no means an easy one,—is fairly to judge whether or no they contend with it as they best can. It might have been thought that the condition, and treatment, and past history, and future hopes, of a body of people three million strong, in a country with which we are in constant communication—where the press is free, and the language our own—might, in its main features, be without much difficulty ascertained; but it is not so. The interests involved are so enormous, the appeal to the passions so strong, the temptation to prejudice so universal and so overpowering, that it is hard for an American not to mislead his own judgment, much more that of visitors and observers. On the one hand, we have the Abolitionists, the Enthusiasts of Liberty—(they would not themselves reject the name, why should they?)—ready, as citi-

zens and patriots, to run all risks, and incur all responsibilities—head, heart, and conscience alike driving them to dare all for their cause, be it to their own death or to the disruption of the Union. On the other hand, we have the slaveholders, fearing for the lives of themselves and of their families, and knowing that their property and power, everything which to them makes life comfortable or honourable, is in danger; and watching, hovering about this deadly struggle, we have all the ambitious politicians, all the greedy place-hunters, seeking how much power or pelf they can seize by serving the fears of one party or the aspirings of the other; all the sober men of business, all the moderate respectabilities, trembling for their country and themselves, praying for any compromise which may give them even temporary quiet. Work into this general picture the details of cruelties, and escapes, and romantic rescues, of bitter persecution and heroic endurance, of masters smarting under invective almost as much as their slaves under the lash, of Lynch-law victims defying their judges—and fill up the background with a dense, dark crowd—the bondsmen sullenly shaking their chains as they begin to feel them, and one by one lifting up their heads from the ground, their eyes glaring with a desperate, dangerous hope—and we shall then be able to conceive how clear an eye he must have, who, amid confusion such as this, can see into its real meaning.

But we are outside, and can look on with tolerable comfort. Let us then, wiping away our tears for “Uncle Tom,” strive to gaze steadily into the fight, and learn the rights of it.

Doubtless, all our readers will have heard the abolition side of the question from Mrs. Stowe; and for a reply, we do not know that we can do better than refer them to “A Carolinian’s description of Slavery in the Southern States,” copied into *Fraser’s Magazine* of last October. It is, as there stated, an “able pamphlet,” ingenious, and yet evidently sincere; and, considering the temptations of the subject, written in a “candid and temperate spirit.” Here is his opinion of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin:”—

“We have in it,” he says, “a variety of vivid scenes to illustrate the power of the master in separating the families of slaves, in destroying their moral character, and in scourging them even to death. In these sketches her zeal has got the better of the authoress; and she has drawn a most wild and unreal picture of slavery. The consequence is, that the book, with its vast circulation, will do infinite injury. Its dramatic power will have no other effect upon the country than to excite the fanaticism of one portion and to arouse the indignation of the other.”

So much for the “unreal picture.” The picture he draws is somewhat as follows:—First, “these horrors,” he tells us, “are abuses, and are only occasional.” These torturings, and maim-

ings, and wounds to both flesh and spirit, are no more to be fairly ascribed to the institution of slavery, and are no better reasons for its abolition, than are the exceptional tyrannies of husbands and miseries of wives, and the hardly exceptional oppression of the hired labourer, to be given as grounds for a crusade against marriage and property. Follow Mrs. Stowe, and you will soon find yourself in company with Madame Sand and with Proudhon. Mark, he does not altogether deny these horrors: it is well to observe that no one of the defenders of slavery, whom we have been able to meet with, does, neither does "the Carolinian," nor General Hammond, in his piquant letters to Clarkson, nor Chancellor Harper, in his Memoir, nor Mr. Paulding, in his elaborate defence—they all admit the possibility of the exceptional abuses; but they do not themselves know them: this only they do know, that public opinion is against them, and does, in fact, protect the slave as powerfully as could the law. With regard to the separation of families, the admission is greater; the exceptions here are more frequent, but still they are exceptions, becoming more and more so,—for public opinion acts here also; and, at the worst, there is "less separation of families among the negroes than occurs with almost any other class of persons."

So much for the exceptions. And if we turn to the rule, the slave is well fed, well doctored, not over worked, for a peasant well clothed and lodged, free from care, with no fear of being told to *play* when he takes his wage, no anxiety lest his sick club should break, no *bastille* blocking up his gaze into the future, no half-flurking hope, as he counts his children, that kind Fate may close the mouth of the last comer. True, he is in the power of his master; but what labouring man is not?—the relation is the same, only more clearly defined; therein giving the slave the advantage, for the personality of the power of the slave-owner being acknowledged, both sense of self-interest and care for his character induce him to use it rightly. Whereas the capitalist can beat down wages, or wring out more work, or dole out little work; can use up or abuse his labourers to serve his greed or whim; can grind him to dust by the iron wheel of competition, behind which he hides himself, not seen, and therefore not blamed. And if the slave cannot run from the master's power, neither can the master run from his responsibility—or, at most, he can only shift it on to some other master's shoulders: he cannot turn off his man to shift for himself after he has done with him.

Thus does the Carolinian deal with the slave's physical plight. The charge against his moral and spiritual treatment is, he allows, somewhat more difficult to repel; but with this also he

boldly grapples. This "peculiar relation," in which the black is bound to the white man, "is capable of generating great virtues"—if not the common virtues of independence, self-reliance, self-control, yet those more peculiar, and, in this case, more fitting virtues of loyalty and affection on the one side, protection and beneficence on the other. His intellect may not be prematurely forced, but industry is secured, and so the ground made ready for the future seed. Nor is his soul neglected. His master is "taunted with buying him body and soul;" but who that has influence over his neighbour, has not property in his soul? The chief difference is, that the slave-owner knows his position, and tries to meet it; and more and more every day is he remembering that this "soul is in some sense in his keeping, to be charged against him hereafter." He provides for his slave churches and chaplains, and schoolmasters and schools; and though, thanks to Abolitionists, these schools cannot teach him to read, yet even "this inability has given rise to a more kindly feeling,—to a closer connexion between the races, than if each slave could read his own Bible;"—"it has induced oral teaching, and the effect of this upon both races no man at the North can conceive." And lastly, even supposing there be vices inherent in this system of slavery, the fault lies not with the slave-owner, nor yet with the system, but with degraded, imperfect human nature, which, in this particular relation of half savage negroes to civilized Caucasians, makes no other system possible. Be the races of one blood, or be they not—waiving "the fact that the one race has never been so highly civilized as when under the guardianship of the other"—this much is certain; that the slave, if liberated, or rather deserted by his master, must, in his present circumstances, either relapse into African savagery, or wither before white competition. Therefore, even though his chains may gall him, we must, for his own sake, scruple to break them, seeing that, by them alone, can he as yet be pulled up the steep path of civilization.

The above is, we trust, a fair *résumé* of the Carolinian's defence, the sincerity of which we cannot doubt. Whoever he be, there is an air of honesty and good-heartedness about his pamphlet, which assures us that he is neither a cruel master himself, (if indeed he be a master at all,) nor conscious of cruel masters in his neighbourhood. We cannot but acknowledge also, that his statements are confirmed by the testimonies of many of our own travellers—Sir Charles Lyell, for example; and, aware of the temptation which we suppose we all of us feel, to take the part of the weak, when our interests are not with the strong, we believe we have done our best to examine and appreciate the pro-slavery evidence—both testimonies and defence. While

doing so, however, we could not but remember how precisely the same case had been stated, for and by the West-India planter, and how, after years of pleading at the bar of British opinion, he had at length been altogether non-suited. Governor Hammond, in his second letter to Clarkson, says, that "undoubtedly slaves were treated much more harshly in the West Indies than with us;"—possibly, nay probably, taking into account the more frequent absenteeism of English proprietors, and the severity of sugar, as compared with cotton-labour. Still we cannot forget that we had then, as now, kind masters quoted and quoting themselves, as not only examples, but samples: and a whole crowd of visitants, of military and naval officers, and respectable men of all ranks and professions, declaring that they were so. But, then, we had two means of checking these statements, which in the United States we have not;—namely, the investigations of official commissioners and of parliamentary committees, and the reports of the missionaries, who had been as many years with the negroes as these travellers had been weeks with their masters.

Let any one read these reports, and the results of these investigations, and we think he will allow Mrs. Stowe's picture to be true enough of English, whether or no it be so of American slave-masters. Congress, however, gives us no *blue books* on slavery,—would that it did! and though there are ministers of the gospel among the negroes—missionaries, we believe, they are called—good men, we doubt not, and working hard for the spiritual welfare of their flocks; yet we imagine if they were to tell any tales about them, of which Judge Lynch did not approve, their work would soon be ended.

Failing, then, these official investigators, and these friends of the slave, suppose we hear the slave himself. The fugitive-slave seems to have a fancy for learning,—finding it necessary, we imagine, to supply the "oral teaching" he has lost, he generally takes to reading books and sometimes to writing them. We have one of these books before us,—the narrative of William Wells Brown; well known probably to many of our readers, who must, however, allow us very briefly to refer to it.

William Wells Brown tells us he was born in Kentucky; his father was a white man "connected with one of its first families," and a relation of his first master, "the man who stole me as soon as I was born." Still his mother was a field-hand, notwithstanding her attractions—perhaps they were past,—and one of his first recollections was hearing her plaintive cries while the overseer was giving her "ten lashes" for being "ten or fifteen minutes behind the others in getting into the field." This first master was a politician, a member of the Missouri legislature; and

his absence from his estate, while attending his duties there, may possibly account for the ferocities Brown details of his overseer; so we pass on to Master No. 2, a Major Freeland, to whom he was hired, a Virginian, of somewhat high and impatient spirit—who, *inter alia*, “would tie his slaves up in the smoke-house and whip them; after which, he would cause a fire to be made of tobacco-stems, and smoke them—calling this Virginia play.” The boy Brown, not liking such sports, took to the woods, but was soon brought back by “Major O’Fallon’s bloodhounds,” duly flogged and smoked, and not long after, Freeland failing in business, he was hired on board a Missouri steamer for the sailing season; “the most pleasant time he had ever experienced,” public opinion probably preventing tourists from being amused with Virginia play. This pleasant season, however, was soon over, and he found himself hired to a Mr. John Colburn, keeper of the Missouri hotel; a most “inveterate hater of the negro,” he calls him, but doing his best it seems to keep a “clean inn;” for a “knife being put on the table not so clean as it might have been,” he gave the knife-cleaner fifty lashes on the bare back with a cow-hide, after which he made me wash him down with rum.” While living “at this hotel a circumstance occurred which caused him great unhappiness,—his master sold his mother and all her children, except himself, to different persons in the city of St. Louis,”—hiring him soon after to Elijah P. Lovejoy, the editor of the *St. Louis Times*,—“a very good man, decidedly the best master I ever had;”—too good, indeed, for a master at all, for he soon became an Abolitionist, and was, as our readers will most of them remember, consequently murdered. His next owner, or rather hirer, was a Captain Reynolds, who “got religion” while he was with him, and “joined others in hiring a preacher for his slaves;” the result of which seems to have been, that the privileges they had on Sunday were stopped, and that one particular chastisement was especially impressed on his mind by its having been inflicted immediately after family prayer. The next change was to a Mr. Walker, a slave-trader, whose business was to convey slaves from Missouri down the river to New Orleans. Here scenes of cruelty and suffering abounded; but as no one—not even the members of Congress, who insist on its continuation—deny the horrors of the Internal Slave Trade, we will only give two of his slave-trading experiences. “With all our care,” he says, “lest the slaves should get loose, we lost one woman, who had been taken from her husband and children, and having no desire to live without them, jumped overboard and drowned herself.”

One day Brown was told to provide a separate room for a new purchase, a beautiful quadroon, “bought for the New Orleans

market." Suspecting this kindness, he listened at the door, and heard Walker telling her to take her choice between "going back with him to St. Louis, to be his housekeeper on his farm, and being sold as a field-hand on the worst plantation on the river." After some days' conflict between modesty and fear, fear prevailed—she chose the housekeeping, and lived with her master till, as a "previous measure to his marriage," he sold her, with her *and his* four children. Brown, however, seems not to have been himself cruelly treated by this man, and to have been in danger of flogging only once, when he managed to cheat a free coloured man into suffering it in his place—a piece of ingenuity which he relates with commendable regret, but his admission of which is no slight testimony to his truthfulness. Not long afterwards his old owner, Dr. Young, told him he was "pressed for money," and must sell him; but, on being reminded of his relationship, gave him a week to try to find a master to his liking, which week he used first in taking leave of his sister, then in the slave jail waiting till the man who had bought her, and four other women, "for his own use, as he said," should take them south; and then in persuading his old mother to start with him for Canada. The hunters were soon after them, and caught them 150 miles from St. Louis; but at least they had the comfort of being brought back, not by "Tom Lokers," but by prayerful professors; the head catcher, at whose house they slept the first night of the journey back, "calling his family together to prayer," before offering which "he read a chapter in the Bible." Brown got "a severe whipping," we suppose for stealing himself; but Mr. Mansfield, his mother's master, a merciful man, told her "he would not whip her, but would sell her to a negro-trader, or take her to New Orleans himself." Her son, after trying in vain to have an interview with her in the jail, managed to see her on board the boat in which she was to go south. He found her "chained to another woman; her emotions were too deep for tears." A few hurried words passed between them—her son begging her forgiveness for persuading her to run away, and so bringing her to this "sad condition;" and she telling him not to "weep for her, for she could not last long upon a cotton plantation,"—till, he adds, "Mansfield came up to me, and with an oath said, 'Leave here this instant; you have been the means of my losing one hundred dollars to get this wench back;' at the same time kicking me with a heavy pair of boots. As I left her she gave one shriek, saying, 'God be with you!' It was the last time I saw her, and the last words I heard her utter." With this leave-taking of his mother, we take our leave of the son, who again ran away—this time successfully, getting at length possession of himself, and beginning

his life as a man, some of the adventures of which he has just published in a book of no inconsiderable merit.*

Now the reason why we have thus baldly gone through this narrative, is simply to show what, viewing Slavery from the slave's point of view, is its usual and normal aspect.

There is no ground to believe that this man fell into especially bad hands—he does not seem himself to think that he did; judging from the stories of other fugitives, Douglass, Roper, Bibb, &c., contained in the book at the head of our article, (“Uncle Tom’s Companions, or Fiction stronger than Fact,”) we should say that, for a slave, “his lines fell in pleasant places;” but we see from his story what must be the rule and what the exception. We will spare our readers the quotation of any more of the facts in the book above alluded to, but we must ask the editor of “Fraser” whether he cannot prevail on “the Carolinian” either to disprove them, or to prove how, as occasional abuses rather than natural results, they can be possible. To be sure there is an alternative—the facts may be allowed, and yet denied to be abuses. Frederick Douglass tells us in his narrative,† that the slaves generally, when asked, would say that they had kind masters, (thereby throwing light on the favourable testimonies of travellers), partly because they were afraid their masters would get to hear if they spoke ill of them, and partly because their standard of kindness was fitted to the peculiar relation between the races. We hope “the Carolinian’s” standard of cruelty has not been submitted to a similar adaptation.

But these fugitive slaves, it will be said, are not fair witnesses; we have it upon the authority of the printed sermon of a reverend clergyman of New York, that they are “nuisances;”—“the fact of a slave running away from his master being *prima facie* evidence that he is a bad man;” and we suppose he would tell us that they spread false reports of their former owners in order to palliate the crime of stealing themselves, or that they invent past sufferings in order, by appeal to sympathy, to obtain present aid.

The after conduct of the person whose narrative we have quoted, would by no means, so far as we could learn, warrant such charges; and we defy any attentive reader to deny that it exhibits internal evidence of truth. Nevertheless, we could not consider such narratives as, by themselves, conclusive, and we have therefore inquired what other evidence the Abolitionists

* “Three Years in Europe; or, Places I have seen, and People I have met.”
By W. Wells Brown.

† Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, p. 19.

could furnish; and alas! we have found that which has convinced our judgment as much as it has sickened our heart.

We wonder if the Carolinian ever came across a small octavo published in 1839, at New York, by the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, written by Mr. Theodore D. Weld, and entitled "American Slavery as it is; or, the Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses,"—if not, would that he would get it, and give us what we have vainly sought for—its refutation! We doubt whether, of any evil that has existed since the world began, there has ever been any exposure at once so dreadful, so damning, and so undeniable, as is this description of American Slavery. A few words from the Introduction;*—after alluding to the statements so often made by the slave-holders and their apologists of the good treatment and happy condition of their slaves, the author thus proceeds:—

"We will prove that the slaves in the United States are treated with barbarous inhumanity; that they are overworked, under-fed, wretchedly clad and lodged, and have insufficient sleep; that they are often made to wear round their necks iron collars armed with prongs, to drag heavy chains and weights at their feet while working in the field, and to wear yokes and bells and iron horns;† that they are often kept confined in the stocks day and night for weeks together, made to wear gags in their mouths for hours or days, have some of their front teeth torn out or broken off, that they may be easily detected when they run away; that they are frequently flogged with terrible severity, have red pepper rubbed into their lacerated flesh, and hot brine, spirits of turpentine, &c., poured over the gashes to increase the torture; that they are often stripped naked, their backs and limbs cut with knives, bruised and mangled by scores and hundreds of blows with the paddle, and terribly torn by the claws of cats drawn over them by their tormentors; that they are often hunted with bloodhounds, and shot down like beasts, or torn in pieces by dogs; that they are often suspended by the arm, and whipped and beaten till they faint, and when revived by restoratives beaten again till they faint, and sometimes till they die; that their ears are often cut off, their eyes knocked out, their bones broken, their flesh branded with red-hot irons; that they are maimed, mutilated, and burned to death over slow fires. All these things, and more and worse, we shall *prove*. Reader, we know whereof we affirm, we have weighed it well; *more and worse* we will prove. Mark these words, and read on; we will establish all these facts by the testimony of scores and hundreds of eye-witnesses, by the testimony of slave-holders in all parts

* "American Slavery as it is," p. 9.

† Collars with long prongs, or "korns." "Was committed to jail, a negro boy—had on a large neck-iron with a huge pair of horns, and a large bar or band of iron on his left leg." Sheriff's Statement in the *Memphis* (Tenn.) *Times*, Sept. 1834—"American Slavery as it is," p. 73.

of the slave states, by slave-holding members of Congress and of state legislatures, by ambassadors to foreign courts, by judges, by doctors of divinity, and clergymen of all denominations, by merchants, mechanics, lawyers, and physicians, by presidents, and professors in colleges and professional seminaries, by planters, overseers, and drivers. We shall show, not merely that such deeds are committed, but that they are frequent; not done in corners, but before the sun; not in one of the slave states, but in all of them; not perpetrated by brutal overseers and drivers merely, but by magistrates, by legislators, by professors of religion, by preachers of the Gospel, by governors of states, by gentlemen of property and standing, and by delicate females moving in the 'highest circles of society.'"

These are the charges of the American Abolitionists. Our readers are incredulous? So were we, until we examined for ourselves the proofs which they give, and found that the testimony which they say they will bring, they *do* bring, with names, and dates, and vouchers of credibility; so that only one of two things is possible,—either the book with its charges is true, or it is the vilest of forgeries, and every word in it the falsest of libels; in which case, the silence of the slandered slave-owner is unaccountable.* But the book *is* true: it is impossible to read it, and not be possessed by its truthfulness: fact after fact seizes the understanding, till it finds itself in a hell of horrors from which there is no hope of escape.

We are aware that it will be said that this was a description of American slavery in 1839, and that since then there has been improvement both in condition of slaves and conduct of masters. To this we can only reply, that the same assertion of improvement has been made in almost every vindication of the slaveholder which we have perused; as strongly, for instance, by Mr. Paulding, in 1836,† as by the "Carolinian" now; and it may be well also to remark, that at the time Mr. Weld published his fearful array of facts, there were testimonies of travellers as favourable to the masters as there are now. Still we do not deny that there may be some improvement, though we fear that it is less actual than apparent. Doubtless conscientious slaveholders do exist, to whose humanity it has not been vain to appeal; and, thanks to the vigilance of the Abolitionists, they may be more and more able so to work upon the fears, if not the feelings, of their fellow-masters, as to induce them in a measure to restrain their passions. The entreaties,

* Frederick Douglass thus alluded to this book in a public meeting, held at Finsbury Chapel, London: "This publication has been before the public of the United States for the last seven years, and not a single fact or statement recorded therein has ever been called in question by a single slaveholder."

† "Slavery in the United States." By J. K. Paulding. New York, 1836. p. 197.

almost pathetic, which the defenders of the "institution" make to its friends not to endanger it by arming its foes with facts, have not, we believe, been wholly disregarded; and public opinion may have succeeded in preventing the public performance of atrocities, for the private commission of which both law and circumstances arrange such complete facility. The scandal may be removed from the street and highway, to the solitary chamber or the isolated plantation, where it is safe alike from the rebuke of Southerner or indignation of Northerner—witnessed indeed, but by those whose testimony would be as useless to the sufferers as dangerous to themselves: for the judge would refuse to hear it, and the press would condemn it as insubordination.* Nevertheless, facts do find their way out. We could ourselves, if required, furnish a fit supplement to Mr. Weld's book, in authenticated cases which have happened within the last three years. Mr. Sullivan,† an English traveller, in his book just published, writes as follows:—

"I heard a painful case that happened at Memphis some short time before I was there. . . . A slave-dealer bought a slave from a plantation in Kentucky; the man was a first-rate mechanic and blacksmith, and his master only parted with him because he was 'hard up,' with the proviso that his wife, to whom he was much attached, should not be separated from him. The sum paid for him was 1000 dollars (200*l*.)—after the sale, the slaves were taken as usual to the gaol to be lodged for the night, the negro being satisfied by the promise that his wife should accompany him the next day. The following morning, however, when the gang of slaves were brought out, chained two and two together by the wrists, preparatory to commencing their journey; the blacksmith looked in vain for his wife, and on inquiring where she was, the slave-driver laughed at him, and said, 'O you don't suppose that I am going to drag your wife about to please you, do you? That was only a blind to get you from your master.' The slave said nothing, but soon after drew his chain-companion to where there was a hatchet, and taking it up in his left hand, which was free, he deliberately chopped his right hand off at the wrist, and holding up the stump to the slave-driver, said, 'There, you gave 1000 dollars for me yesterday, what will you get now?' This case created rather a feeling even in Kentucky, and a subscription was got up to buy the negro back, and restore him

* John Calphart, a witness at the late Boston Fugitive Slave Trials, after stating that it was "part of his business to arrest all slaves and free persons of colour, who were collected in crowds at night, lock them up," and, "next day, flog them," declared, "I am paid 50 cents for every negro I flog, the price used to be 62½ cents." So we see the pay for flogging has fallen; possibly the demand for floggers, and the flogging itself, may have diminished in like proportion.

† "Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America." By Edward Sullivan, Esq. p. 197.

to his wife; but the demon in human shape, his master, refused to part with him at any price, saying, 'That he would not lose his revenge for having been made such a fool of, for ten thousand dollars; that as the man chose to cut his own hand off, he should learn to pick cotton with the other, and he would take care he lived long enough to repent of what he had done.' There was no law to interfere, not even to control his brutality, and in a few days the slave was marched off south."

The "Carolinian" says:—

"The scene of the slave's labour, moreover, is in the midst of those who are far above him in mental cultivation and Christian feeling. And finally, his state of dependence upon this superior class is such as to arouse in a peculiar degree a disposition to teach and to elevate the labourer whose entire service is due to them."

The following letter, extracted from the *North Star*, will serve as an illustration of these assertions. A coloured woman, a Mrs. Nancy Cartwright, "who had purchased her own freedom, and redeemed a part of her children from slavery by her own industry, aided by the liberality of her friends," while at New York heard from her daughter that she, "with Aunt Sally and all her children, and Aunt Hagar and all her children," were in "Bruin's Jail" in Alexandria, "expecting to go away very shortly." The heart-broken mother applied to Mr. Harned, the editor of the *North Star*, who wrote to Mr. Bruin, asking him "at what price he would sell Emily Russell to her mother, and how long he would give her to make up the amount; also, at what price he holds her sisters and their children." To this Mr. Bruin thus replies:—

"Alexandria, Jan. 31, 1850.

"DEAR SIR,

"When I received your letter, I had not bought the negroes you spoke of, but since that time I have bought them. All I have to say about the matter is, that we paid very high for the negroes, and cannot afford to sell the girl, Emily, for less than *eighteen hundred dollars*. This may seem a high price to you; but cotton being very high, consequently slaves are high. We have two or three offers for Emily from *gentlemen* from the south. She is said to be the finest looking woman in this country. As for Hagar and her seven children, we will take 2500 dollars; Sally and her four children, we will take for them 2800 dollars. You may seem a little surprised at the difference in prices, but the difference in the negroes makes the difference in price. We expect to start South with the negroes on the 8th of February, and if you intend to do anything you had better do it soon.

"Yours respectfully,

"BRUIN AND HILL.

"William Harned, Esq., New York."

One more instance, and we have done. This year (1852), a negro woman and several children were sold at Goldsboro, North

Carolina. The *Goldsboro Patriot* says, "They were the children of a free man by the name of Adam Wynne, who had purchased their mother, his wife, previous to their birth. They were consequently his slaves; and he having become involved, they were sold for his debts." Why did not the husband register the hard-earned freedom of his wife? it may be said. The following Act of North Carolina, which we find was passed in 1799, and cannot find to have been repealed, may explain why: "Any slave set free, except for meritorious services, to be adjudged of by the county court, may be seized by any freeholder, committed to jail, and sold to the highest bidder."* Any way the story may serve as a commentary on the "Carolinian's" assertion, that "efforts are made every day to lessen the evil of the separation of families," and his supposition that Slavery supplies the artificial incitements to industry needed by the natural idleness of the African.

We think we have now said enough in reply to the question with which we started, viz., the fidelity of Mrs. Stowe's picture. We leave our readers to judge between her and the "Carolinian;" as for ourselves, facts force us to believe that in America, as everywhere else, Slavery is in practice what its theory would make us expect that it must be. We have only, as Lord Carlisle says in his preface to "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," to look into the first nursery we can find, nay rather, we have only to look into our own hearts, to feel what of sin on our parts and suffering on theirs will surely follow, if we strive to rob our fellow-men of their wills, and set up to be to them as gods, to whom alone they are responsible. What we try to do, we shall fail in doing; for the manhood which we cannot utterly destroy will defeat us, and we shall rack our brains for modes by which to revenge our defeat: we shall hire others to help us, and they will be worse than ourselves. Whoever of us has dependants here in England—servants, labourers, or tenants—knows well how hard it is, even with the utmost vigilance, with all the protection which British laws and liberties give to the weak, to prevent those who are set over them from abusing their limited authority. Fearful then as it is to use the master's power, we can well understand that it is yet more fearful to delegate it to others.

Nor would we, in thus describing the necessary accompaniments of American Slavery, be supposed to cast any special re-

* So much for buying the possession of your wife in North Carolina. In Maryland, if you suppose you have it, you are sent to prison. This year, a free coloured man was there sent to the penitentiary for two years and six months, "for inciting his wife, a slave, to run away from her lawful owner."—*Liberator*, July 18, 1852. We suppose this conviction will help to prove the oft-asserted criminality of the coloured population as compared with the whites.

proach upon the American character, much less to glorify our own as compared with it. There is, alas! in the history of Negro Slavery, but little food for our national vanity. We Englishmen have little reason to boast of our conduct to the negro, either absolutely for its intrinsic excellence, or relatively as compared with that of other countries. In the last century we were as notorious for our efforts to excel other nations in the Slave trade, as we are now for our efforts to prevent them from engaging in it. By the famous Assiento treaty, we contracted for the supply of the Spanish West Indies with Africans, and negotiations with Spain were then as rife and as difficult to secure to ourselves the carrying of her slaves, as they are now to stop her from carrying them for herself. Mr. Bancroft* is but telling the simple truth, when he charges our Government with listening to her African slave-merchants, rather than to her American colonists; with neutralizing the restrictions which Virginia and South Carolina attempted to put on the importation of negroes; and with obliging the noble-hearted Oglethorpe to relax his determination that in Georgia, the colony which he founded, there should be neither Slavery nor Slave trade. And though we can now say that we do not steal African labour, either for our own use or to sell it to others, yet we must confess that we are still, nay, that we are even more than we ever were before, the buyers of the produce of this stolen labour. If this traffic in human flesh be infernal, then, while we call it so, let us not forget that in this traffic we, above all others, are the receivers. The sum which we forced the colonies to take for the descendants of the Africans whom our ancestors put there, though enormous in itself, was but a trifle for our wealth and habits of expenditure: we shall soon have spent as much in killing, or trying to kill, the Africans at the Cape. Nor can we seriously compare the money loss thus entailed on any one of our tax-payers, to the sacrifices which a Southern planter would have to make in cutting asunder the bonds which our ancestors helped to twist round every fibre of his life, domestic and national; to say nothing of the loss which he fears, and of the temporary diminution which he would probably experience, of the profits which our demand for his cotton and rice enable him to secure. Had these three millions of black slaves or their progenitors been imported to England instead of to America, we wish we could be sure that the determination to keep them slaves, the struggle to silence their friends, and the prejudice against their colour, would not have been as strong and as bitter here as there, though probably expressed in a somewhat different form; nay further, we shall tremble even

* "History of the United States," chap. xxiv.

for our wish as a nation for the abolition of American Slavery, if those should ever succeed who try to persuade us that the speed of the Lancashire cotton-mills depends on its not being checked.

But while we grant most fully that our conduct to the negro has been as bad, and might, in like circumstances, again be as bad, as is that of the Americans, yet we by no means admit that they can plead even the poor palliation of example from our present conduct to our own poor. This comparison between the condition of our labourers and of their slaves is the favourite argument of the American, as it was of the West Indian planter. "Your rich men oppress your poor," they say, "therefore we may oppress ours. Your operatives are miserable, therefore we may inflict misery on ours. Your peasantry are more slaves to circumstances, and, through circumstances, to you, than are our 'chattels' to us; and therefore, lest they should become as badly off as your poor, we keep them chattels."

Even Mrs. Stowe admits the premises of this argument, though she disputes the deduction. Most of her English critics,—as, for example, Lord Carlisle and Mr. Helps,—controvert this admission as the weak point of her book; and, in refutation, boldly refer to facts—almost too boldly we fear. True, between the slave with a bad master and the British or Irish labourer, even in his worst estate, there can be no comparison; for there is not for the badly treated slave even the refuge of the workhouse. But compare the slave on a plantation such as Sir Charles Lyell visited, or such as we doubt not was Mr. Calhoun's, with the Dorsetshire labourer as Mr. Godolphin Osborne used to describe him, before the glitter of Australian gold had brightened his path—still more, with the Irish cottier, before he could hope to fly to Michigan or Wisconsin, where no landlord could evict him, and the case would be different. Even then, the chances are that the cottier or the labourer would not change places with the slave, for there is something in freedom which makes the man who has it cling to it while he has life. But neither, we dare say, would Mr. Calhoun's slave change places with them; and any one might well be perplexed, if compelled to choose between the contented animalism of the one, and the comfortless, hopeless manhood of the other. But the gist of the slaveholder's argument lies, it must be remembered, not in the similarity of condition, but of treatment. The amount of misery may possibly sometimes be equal—that is, the greatest misery of the one condition may be equalled by the greatest happiness of the other; but in the treatment there is this most mighty difference, that in the one case the effort is general and immense to better the condition, and in the other there is, at least, as great an effort to

keep it as it is. Take an illustration—probably the one which the “*Carolinian*” would choose. We once witnessed an Irish eviction, and while gazing on the haggard wretch, cowering in his rafterless hut, and on the hopeless look of his wife, as she folded in her arms her pining child, and while thinking of the landlord, who, to keep his opera-box, gave his tenants this free choice between the workhouse or beggary or death by the roadside,—we well remember feeling that so long as these things could happen under English rule, we might well be silent about American slavery. And so we would be silent were it not for the shout of execration which such deeds have called forth, and did we not feel that the execration had not ended in empty words. Not only has the press in both islands protested, but the law, though it may, and will, do yet more, has at least done enough to show its will, by passing first the Irish Poor-law, which fastens the poverty of the tenant on the purse of the landlord, and then the Encumbered Estates Act, which gets rid of the landlords who cannot meet the responsibilities of their station; and lastly, all classes, even their own, have condemned the oppressors; taxing their time and their property to relieve the oppressed, and only stayed in their efforts by the fear that they were doing them harm rather than good.

But for the American slave, if Englishmen are silent, who shall speak? Let him be hard driven, ill-fed, tortured, maimed, even murdered—the law does not interfere. In most, if not all the states, the judge would not hear the slave if he testified to his wife being ravished before his eyes; and the constitution of some of them—Georgia, for example—decrees that there shall be no punishment for any one causing the death of a slave, “should it happen by accident, while giving him moderate correction.”* And if the law does not protect him, neither does, nor even could, the press: it knows not of his wrongs, or hears of them only through the companions of the wrong doer; for the press is the press of the master, and the slave dares tell no tales. Were he to resist, or even to cry out against any cruelty, however flagrant, every Southerner, and almost every Northerner, would brand him as a rebel; and the only voice raised in his favour, from one end of the republic to the other, would be that of the few Abolitionists, whose words, if spoken in his hearing, would but result in the speaker’s being silenced for ever.

The most dreadful case of oppression that has occurred in England for years has been that of the Sloanes to their parish apprentice. But what was the effect of its disclosure in

* Constitution of Georgia, Art. IV. Sect. 12. (*Hotchkiss’ Certification*, p. 172. 1845.)

England? The Sloanes, on their way to jail, were nearly torn to pieces by the mob; and the most stringent regulations were sent round to every board of guardians, as soon as a bill could be hurried through the House to enforce them, protecting parish apprentices, so far as the ingenuity of lawyers could form plans to protect them. Cases somewhat similar would, if we may believe Mr. Weld's book, be too common to excite American indignation—at any rate, to the pitch we have described. But there was one atrocity which, as we learn from both Sir C. Lyell and Miss Martineau, did move the feelings of the good people of New Orleans. Anything so horrible as the cruelties of Madame Lalaurie, to which those authors refer, no one who has not read Mr. Weld's book can conceive. What, then, was the practical expression of the public opinion, roused by the discovery of these tortures not of one, but of many victims? The torturer was forced to fly; and a committee of gentlemen was formed, to prevent the commission of like atrocities; but they found themselves forced to stay their operations *for fear of the effect on the slaves*. There was a law that extreme cruelties should be punished by the sale of the victim for the benefit of the state; but in this very case the utter uselessness of that law had been proved by this woman having been able to recover her slaves, for the purposes of torture, after they had once been taken from her. Nevertheless, the only fresh slave law that we have heard of in Louisiana has been one just passed for the prevention of emancipation. The slave is there still entirely subject to the will of his master, or mistress, be she a Madame Lalaurie or no; his evidence against her could still not be heard; and still the only legal limitation which we have been able to discover in Louisiana of the avarice of the master is the provision, that the slave shall have two and a half hours in the twenty-four for "rest."*

It would seem indeed, judging from their writings, that no English literature has been more studied by southern politicians than our Blue Books, Reports of Colliery Commissions, of Short-Time Committees, &c.; but in their earnestness to read us a lesson from them, we fear they have disregarded the one which they might learn themselves. Surely no one can deny, that after the publication of such books as Mr. Weld's, there is at least as much *primâ facie* ground for inquiry into the doings on their plantations as into those in our collieries or mills. Let them, then, make such inquiry, and follow it up, as we have done, by the enactment of protective laws, and by the

* Law of Louisiana, Act of July 7, 1806. (Martin's "Digest," 6, 10, 12.) Quoted in "American Slavery as it is," p. 40.

appointment of inspectors of plantations, and we will give them liberty to quote our Blue Books against us as much as they please. But we can well imagine the impatient scorn with which a southern planter would receive such suggestions. "You only show your ignorance," he would say, "in comparing conditions of society which have nothing in common; the very essence of slavery consists in the despotic power of the master: shake this, and slavery ceases: put between the chattel and his owner the regulations of law, the precepts of religion, or the ties of family, and the 'chattel' becomes a man." It might be thought that this confession would be a sufficient condemnation of the system. By no means. "Our negroes," he would proceed, "are not men, they are children; and in this present stage of their social growth we must be to them as fathers. We may, perhaps, sometimes abuse the paternal power, but for this there is no help: we have the power, and their growth depends on our keeping it. And then there is this consolation—this abuse does not seem to them so severe as to you; like children, they expect to be chastised; and though there may be among them premature men like your Wells Brown, or your Douglass, to whom chastisement is intolerable; yet such men must take the consequences of living before their time, and we must not, out of sympathy with their transitional state, retard the progress of the great mass of their brethren."

Waiving, then, our protest against this paternal hypothesis, what can it mean? One of these two things: either the negroes are a hopelessly inferior race, which must always remain in a state of childhood—in which case, among other consequences, Liberia is a lie—all the stories that are told us (and told us too by many of the pro-slavery party) of the energy and ability of its negro leaders are false, and the grand project of civilizing Africa by the teaching of the "Southern Institution," a magniloquent sham;—or else, as must at least be the opinion of the "colonizationists," that negroes are only thus inferior because they are uneducated—only children because they have not grown to be men. How then can these fathers aid their growth? by teaching the children: and how do they aid it? by racking their brains to keep them untaught. Here again we observe a difference between the Americans and ourselves. With us there is every desire, and much effort, to give the people knowledge, in order that they may help themselves to better circumstances: with them, there is as much desire, and much more effort, to keep knowledge from the people, in order that their circumstances may remain as they are. "That is not our fault," is the reply; "gladly would we teach them, were it not for the Abolitionists, but while they write, how can we let our slaves

read?" Truly, these Abolitionists are useful men! If the slaveholders enact severer laws, strengthen the chain, or make the whip more heavy, it is because the Abolitionists make it necessary. If they stay all progress towards emancipation, it is because they do not choose that the Abolitionists should push them on. If they try to enlarge the area of Slavery, to get fresh fields for their slave-labour, or fresh markets for their surplus labourers, it is because the attack on their rights drives them to self-defence. And if, by starving the minds of their slaves, they disregard that duty of their position, the fulfilment of which they allege as its excuse, they do so solely because the Abolitionists have poisoned the food.

But suppose Abolitionism abolished, all *Garrisons* gagged, and *Liberators* suppressed, would this teaching even then be safe? No; so long as the masters remain free men themselves, and do not gag their own mouths, they do well to banish books from their slaves. The Declaration of Independence would be strong meat for babes, and speeches at democratic meetings somewhat dangerous reading-lessons. At least there is only one way in which they could safely allow their slaves to read their Bibles, and that is to let them learn to read—not out of Baltimore resolutions for the perpetuation of their bondage—not out of senatorial discussions as to how they should be hunted; but out of reports of associations of their neighbours for their improvement, out of debates in Congress and State-legislatures on laws for their protection; out of plans of their masters for their emancipation. Meantime the "Carolinian" tells us, that "oral teaching" well supplies the written Bible, producing "a kindly feeling between the races which no man at the north can conceive:" the white man being secured in the monopoly of God's Word, the black man, we suppose, less grudgingly gives his sweat in return for its loan. We would not undervalue this oral teaching—it is far better than none at all; still less would we refuse praise to those who teach. We believe that many of the masters try honestly to diminish the disadvantages to the learner of this peculiar mode of instruction, and we know that many of their wives and daughters grieve greatly at the obstacles which it puts in the way of the duty they most honourably strive to perform; but the "Carolinian" must excuse us if we can better understand his preference for it, otherwise so strange, when we find the slave's catechism telling him that it is not "right for him to run away, or to harbour a run-away,"* and that "to disobey his master is to yield to the

* "Catechism of Scripture Doctrine, and for the Oral Instruction of Coloured Persons." By C. C. Jones. Charleston. 1845. P. 130.

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temptations of the devil.”* If the closed book were opened, he might think that he should do unto the fugitive as he would be done by, and even when ordered by his master to flog him, refuse to obey. “She is a good cook, a good washer, a good obedient servant, she has got religion; how much will you give?”† said the St. Louis auctioneer. But if the woman could get the religion for herself out of the Bible, there might be cases in which it would not raise her price.

Nevertheless, slaves have “got religion,” some of them. A short century or so ago they were heathen savages, now they are a Christian people, more or less civilized. Behold, then, the blessings of this bondage thus blindly cursed! We do not doubt the Christianity; were we forced at this moment to search for the saints of America, we should not be surprised to find them among her despised bondsmen, as we most assuredly should seek for her heroes among those who have broken their bonds. But what then? Is a man’s body to be kept bound because his soul has become free? or is man to afflict his fellow in order that the affliction may become a blessing? There is no argument so often used by the slaveholders as this one derived from the progress of the slaves; and there is none so intolerable, so difficult to meet with patience. To make the virtues of their victims at once the excuse and the consequence of their own vices, is indeed to glory in their shame.

Often do we read in history how man’s selfishness is overruled, and his efforts to injure his fellow-man turned into instruments for his good; but as surely do we read that these efforts do succeed in injuring himself: he gets the evil which he means to give, and the good which spite of himself he gives, is taken from his own share. And so it is with the negro; his master, to make himself rich, wrings from him his labour, and so teaches him how to labour for himself; but this teaching brings poverty on the teacher, making his soil barren, causing him to lose the habit of toil, and his right hand to forget its cunning; and the Christianity which the slave gets, because he is dragged and fastened up within the range of Christian influence, is but too often that very Christianity which the white has lost by enslaving him. We wonder, indeed, that the argument is not pushed further, and that the southern gentlemen do not also claim credit for the warnings contained in the consequences of Slavery to themselves. These consequences are and will be a lesson to the world, which they may take the merit of teaching. Not

* “A Catechism to be taught orally to those who cannot read.” By Bishop Ives. New York. 1848. P. 30.

† W. Wells Brown, “Narrative,” p. 82.

only may they attribute the humanizing of their chattels to their avarice, with at least as much reason as might the Roman emperors the piety of the early Christians to the persecution under which it strengthened; but is not the time coming, nay, is it not in a measure already come, in which they may point to their distracted councils, and wasted fields, and fearful firesides—to their dread of disunion with the free North, which, however hated and envied, they will not dare to leave—to daily expectation of ruin, and nightly alarm of massacre—and rejoice that they are thus permitted to light the beacons which warn the nations from the paths of wrong, and to prove that no people is so rich either in energy or circumstances that it can afford to be unjust?

And, after all, to what stage in social progress has the pupil reached under this civilizing guardianship? To this: that no matter how, or by whose help, he came into the condition in which he is, not one step further can he go until this condition be changed. The seeds of life which his guardians say they have sown, they try to deaden with blows, lest they should bear fruit; they have taught him till they tremble lest he should learn more; they say they have brought him to the borders of freedom, but they know that his next step will be over them, and they struggle to the death to stay him from making it. They cannot stay him—the next step will come, but when?

This race of negroes, if they be children, are quickly coming of age; for time flies, and they will not, like the Red Indians, die prematurely; but the precise time when, and mode in which, their majority will be celebrated, is a question which it is indeed hard to answer. Would that it were as easy to lift the veil which hides the sure doom of this system, as it is to tear asunder that which cloaks its abuses and deformities!

No one disputes that this Slavery at present rules the American republic; all the States, free as well as slave, seem, as it were, spell-bound by its enchantments; priests and politicians, the North and the South, vie with one another in doing its bidding; and yet hardly any one, not even he who is possessed or paralysed by it, expects that the spell will last. Whence, then, are we to look for the rescue? It is usual, both in America and here, to say that it can only come from the South. There, it is said, the slaves are held; therefore, there only can they be freed. Doubtless it is in the power of the South, and therefore it is its duty, both to give emancipation and to guide the emancipated. These are the two tasks which it is given to it to perform; the second can be performed by it only, the first by it best. Will the South undertake these tasks? They are difficult, but oh, how glorious!

Not in all the records of the past, not in all the possibilities of the future, can we discern a career more sublimely grand than would be that of the southern statesman who should convince the dominant race of its duty, and show how it can be fulfilled. To heal this deadly feud of castes—to give hope to the hopeless, and self-reliance to millions who have it not—to open to them the gates of knowledge, and clear for them the path of progress—to drive away the Nemesis which dogs the footsteps of the master—to give back to his country its good name—to send it forth like a strong man to run its race, no longer forced for fear of the captive to stay its course, and look back, and *go back*—and lastly, to save from certain danger and possible destruction that noble Union which, type as it is of the future “federation of the world,” is well worth for its preservation any sacrifice, save that of a man’s soul,—is there no ambition to aim at prizes such as these? Is there no Carolinian Peel, no son of “the Old Dominion,”—that mother-land of Washington and Jefferson,—no leader of the southern aristocracy, who can save them from themselves? for, whoever wins these prizes, must first be their leader, and win their confidence.

Henry Clay might have been this leader, for the slave-owners honoured him as much as he in his heart hated Slavery. He knew that the slave-system was his country’s evil spirit; but rather than resist the devil, he bargained with him, and preferred a compromise to a combat. Alas! it is almost vain to expect that any future statesman will have Clay’s chance; for the line between the parties is every day becoming so clearly drawn, the friends and foes of freedom are becoming so ranged one against the other, that it is hardly probable that a second man will share the convictions of the one side, and possess the confidence of the other. Probably, indeed, this is a task too mighty for any *one man*. This age is said to be barren of great men, and America especially is perhaps too great herself, too conscious of her own greatness, to get any one man to do her work. As commonwealths become more civilized, each citizen becomes more alive to the need of the day, and the wills of many agree to perform the work which formerly one will would have set them to do. No wonder, then, if this mighty commonwealth, claiming, as it does, to be the very first in the van, finds itself every day with fewer master-minds. There are too many minds, and in each there is too much, for any one mind to master.

Is there, then, no hope that in this matter of Slavery the many in the South will agree to do the work of the one?

The difficulties they would have to encounter would be great, but not insurmountable; with the will would come the way. Not that we undervalue these difficulties, much less refuse our

sympathies to those who are beset by them; but if we venture to express our sympathy with men like the "Carolinian," it must be by approval of motive rather than of deed. To us it seems worse than useless for them to defend their system; its use is its abuse, and its benefits are in spite of it; it helps them to do harm, but hinders them from doing good; to save strength, their first and chief aim must be to get rid of it. True, it rises up before them wherever they look—at the hearth-side, and in the fields, in the counting-house, the temple, and the forum—everywhere it haunts them, frowning on them with fierce threats if they dare to attack it; but let them look it well in the face, and it will vanish or fly. These threats are threefold—economical, political, and social.

"If we free our slaves," they would say, "our lands will be left barren, our purses will be drained; those whom we have ruled will make use of our own form of government to rule us in return; those very free institutions which our fathers won for themselves and for us, will be made the means by which a half-civilized race will strive to subject us to their revenge or their caprice. Lastly, the two races cannot live together on equal terms; either we must keep them down, or they must master us; if the races remain distinct, there will be constant war; if they become one, it can only be by our degradation. Abolition means for us material ruin and political slavery, or ceaseless political and social strife, or else—worst alternative of all—amalgamation between us and our slaves by corruption of our blood. And for them, it means a relapse into guideless anarchy and animalism—the competition of savagery with civilization, instead of its control by it." As to the effect upon the slaves, we will not now attempt to discuss it; had we space, we think we could show that this fear for them is as unfounded in fact and reason, as it is, though often unconsciously, founded on the masters' fear for themselves. Suppose the one fear removed, and we must be excused for suspecting that the other would follow. But, if not, we would refer them boldly to the results of emancipation of the negro in every case in which it has been tried, either to their own Liberia, (whose success in proving the capabilities of the blacks ought, we think, to be allowed by the Abolitionists as some atonement for its support by the slaveholders,) or to the freed men in their own states, who, spite of every effort to degrade and debase them and keep them back, have yet got on, so that no one can seriously and honestly compare their condition with that of the slaves: * or lastly, we would venture to test the

* Two or three years ago, the Society of Friends in Philadelphia appointed a committee to investigate the condition of the coloured people in that city. In

correctness of our confidence by that fact which we suppose the Americans would consider as at once their warning and their excuse—the results of emancipation in our own colonies. It would require an article by itself to describe fairly these results, but we dare stake the whole question upon proof that the negroes in the British West Indies are at this moment in a more prosperous, a more advanced, and a more hopeful condition, than they were when they were bondsmen. Their former masters have not helped them to use their freedom rightly,—perhaps it would have been hardly reasonable to expect they should, seeing that they were forced to give it; the exercise and development of their freed labour has been hampered and impeded by restrictions as absurd as they are artificial; the Coolie immigration has subjected them to an unnatural competition, and an infectious and injurious influence; and the home government has done its best to tempt them to idleness by giving the Cuba sugar-grower the reward of their industry, unless they work as hard as his slaves, who are, and while the Slave-trade lasts will be, worked to death; nevertheless, spite of all they have suffered, and do still suffer, from the follies and injustice of their rulers and employers, the proof of our assertion needs only a comparison between a fair picture of their condition as it was when they were either slaves or apprentices, and as it is now.

But the results of our experiment may not only make the Americans less fearful of a similar one for the negroes, but also for themselves. In Jamaica, for example, at the time of the emancipation, the proportion of whites to blacks was scarcely as one to ten. In the States, by the last census, with the exception of South Carolina and Mississippi, there are more whites than blacks in every State; and taking all the slave States together, and adding the free coloured people to the slaves, there are at least ten pure whites to six blacks and browns. If, then, our slaves, with their immense majority, and consequently preponderant physical force, make no disorderly or revengeful use of their freedom, much more could America venture fearlessly to give emancipation to hers. While dispensing with the whip, the whites would keep the sceptre and the sword, and might, without fear of bloodshed or insurrection, accompany their boon with

their interesting Report, published in 1849, we find (p. 39) the following *résumé* of the information obtained by their diligent and searching inquiries:—"The result is certainly interesting and remarkable. It exhibits a population to a considerable degree sober, industrious, and independent; steadily advancing in wealth and social improvements—supporting from its own resources charitable and religious associations,—exercising most of the handicraft arts—desirous of education and instruction, and possessing all the elements of civil respectability and social happiness."

almost any conditions they pleased. Such conditions might, very probably would, be useless clogs on the progress of the blacks, and be disadvantageous, both economically and socially, to both races; but, politically, they would be safe.

For example, we think it is Mr. Paulding who gives as one reason why the South should keep its peasantry in chains, that as soon as they were broken, this peasantry would become voters, and so, by help of universal suffrage, elect black legislators and black governors; forgetting that the simple expedient of the establishment of a property qualification for all who had been slaves, would avert such dreaded contingency. Again, the same firm possession of power would enable the ruling race, if they pleased, to relax their rule by degrees. They would, we should trust, take warning from our blunder of apprenticeship, and not, as we did, tempt the master to ply the lash more harshly, in order to get as much labour as possible out of the apprentice while his term lasted; thus making the probation for freedom an aggravation of slavery. But they could, if they thought proper, merge slavery into an intermediary serfdom; they might strive to copy consciously and by enactment, the course which history shows to have been unconsciously and instinctively followed in Europe;—in order to secure the cultivation of the plantations, the slaves might first give all their labour for food, raiment, and lodging, and then give so many days' work in payment of rent; and thus money-wages and money-rent might be gradually introduced, until the serfs had become freemen, and obtained full possession of themselves.

We are not arguing for such transitional course; our sole suggestion, if we made any, would be, that the emancipation should be immediate and entire—its only conditions, the honest and earnest endeavours of the whites individually, and through their collective wisdom, to act justly and honestly towards the blacks. But these conditions, which we believe to be the most expedient, as they are the only just ones, are perhaps too much to hope for; Englishmen, at least, have not fulfilled them, and we fear Americans would not. The scars which the whip has traced on the heart of the master are still more indelible than those on the back of the slave. And though these would be our conditions, our Abolitionist friends will, we fear, hardly pardon us when we say, that we would gladly welcome Abolition upon almost any conditions at all,—and for this reason: that we are quite sure that if the slave-owner once turns his feet the right way, he will be utterly unable to stop till he has reached the goal of freedom; however much he may try to hold back, the force of circumstances will every day compel him to go faster. Slavery is such a mass of evil, that—give it any down-

ward impetus, however slight—its own weight will carry it into the abyss with ever-increasing momentum; and if man copies history, the copy takes a much shorter time than the original: every one knows what is to come, and therefore every one goes to meet it.

But, if Slavery be this mass of evil—this incubus on the South—and if she can shake it off, why does she hug it to her bosom? Why? First and mainly, because, though Slavery be an evil to the slave-owner—as are all sins to the sinner—yet it is pleasant as is hardly any other sin. “It is so *comfortable* an institution,” as an American once described it—so comfortable, so pleasant, to have fellow-men to do our work for us, and wait upon our whims, and be ready at our beck. And the fear of losing this comfort is, depend upon it, the real foundation of the fears above alluded to; take this away, and the others would quickly vanish. And next, the South clings to Slavery by reason of one fear which is founded upon a fact—viz., on the caste feeling of abhorrence of the black, which seems to be an instinct of the American white. He *does* fear amalgamation—of that there can be no doubt; his blood turns cold at the danger of its corruption. But this fear is a reason why he should struggle, not against the abolition of Slavery, but against Slavery itself. Doubtless, this proximity of races so distinct in natural characteristics and in acquired culture, is a calamity to the civilized Anglo-American, to whom it is little comfort to be told, that, as a compensation for the contamination of his blood by that of servile savages, he may have the credit of solving the problem of the capabilities of a hybrid race. But these servile savages are side by side with him—brought there not by themselves but by his, or, if he likes it better, by his and our ancestors; he cannot rid himself of them, for he lives *by* and *on* them; he cannot save himself from contamination by keeping them servile,—the only chains which will avail for that, are chains on his own passions, and these the freedom of his bondsmen and bondswomen will best furnish.

We wish we could ascertain how far amalgamation has already proceeded in the States, but we have looked in vain among the census returns for the number of the mixed breed; and yet this number would not be difficult to ascertain. There are proficients in the science of races, it is said, who can trace the slightest taint of black blood so exactly, that they can determine by the inspection of the nail or the length of the heel, whether the destiny of a planter's daughter is to be the belle of New Orleans, or to be sold in its shambles; whether the descendant of a Virginian statesman may aspire to fill the presidential chair, or to hold the driver's whip over his fellow-slaves. Failing, however, these

official statistics, than which none would be of more practical service, we must avail ourselves of the special information of travellers; and among other evidence before us, we have that of a friend and acute observer, who tells us that in a late journey through Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, he found the pure black so uncommon as quite to excite his attention. We can well believe it; if there be an instinctive obstacle to the intermixture of the races, man's brain might be racked for a more ingenious mode of overcoming it, than the slavery of one race by another. Whatever that instinct be, experience proves but too plainly that though it may be a preventive to love, it is no check to appetite. What then must be the effect of a system which exposes the black woman a defenceless prey to the appetite of the white man? which does its utmost to deprive her of all modesty, but which, if through miracle she should be virtuous and reluctant, enables the white ruffian to ravish her, but punishes the protecting father or brother by torture or even by death? The effect is, as we might expect, reckless amalgamation, and the solution of the hybrid problem under the worst possible conditions. Inheriting as they do the worst features of each race—the unbridled pride and passion of the one, the servile abjectness of the other—taught by every circumstance of every hour of their lives to hate their fathers and despise their mothers, America may well mourn over the increase of the mixed breeds; but nothing will stay this increase but giving to the coloured woman the possession of her own person and the safeguard of her natural protectors.

This fear of amalgamation is, then, a reason why abolition should be not dreaded, but desired; but supposing this fear removed, there yet remains the prejudice against colour, making it impossible, it is said, for the two races to associate on equal terms. Much of this talk about prejudice against colour is very vague; so far as we can understand it, it means simply this:—the white man is offended by the colour of the black man, therefore he robs him of his person. Would it not be much nearer the truth to say that the white man wants a reason for the robbery, and therefore makes the offence? The prejudice of colour is not so much the cause as the excuse of negro Slavery, and more especially of negro Slavery in the United States. So long indeed as Slavery lasts, the logical deduction from the Declaration of Independence is the denial of the manhood of the African. All men are free and equal, says the republican democrat; but a negro is neither free nor my equal, therefore the negro is not a man. His very principles of freedom possess the republican with the prejudice, for while he keeps his principles, his title to his "property" depends on the prejudice; and therefore the abo-

lition of Slavery would more than anything else annihilate the prejudice, because it would make it useless. Nor does the fact that this prejudice exists in the free as well as in the slave States, militate against this view: in both cases the coloured man is despised, because in both he is oppressed, and he is oppressed in the North because he is enslaved in the South. The North is an accomplice with the South in the crime of Slavery, and so long as it is so, it must be also in the prejudice.

This complicity of the North brings us to another and most important branch of our subject—viz., the capability of the North for action on emancipation. Supposing the slave-holders do not volunteer to give emancipation—and, alas! judging from their past history, and from the history of all men in like circumstances, and still more, judging from their present practice or professions, there is little ground for hope that they will—how far can their fellow-citizens in the free States compel them to do what duty and prudence, self-interest and justice, alike demand?

It is customary, both here and in the States, to say that the free States have little or no power to force on abolition, or further its advance; if so, we fear it is indeed a long way off. But let us examine how far the assertion is true.

A few words first, on the constitutional or legal relation in which the free stand towards the slave States in this matter of Slavery. The Constitution of the Republic, which is the creed of its citizens—"their Thirty-nine Articles"—their "Catholic faith," which, to believe its expounders, "a man must keep whole and undefiled," though he lose his own soul;—this Constitution, so often quoted by the masters as the Magna Charta of their liberty to enslave, curiously enough contains no mention at all of Slavery; an instinctive sense of its incongruity with their vindication of their own freedom, must we suppose have prevented Washington and Jefferson from solemnly recording their inconsistency; the more so, as doubtless *they* expected the Constitution to outlast the slavery. But whatever the cause of the omission, the time may probably not be far distant when it will be taken advantage of. The preamble of the Constitution thus states its object:—"We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, *establish justice*, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, *and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity*, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America." When once, therefore, the negroes are acknowledged to be men, that is, part of the people of the United States, this security to them of the blessings of liberty may well be considered as disproving the possibility of their continuance as slaves. Constitutionally, the existence of such persons as slaves

will be impossible, and therefore those terms in the Constitution which are now thought to refer to slaves,—such, for example, as that clumsy circumlocution of “persons held to service or labour,”—will have to find some other interpretation.

Taking, however, the slavish interpretation—which was doubtless that of the original framers of the Constitution, as it is that of its present expounders—there are in it, even then, only these three slave-clauses:—Art. 1, sect. 2, which provided for the continuance of the slave trade, or “the migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit till 1808.” Art. 1, sect. 2, which apportions the representation to each State, by adding to the whole number of free persons, three-fifths of all other persons; and Art. 4, sect. 1, in which is the provision for delivery of fugitives from labour, on which is grounded the late Fugitive Slave Law. So much for the positive slave-provisions; but the support which the masters claim from the Constitution, is much more from what it does not say, than from what it does say: it was a compact, they assert, of several sovereign States, agreeing, in order to secure the advantages of union, to concede to a central federal power somewhat of their separate sovereignty; but, by this very act, proving that all those powers and rights which they did not concede, remained inviolate. No concession then being made of the power of the strong to enslave the weak, the strong declare their right to do so as long as they can. True enough, the limitations of the State-rights do not any one of them bear directly on the enslaving power, but it is worth observing how far they may do so indirectly. By Art. 1, sect. 8, Congress has power to regulate commerce among the several States; thereby having a power over the internal slave trade, acknowledged by no less an authority than Mr. Clay, who, in the first introduction of his compromise measures in 1850, admitted the present existence of this controlling power by including one for the perpetuity of the slave trade between the States, unless forbidden by themselves. By Art. 4, sect. 2, Congress has power to admit fresh States into the Union, but as it is not obliged to admit them, it of course has power to prevent the future annexation of any but free States. Again, by another clause in the same section, Congress “exercises exclusive legislation over the district of Columbia,” and by Art. 4, sect. 2, it has power “to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory of the United States;” and therefore Congress can free all slaves in either district or territory. Nay, further, judging merely from their wording, these clauses would seem to enable it to declare all slaves free on touching the national soil; the provision for the recovery of fugitives only referring to those who had escaped

from one State into another State, and making no mention of such as had escaped into national or ultra-State domain. Lastly, in the fifth article of the Amendments, duly passed and ratified in the first session of the first Congress, and therefore embodied in the creed sworn to by every governmental official or dignitary, we find this most pregnant provision, "No person shall be deprived of life, *liberty*, or property, without due process of law;" a provision which, as Mr. Sumner stated in his late most eloquent speech in the Senate, would, "if practically applied, carry freedom to all within its influence." How far this influence extends, whether or no beyond the special national jurisdiction, might indeed be difficult to determine; but this much seems pretty plain, that so soon as the slave party cease to be the law-makers and law-expounders of the Union, this clause will be felt to abolish Slavery in the federal district, and in all national territories, and on the high seas under the national flag; and when the anti-slavery party get the upper hand in the federal parliament, we should not be surprised to find it made the foundation of an Emancipation Act. In like manner, Art. 8 of the Amendments, stating that "cruel and unusual punishments shall not be inflicted," would, if duly carried out, so restrain the master as to make his "property" untenable.

These, then, being the obligations, actual power, and possible capabilities of the federal legislature, the next consideration is, by whom and in what manner it is chosen. The Senate, as is well known, is composed of two members from each State, irrespective of size or population; but the members of the House of Representatives are apportioned every ten years among the States according to their free population, *plus* three-fifths of their slaves. Reckoning Delaware as a slave State, there are now sixteen free and fifteen slave States; and, according to the last census, which gives a representative for every 93,716 of the voting population, there are and will be, till 1860—

	Free States.	Slave States.
Senators . . .	32 . . .	30
Representatives	144 . . .	89

Adding to the representatives the four delegates from the territories of New Mexico, Utah, Oregon, and Minnesota, who, though they cannot vote, can sit and speak, this gives the free States a majority of two in the Senate, and fifty-nine in the House of Representatives.

There is every reason to believe that, in the Lower House, the increase of the free majority, which has been almost continuous since the formation of the Union, will proceed; but this is by no means so clear with regard to the Senate. Thanks

to the compromise measures, five slave States *may* be carved out of Texas; New Mexico or Utah *may* be turned into slave States, and one slave State may possibly be got out of California. Then, again, Cuba very probably will be annexed. There are strange rumours about Hayti, and more Mexican territory may be conquered, and turned from free into slave soil. Some of these contingencies may be prevented by free-state opposition; and others, such as Slavery in California and Utah, may be empty fears; and against them must be set the probability that Delaware will soon emancipate its small remnant of some two thousand slaves, and the certainty that Oregon and Minnesota, and other regions of the boundless west and north-west, will, ere long, be added to the free States; so that, on the whole, we may expect that the balance will for some time remain almost even in the Senate—tending, if anything, to the side of freedom.

So much for the numerical relation; but when we come to the moral force, the preponderance is much more clearly evident. The actual numbers of the population are, by the last census, about 13,300,000 whites in the free States, to about 6,200,000 whites in the slave States; but when we remember that with the 13,000,000 is all the energy and enterprise of the west,—all the wealth of the empire State of New York, and of its close competitor, Pennsylvania,—all the historical renown and hereditary prudence, and perseverance, and high character of New England,—all the organization and ardour of such cities as New York, and Philadelphia, and Boston, and Cincinnati,—the sticklers for the letter of the Constitution may well tremble for its preservation, should such a majority find that, by help of the anomalies of this Constitution, the minority is able to thwart them.

Mr. Madison once said, when speaking of the mode in which the Senate is chosen, "Some things look well in theory, and fail in practice; this may not be justifiable in theory, but it works well." But would it work well, or rather, would it work at all, if New York, with its three million voters, and Ohio, with its two million, found themselves pitted against Florida, with its eighteen thousand, or even South Carolina, with its three hundred thousand, and *matched by them*? The very respectability and superior position of the Senate only makes the injustice of this contradiction of the principle of universal suffrage the more galling; and if Slavery become the cause of conflict, the other anomaly of slave qualification for the representatives would be felt to be intolerable. For example—taking present numbers—thirteen million whites would be struggling with six millions on behalf of three million slaves; and they would find the constitution making the six millions a match for them

in the one House, and, in the other, forcing the three millions to strengthen their foes rather than their friends.

The eight cotton and sugar-growing States—viz., South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas—the States whose interests are the most wound up with Slavery, have, altogether, a free population of some twenty-two hundred thousand, which is less than that of the single State of Pennsylvania with its twenty-three hundred thousand. But supposing Pennsylvania to protest against man-snaring and woman-hunting, and to say that Penn did not intend his *sylva* for such purpose,—her two votes in the Senate would find sixteen from those States against them. Compared senatorially, indeed, with the citizens of these States, each Pennsylvanian would find himself an eighth part of a man. Again, 750 Virginian planters with 200 slaves a-piece, have now as much representative power to obtain a fresh market for their surplus slaves by annexing a fresh slave State, as have to prevent them any 91,000 citizens of any free State, however wealthy or cultured. Talk of republican equality and democratic suffrage! we have no boroughmongering in England, no unfairness of electoral distribution, no absurdity of property qualification, of equal injustice to these invasions of the rights of the whites in the free States, which are involved in the denial of those of the blacks in the slave State. Supposing the slave-question to make this injustice as practically operative as it is theoretically glaring, the wish for a "Reform Bill" in the States would be, we suspect, no less deeply felt than it was with us, and would become still more dangerous to the American aristocracy than it was to ours. One probable immediate effect of any such serious conflict between the North and the South, would be the degradation of the Senate compared with the House of Representatives.

As with us in our Commons, the true expression of the Union would be felt to be in the Lower House, which would consequently draw to itself the best statesmen and orators; and being the assembly the most in accordance with the real facts of things, it would gain the dignity and power which were lost by its rival. There is, however, one constitutional advantage which the free party would possess, which would tend to preserve the Constitution by enabling the free party legally to express its superiority over the slave-owning aristocracy. The President has no little direct legislative power, and, indirectly, his influence is immense. He names the ministers, can originate measures by suggesting them, can veto them when passed, can make them necessary by his executive action. Moreover, the presidential election is the great political struggle of the Republic; parties are, as it were, incarnated in the opposing candidates, who fight

hand to hand from the presidential chair ; every politician, from the statesman who hopes to be the head, to the lowest tax collector who aspires to be the last joint of the tail, "makes his book" for this quadrennial race ; for whoever wins "the White House" carries his party into power and place. No wonder that, for such a prize, there is never-ending electioneering ; no sooner is one candidate chosen than his successor is proposed ; and, for the year preceding the crisis, the whole political machinery seems framed for little other than canvassing purposes ; Congress, as in its last sitting, becomes an election meeting, and negro fugitives and Nova Scotian fisheries are alike valued according as they may be made bribes for votes. The fact, then, is worth noting, that, so soon as the free North comes to be opposed by the slave South, the former will always be sure of the President ; and that this will be the case is evident from the mode of election. The President is chosen by electoral colleges, each State electing as many electors as its senators and representatives combined, so that, at present, there are 176 free-state voters, to 119 slave-state ; and there is little doubt that this free majority of 57 will continue to increase.

Thus, then, we see that the general impression above alluded to, that Slavery is solely a Southern question, over which the North has no control, is altogether incorrect. Were but the North really free—as free in heart and soul as it is in name—the President would propose, and the House of Representatives would declare, that Columbia should be free soil, and Washington a city of refuge ; that the internal slave trade should be abolished, and with it the breeding traffic ; that Slavery should be restricted within its present borders, and the Territories tabooed to both slave-holder and slave-catcher ; and lastly, that the Fugitive Slave Law should be repealed, and the owner left to his former remedy of State juries, which would give him as good a chance of recovering his human property as a prosecutor for sheep-stealing would have of getting a verdict from an English jury, if sheep-stealing were again made a capital offence.

All this the North could do constitutionally, according to the present interpretation of the Constitution—to say nothing of the other interpretations which would then most certainly be mooted ; and though the Senate might possibly have the nominal power to prevent such measures being passed, it would as little dare to exercise it as would our Lords to defy our Queen and Commons. And though even the passing of these measures would not, in itself, abolish Slavery, yet their agitation, thus conducted, would turn the slave-holders themselves into Abolitionists. If the thirteen millions really wish the three millions to be free, and thus express their wish, these three

millions will surely hear of it, and then the six millions will find them hardly either safe or pleasant to enslave. The South foresees all this well enough; and hence the fierce threats of disunion at the very suggestion of such measures. But there is no sign of the progress of the Anti-slavery party so encouraging as the fact, that it does now boldly meet these threats, and challenge their fulfilment. Horace Mann, in his scathing philippic against the Baltimore conventions in the House of Representatives, last August, after laughing at those fears for the Union, which, though they forced on the Compromise Bill, did not lower the funds, thus defied the southern gentlemen to realize them. Taking their own estimate of the value of their slaves, he said, "They are under bonds of \$1,500,000,000 to keep the peace; and their wives and daughters are sureties of the bonds."

True enough; if the South wills to withdraw from the Union, rather than allow the North the exercise of its constitutional rights, and the fulfilment of its constitutional obligations, the North cannot allow it to withdraw in peace; for while it keeps the Constitution itself, it will be its duty, as well as its right, to prevent this withdrawal, until at least it has consulted the slaves as to their wish in the matter. In a word, *such* a dissolution of the Union means first a *civil*, and then a *servile* war; and brave and chivalrous as may be the slave-owners, they will count the cost before they engage in it.

A few more figures will prove this clearly enough. Suppose such a disruption to take place, it could hardly be that the border slave States, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, would join the slave union. Slavery with them does not thrive itself, nor allow any one else to thrive; for their soil neither bears the drain of slave cultivation, nor do the staples of their produce require the large establishments which can alone make Slavery profitable. Every day their whites are increasing faster than their blacks; and the slaveholding interest would not be strong enough to prevent them from casting in their lot with the prosperous, enterprising North, rather than with the distracted South; at least, they would stand neuter in the struggle, and probably with them North Carolina. But adding this last to the eight cotton and sugar States, there were in them all, at the last census, only 2,690,074 white against 61,727 free coloured people, and 2,097,105 slaves. Should, then, the conflict ever be moved from the Capitol to the open field, the whites, comparatively so few, who would have to bear the brunt of the battle, would have, every one of them, *more than three-fifths of a black* pulling back, instead of strengthening his arm. The planters sometimes, indeed, talk of arming their

"servants," as if they were Highland clansmen. But men do not fight in order to be slaves; and there can be little doubt that a pro-slavery war would have an anti-slavery result. But do the Abolitionists therefore desire it? We trust and believe not, not even the most ardent of them. Many of them are ultra-peace men, avowing non-resistance by deeds as an article of faith; but were they professed warriors, they would regard with horror rather than with hope a conflict which, in so far as it was between the two races, would be one of which civilized warfare gives no notion—in which both sides would spare neither sex nor age, and which, though it would make the remnant of the blacks cease to be slaves, would turn them into savages.

We only mention this dreadful possibility in order to show that when the North once tries to do its duty, the South cannot, and will not, attempt to resist. But the reply that will at once be made, is, "The North never has done its duty, and, judging from its governmental action, there never was less reason than now to expect that it will. The slaveholders are a miserable minority, and yet they rule the Republic. They made it annex Texas and conquer Mexico,—they have turned all the free states into so many hunting-grounds for their slaves, and forced the federal officers to follow their blood-hounds at full cry; and even now they have succeeded in electing as President, by an unprecedented majority, the candidate most hostile to the fugitives and their 'fanatical' friends."

Why then is this? Because, in the North, as yet, the subject of slavery is but one among many others,—tariff, land disputes, bank bills, &c., &c.,—while, in the South, it is the all-important question to which every other is made subservient. Is he Whig or Democrat? has been honestly asked by the North about every political aspirant. Will this Whig or that Democrat be the best man for us? is all that the South has cared to ask. But thanks to the efforts of the slave states, their estimate of the relative importance of the subject must soon be felt by the free states to be the true one. They will soon feel that not only the character of the commonwealth depends upon it, but also its foreign policy; and, with that, its foreign commerce. The only real dangers to the peace of the Republic, arise from the sinister designs of the slave interest upon Cuba, or Mexico, or Hayti, possibly, even on Jamaica; and we should not wonder if the attempt to embroil the Union in war by the realization of some one of these designs was the signal for the expression of those feelings which the late fugitive slave law has so effectively implanted.

The passing of this law was a great victory for the South, but
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such a victory is worse than any defeat, for, by no other means could the North have been so made to feel what Slavery is. A sense of self-interest may well be thought to be but a poor safeguard to the slaves against the passions of their owners, when it has not restrained them from so costly a revenge upon a few useless runaways and their friends. The returns of the last census show that in the year preceding the passing of the law, out of more than 3,000,000 slaves, there had been only 1011 fugitives,—picked men, doubtless, as *men*,—for they alone had energy enough to make men of themselves—but as *slaves*, the very worst that could be found; unbearable “nuisances,” to use the New York clergyman’s apt description, each one enough to infect a whole plantation with insubordination; and in order to save this almost inappreciable per centage, to get back this thousand or so Abolitionists, who might repeat in the cotton field the speeches they had heard from Garrison or Douglass,—the southern party has turned Congress into a debating club on Slavery,—put Slavery itself, as it were, in the midst of the free states, making its worst evils clear to the senses of their citizens, bringing them home to their hearts, and enabling the sufferers so to appeal to their pity and admiration, that even the northern prejudice against colour—the great bulwark against freedom—is beginning to be in danger. Every fugitive across the border is a missionary of brotherhood; every tale of torture which he tells, teaches the hearts of his hearers; men cannot admire and assist the heroism of a Crafts, without acknowledging his manhood; and so in that very Boston, which a southern defender of slavery* could taunt with mobbing Miss Crandall for her coloured school, a coloured man has, as we lately read in a newspaper, been made a magistrate. Chains were fastened round its court-house in order that the slave catcher might secure his victim, and this sympathy in bondage has had its consequence.

In a word, this law is doing its utmost to make the men of the North look upon the chattels of the South as their fellow-countrymen; and when once they do this, these chattels, as chattels, will become worthless. All fixed ideas of federal conditions and formulas of state powers, and vested rights of property, will be burnt to atoms in the fire of such a sympathy as this; the iron bands of the Constitution will be forced to bend, or if they will not, the mystical parchment itself will be shrivelled up like waste paper. Depend upon it, if the masters wait till this cry of fellow-citizenship be raised, they will find the most ultra views of

* “Slavery neither a Moral, Political, or Social Evil.” Penfield, Georgia. 1844. p 40.

the present Abolitionists exceeded; instead of Garrison's motto, "No union with slaveholders," the watch-word will be, "No disunion with slaves till they have become free; with these slaves we are united, bound together as citizens of one commonwealth, and *therefore* they claim freedom at our hands, and *therefore* they shall have it."

Sickening, then, as is the sight of this American slavery, disheartening as is the support which it seems to receive in every state, and from almost all the statesmen of the Union, we yet feel that neither its enemies nor its victims should despair. Alas, we fear that they must not hope for help from the South; we see no reason why the American slave-owners should be the first and only caste, or class, which has yet voluntarily deprived itself of power or fancied profit; they will not free their slaves because they cannot free themselves. Many individuals there are and will be among them, who will give freedom from motives of benevolence, or justice, or self-respect; but the main body, like the feudal lords of the middle ages, like the nobles in Austria and Hungary of late, will only give it when they find it unsafe or impossible to keep. The prison door will be opened just before the pressure of the North from without, and of the slave from within, would have broken it open. And will this pressure from without come? We believe it will, and that before long. Hitherto, the statesmen have striven to prevent it, and no wonder; for the statesmen of America are not so much her guides as her spokesmen; they express what the people *have* thought rather than what they *are* thinking, or soon will think; and so their words not seldom check the utterance of fresh thought. But now her three great spokesmen who could not learn the new lesson because they knew the old one so well, are silenced for ever.

The South has lost its chivalrous champion in Calhoun, its able tactician in Clay; there will never again be patriot with the purity and the genius of the one, who will believe that to keep the negro in chains is the destiny and duty of his country; nor a statesman with the keen penetrating intellect of the other, who will think that slavery can be propped up by protocols or parchments. And even now there come tidings of greater loss to the South than even Calhoun or Clay; death has struck down that man of the north who, of all others, most kept back her pressure on the South. Massachusetts will send no second Webster to the Senate, to help with his iron will and eloquent voice the slave states to give laws to the free. Peace be to their memories. It seems to us that the one of them thought that evil was good, and the others that good should give place to evil; but it is not for us to question their thoughts, for they are far

away from our questionings, where there is no respect of races, where there is no "compromise" with truth, but where there is a "higher law."

And now that they are gone, how stand the chances of the slave? Law and force are against him, but art, and eloquence, and genius are for him; and they have a quick eye for the winning side. There are still speeches and sermons without number, and books not a few against him; but what speeches, and what books! The only books he need care for are the ledgers of the planter and his northern creditor. If we read the reports of Sumner and Horace Mann's speeches in Congress, and the replies to them,—if we try to read the retorts on Mrs. Stowe,—if we compare Wendell Phillips's appeals to the men of Boston, with the orations at Lone-Star meetings in New Orleans,—if we read the sermons against, and then those for, the fugitive slave law—if we search through those authors, whose works may be said to make the literature of America, we shall quickly learn that her mind and soul are not with her blind laws and her brute force. And now this wonderful Uncle Tom is going through the length and breadth of the North, ay, and penetrating also into the South, forcing every one to hear his tale of woe, and to ask himself first, can these things be? and then, how long shall they last? And this question—how long?—is not one which men will be contented with asking *themselves*. Oh no; the time is at hand, we have faith to believe, when the citizens of the North will say to their compatriots of the South, "We do not like this slave-owning; you say, it is your business; we will take care that it is not ours. If you will have laws which sanction robbery and order torture,—which permit rape, and connive at murder,—if you will tear wives from their husbands, and children from their mothers,—if you will let men sell their sons to the slave-driver, and their daughters to the seducer,—if you make the ignorance of these negroes your excuse for enslaving them, and yet will keep them untaught, and punish those who try to teach them—we, at least, will not help you, we will no longer be either your slave-catchers or your jailers; the soil which belongs to us both shall be free, our common city shall be a city of refuge, the suppliants who come to us for succour shall not seek it in vain; nay, further, you tell us to leave these men and women to your mercy, because they belong to you; we cannot do so, for they are bound to us by the ties of country, which we cannot sever without their consent; the time was when they were supposed to be not men, but things—'*chattels*,' '*your property*,'—but now we have discovered they are men—ay, and *our fellow-countrymen*. We grant that it is your place and your duty to do justice to them,

and we will give you time to fill this place and fulfil this duty; but if you will not do this duty, nor even acknowledge it to be a duty,—if you will neither free these slaves, nor make any attempt to prepare them for freedom—we dare no longer deny the claim of their fellow-citizenship; and upon your heads be the consequences of its admission.”

And what *will* be the consequences? Fierce threats of indignation and defiance from the South, but we firmly believe no fulfilment of them; much talk of the dissolution of the Union, but the Union will not be dissolved; all the bonds of society strained to the utmost, but the only bonds that will be broken will be those of the slave. Let the North but really speak out, the best men in the South will hear, and understand, and be convinced. Men like “the Carolinian” will then see what Slavery is, and find out how they can get rid of it. Fancied fears will vanish before real dangers, and plans will be devised to pay the debt, which can no longer be denied. Words such as the above will not be spoken all at once, they will be spelt out by degrees as the lesson is learnt. Already the Free-soilers are saying that Slavery shall not be increased, that it is “sectional, and not national,” and that the nation shall keep it within its present section. They will say this until they succeed in making it cease to be national; but as soon as they have succeeded in this, we may expect that they, together with the present Abolitionists, will say—“True it is not, but inasmuch as it *has been* national, the nation is responsible for what has been done, and therefore she is bound to see that it is done no longer; inasmuch as the nation has rivetted the chains, she must also loosen them.”

And while this fearful struggle is going on across the Atlantic, can we in England do nothing for the right? Are we to sit at ease contented with shedding a few tears over artistic tales, enjoying this terrible world-drama as though it were a pleasant tragedy? Is the only practical sympathy that we can give, sympathy with the cotton-planters, in fear for our cotton-mills? Alas, there is but little that we can do. We can think the truth, and speak it; we can say that Slavery is a sin and an evil; and we can feel for, and with its victims—for and with all of them, masters as well as slaves; it is hard to say which needs to be felt for most. While aiding the Abolitionist to denounce Slavery, and upholding him by our admiration, we can entreat him to make allowances for the slave-owner. But all this is but mere words or thoughts; as to deeds, America must do them herself—one nation cannot do the work of another.

But indirectly, there are two things that we can do—first, we can give to our own emancipated slaves better guidance and

more kindly aid, and so tempt our kinsmen to follow our example ; and also, we can earn a right to remind America of her besetting sin, by contending with our own social evils, remembering that though there may be no one of them so great as is this Slavery, yet that neither is any one of them so difficult to get rid of ; and that therefore our guilt may be the same, because our temptations may be less. And if we can do but little direct good, we can at least refrain from doing positive harm. Our religious men can refuse all sanction to those American Christians, who make the "infidelity" of some Abolitionists an excuse for opposing or ignoring abolition, and can remind them that, in letting the "infidels" take their post in the holy warfare, they injure the cause of their religion fully as much as they do that of the slave, by arming its opponents with arguments against it. Our newspapers may cease from attacking the enemies of slavery, and our eloquent writers from supplying its friends with excuses. It needs all the admiration we have expressed for Mrs. Stowe to compensate the slave for the sneers of the *Times* against him and his friends, and for Mr. Carlyle's statement, that his weakness is his crime, for which his oppressions are but his just punishment ; or for such articles as one we observed in a late number of the *Economist*,* which, while stating that America could only "out-grow" her slavery, as she herself progressed in true principles of freedom, discouraged all expression of public disapproval ; as though such progress would be possible, if the expression of truth be stifled. And lastly, there is one thing which we must not do—we must not be tempted to sacrifice the cause of freedom in America, in the hope of getting aid for it in Europe. There are, we fear, a few men in England—very few, we believe, but in that party where we should least expect to find them—who seem to think that, in order to secure what they call the Anglo-American alliance against European despotism, Englishmen should be silent about American oppression.† Such silence would be as fruitless as unworthy, for so long as Slavery lasts, this alliance is impossible, whether with or without the silence. We may pander to American prejudice, and connive at the supposition that freedom is a question of colour ; but the eternal laws do not thus define freedom ; and we shall share in Kossuth's failure, without having a dying country for our temptation and excuse. Though *we* may draw this line of colour, the slave-owner will not ; and so long as the slave-owner rules the States, the States Government will not. The inconsistency, though delightful, would be too dangerous ; the pleasure of inveighing

* *Economist*, November 13th.

† See especially *Leader* newspaper : articles on "America and Cuba."

against a crowned despot would be too costly a one for a Virginian aristocrat. Spite of all obstacles, some few of the slaves may learn to read, and if they read their masters' speeches against woman-flogging or in favour of fugitives and rebels, they would hardly see the distinction, which some of our democrats seem to make, between a Hungarian countess and a Haynau, and their own sisters and drivers.

No, the only alliance for freedom possible is an alliance between its friends here and its friends there—every other is a lie on our parts, and a sham on theirs; and the friends of freedom there have far too hard a fight at home to be able to afford aid abroad. Let that fight once be finished, let but America herself be free,—then, and not till then, England and America together will shield the oppressed against the despots of the world.



ART. VI.—THE ATOMIC THEORY, BEFORE CHRIST AND SINCE.

1. *Kurt Sprengel's Versuch einer pragmatischen Geschichte der Arzneikunde neue Ausgabe, mit Berichtigungen und litterarischen Zusätzen versehen* von J. Rosenbaum. Band 1. Leipzig. 1844.
2. *Ritter's History of Ancient Philosophy*. Oxford. 1838-9.
3. *Dalton's New System of Chemical Philosophy*. Two Parts. Manchester. 1808-10.
4. *Daubeny's Introduction to the Atomic Theory*. Oxford. 1838-9.
5. *Berzelius' Traité de Chimie*. Brussels. 1838.
6. *A Handbook of Organic Chemistry, &c.* By W. Gregory, M.D. London. 1852.

THE progress of science is as orderly and determinate as the movements of the planets, the solar systems, and the celestial firmaments. It is regulated by laws as exact and irresistible as those of astronomy, optics, or chemistry; although the weather of our changeful English atmosphere may not appear to be more fitful and capricious, that is to say, at first sight and to the un instructed eye. To put it more logically, both the uncrowded procession of nature, and the triumphant march of discovery, are the expression and the proclamation of the ideas or unwritten laws of development, which they respectively embody. It is

only by a bold figure of speech, drawn from the sense of human freedom and fallibility before the unlidde eye of conscience, that those phenomenal ongoings (of nature and science, namely) can properly be said to obey their several laws of evolution. Where it is impossible to disobey, it is also impossible to obey. Things do not, therefore, obey the law of necessity or omnipotence: they represent, manifest, incorporate, reveal, or show it forth; as the whole physiognomy of a man (could it but be understood) is nothing less than an express and admirable picture of "the spirit of a man that is in him." Be the worth of this distinction in the present connexion what it may, however, it is assuredly a centred and standing law that the very opposition, which is always being offered to the advancement of truth, whether by uncongenial circumstance or inconsiderate man, is overruled by principles as fixed, if not yet so calculable, as those disturbing forces that systematically retard the flight of Encke's comet, or drag big Neptune from his solar orbit. Both the new investigator and his hinderers may rest assured, that they unconsciously conspire at once to hasten and to steady the career of science. The discoverer, in good sooth, who knows this so truly as to live on the belief of it, as the religion of his inquiring soul, annihilates obstruction and enmity. Everything is then propitious to the fulfilment of his vocation: his own defects, his exaggerated single faculty, his unprovided wants, perhaps his Nessus' shirt of a bodily organization, evil days and evil tongues, and all the elements of seeming ill, are on his side: his proud oppressors are nowhere to be found, for all men are his friends, although they know it not!

One of the deepest of those laws, which are expressed (as has just been said) by the history of scientific conquest, arises out of the constitution of the mind itself. It has been illustrated with equal generality and precision by Comte the Positivist, as the readers of the *Westminster Review* are well aware. According to that vivacious, far-sighted, and muscular critic, there are, and (in a manner) must be, three principal epochs in the growth of each science, and of all the sciences together; the childish Religious, the boyish Metaphysical, and the manly Positive epochs of development. Though the terminology by which he has chosen to designate these three epochs is not unassailable by criticism, it must be admitted that, as a fine generalization of the past history of the sciences, the doctrine of Comte is most important and interesting: and it will always well repay the private labours of the task, to trace the evolutions of the law in the genesis of any science in particular, or of the sciences considered as an organic whole. But we must here content ourselves with

this brief recognition of it, our present business being to trace certain other laws of scientific development.

The order of succession, in which the natural sciences (for here is no question concerning logic and the mathematics, much less concerning philosophy proper) have made their appearance in the course of human progress towards Paradise Regained, has largely depended on the relations of their several objects to the person and resources of man; that is to say, considering such succession as a thing quite apart from the internal development of those sciences, taken severally or together. The parts of nature are not equally near, nor yet equally accessible to him, standing on this planetary orb and beholding the sun and moon, nay, the vast majority of things, deploying before him according, not to the truth of even phenomenal reality, but to that of mere seeming. Seeing nothing as it really is, but on the contrary everything nearly upside down, as if he were standing on his head, it behoved him to grasp at anything in the beginning of his scientific existence. Thus the mechanics of those palpable forms, which more immediately surround and withstand or help him, was naturally brought to something like perfection (always meaning perfection of method, not of invention or application) before it was possible to apply the same instrumentality, as had been brought to bear upon such problems with success, to the distant and majestic mechanism of the solar system. Even so lately as the time of Newton, the sublime divinations and hypothetical demonstrations of Kepler had to be postponed, by a stricter logic, to the celebrated mechanical experiment, which yielded both the idea and the ratio of the law of gravitation. That memorable apparatus, with the seconds' pendulum and the falling weight, was nothing less than the desiderated fulcrum of our own Archimedes, who lifted the astronomy of Copernicus, Galileo, and John Kepler with his lever, and placed it once for all where it now rests for ever. It was after the development of mechanics, and through the mediation of a mechanical experiment, that the Copernican system became the model of knowledge, capable of indefinite growth, though not susceptible of essential change; consummate in method, unfinished only in extent, a perfect science, and the only true Work without a Peer* in all the world of modern discovery.

It was just as naturally that chemistry followed in the train of physical astronomy. Long before Dalton it had been apprehended that the constituent particles of the sensible forms, at

* Stahl inscribed the "*Physica Subterranea*" of Beccher with the lofty phrase—"Opus sinè Parî." And, certes, it was as wonderful a piece of creation, half brought out of its chaos, as the history of science can show:—but the Copernico-Newtonian astronomy is of another order of thing!

least of planetary, or rather of accessible matter, are in reality the agents and the patients of all chemical mutations, notwithstanding the apparent phenomenon of mass incorporating with mass. Newton, not to mention the abstract hypotheses of Leibnitz and Boscovich, who were not veritable chemists like our discoverer, Newton himself, after having risen from experimental mechanics to astronomical computations, came down with all the swoop and force of analogy upon the interior nature of those sensible forms, from the dynamical laws of which he had mounted to the theory of the solar system.* He conceived that the chemical propensity of one body for another consists in the attraction of the particles of the former for those of the latter; pair by pair, like the earth and the moon, or one with more, as Jupiter and his satellites: and also that, when a compound of two bodies is decomposed by the coming of a third into the field of action, it is because the particles of the new substance are more attractive of one and more repulsive of the other original constituent, than these constituents are attractive of each other, and than one of them is repulsive of the intruding body. It is a question of attractions and repulsions: the contest lies betwixt the sum of one attraction and repulsion, and the sum of another such pair of forces: the victory is decided by the mere weight of numbers, representing amounts of force. Such was Sir Isaac's theory of chemistry: and it needs only be added, that this is the origin of that tenet of the Lavoisierian chemistry (more expressly brought out by Fourcroy, but still implicitly held in the science) which identifies the attraction of cohesion between equal and similar particles, such as two sulphurs, and the attraction of affinity between a pair of unequal and dissimilar particles, such as a sulphur and a hydrogen, the constituents of hydrosulphuric acid. Be that tenet the truth of nature, or one of those misconceptions which are so often permitted at once to speed and to check the progress of human science, such was Newton's notion of affinity in those early days; but, so far as can now be known, he made nothing of it as an organon of discovery. The master of astronomy and the creator of optics, he does not appear to have

* It seems to be understood that those Newtonian MSS., which were burned by the overturning of a light, contained the results of prolonged experimentations in chemistry, the reigning monarch of astronomy having even dared to dream of conquests in that new world, of such a nature as is scouted by the Grahams and Liebig's of this bitter-beer-drinking generation. Was anything lost in these flames? To say Yes, were to arraign Providence, or, at least, the *harmonia præstabilitata*; to say No, were almost to insult the memory of the astronomer-chemist. Diamond, Diamond, little wottedst thou, when thou didst lift thy leg, that all the water in thy body could not quench the fire, nor all the blood in it pay the damages! They say that Newton never had the heart to resume his alchemical-atomic studies.

done anything for concrete chemistry, his laboratory notwithstanding: always saving and excepting his conjecture that the diamond should be combustible because it is a strong refractor, a prosperous guess which it is customary to extol as sagacious, in spite of the notorious fact that there are stronger refractors than that crystalline carbon, which are not combustible a whit! Its combustibility has no connexion with its refractive power, in fact: and, though the hypothesis was not atrociously inconsequent when it was made, it is as ridiculous as illogical to admire it now. It was just one of those countless little strokes of fortune, which are constantly befalling the man of genius and industry. In the game of discovery, long and difficult though it is, Nature always gives her darling loaded dice, because she will have him win the day. But Isaac Newton has almost become the mythical man or demigod of British science, owing partly to the assault of Voltaire, partly to the lofty rhymes of Thomson, partly to the clangorous eloquence of Chalmers, yet chiefly and all but entirely, to the overwhelming conceptions with which his very name amazes the mind: and one of the consequences is, that all sorts of trumpery stories about falling apples, as well as every kind of encomium, may be heaped with impunity on the Atlantean shoulders of "the incomparable Mr. Newton," now that the shade is divinized! If *nil nisi bonum* is to be written on the tomb of the vulgar dead, after all; what shall men not say or sing, if so please their uncrowned majesties, at the shrines of the immortals!

The discoveries of the astronomers suggested to Torbern Bergman (better known now as the discoverer of Scheele the discoverer, than by anything he achieved in chemistry, yet a much-accomplished man of science) the thought of applying the mathematics to the illustration of chemical movements. Could not the relations of those orbicles of matter, called atoms or particles, be measured and assigned by geometry, in the same manner as the relations of those orbs, called heavenly bodies or globes? The same question occurred to Buffon. but both the Swedish chemist and the French naturalist gave over this monition of their genius as impracticable; and that for the same so-called reason, namely, because they supposed (not knew, but thought they knew) that the particles of sensible matter (say, of a stone or a water-drop) are so vastly near each other, though demonstrably not in contact, as that their shapes come into the geometrical question, and vex it with, hopeless perplexity. In connexion with the mineralogical theory of the day, the shapes of particles were deemed to be as numerous as their kinds, and as picturesque as the crystals in a museum: so that it was an anachronism to speak of atoms as orbicles in the last sentence, but it was intentional; for it is our present business, as it is our

pleasure, to strip these things of their technicality, and to present them in as broad and human an aspect as possible, for the sake of the stranger in those parts of study. Let it be clearly understood then, that it was not till such conceptions of the material forces (as had almost kindled Bergman into another Newton, as has just been seen!) had been fairly shed into the scientific mind of Europe, that chemistry was able to assert itself with effect and emphasis, as a member of the Holy Alliance of the Positive Sciences in Europe. Scheele, Priestley, Cavendish, Black, and LAVOISIER, were the successors of Sir Torbern and his feckless compeers; and, ever since their achievements, their science has grown bigger and bigger with unborn progeny. Every ten years or so, it gets more deeply inwrought with the greater interests of mankind. Already it creates endless manufactures; already it tills the ground: and it prepares to cast its light into the subterranean physics (to borrow the title of Beccher's Chaotic Opus) of geology, and into the still more secret physics of physiology, pathology, therapeutics; all its gifts and promises being, even ostentatiously, fraught with practical benefits and intentions. In short, notwithstanding the prowess of Herschell and the astronomers, or of Cuvier and the naturalists, and notwithstanding the presence of such questioners as Maedler and Owen, chemistry is the science of the century; and that, not by any means for what has yet been done or conceived in it, nor yet for the unprecedented conquests which the chemists are making ready to attempt with success, but because there are sciences at work, which cannot advance a step farther (we do not say in mere breadth, but) in depth, until this eminently terrestrial (yet cosmical and ideal) science be carried nearer its perfection.

Of such sort, then, is the circumstantially determined succession of the sciences;—mechanics, astronomy, chemistry. It is not our cue to trace this part of scientific history more curiously, as, for instance, to show the circumstantial relation of optics to mechanics and astronomy; nor to follow it any farther up, as by exhibiting the dependence of physiology on chemistry, of psychology on physiology, and so forth, until the full development of the natural, and partly natural sciences (at least in method) shall render it possible for philosophy to evolve a many-sided doctrine of man. These illustrations will suffice for the indication of this second and more superficial, but equally unfailing law, of the history of science. It is a third and still more interesting historic law, connected with the origin and growth of many of our modern ideas in science, that the Atomic Theory brings into view.

It is certainly the most provocative and wonderful thing in the history of positive knowledge, that many of the best results of modern science were anticipated, some four or five centuries before Christ, by the physiological and other schools of Greek or Egypto-Grecian philosophy. They did not, indeed, propose to draw forth some precious and unheard-of combustible airs from the olive-oils of their country-groves, and send them all through Athens in a system of arterial tubes, to illuminate the city of Minerva when Dian should be resting from the labours of the chase; nor to cross the Hellespont, or tempt the broad Ægean in fantastic barges rowed by fire and water; nor to whisper words of amity to their allies, defiance to their enemies, swifter far than the flight of a dove to her mate, through the invisible hollows of a copper-wire; nor to dash strange metals out of marble and natron by means of subterranean levin-brands, filched from the carriers of Vulcan on their way to the heaven of Jupiter Tonans; nor to make a hundred complex calculations of the disturbing forces exerted by one huge planet on another; nor to go and seek another hemisphere, or make experiments with electron at the North Pole; nor to dig extinguished worlds of animation from the laminated hide of the old Earth; nor yet to sprinkle the ground with urine and the far-fetched dung of monstrous birds. It was never in the divining, the excavation, and the intellectual manipulation of the concrete facts of nature that they came before, excelled, or even equalled the men of renovated Christendom. In the art of experiment, and in trying to find his way with untripped step among details, the Greek was as feeble as a child: whereas in the sphere of ideas and vast general conceptions, as well as in the fine art of embodying such universals and generalities in beautiful and appropriate symbols, it is not a paradox to say that he was sometimes stronger than a man. Could old Leucippus, or Demetrius of Abela, or, better still, that vagabond philosophical quidnunc, Apollonius the Tyanean, be resuscitated now, carried from Vienna to Paris, from Paris to metrocosmical London, and shown all the contents and ongoings and aims of their myriad museums, laboratories, observatories, studies, libraries, and officinums, the antique scholar might well be as much bewildered and overawed as any African convert, or steadfast Indian chief, fresh from the wilds—but let some all-eloquent Coleridge, or logical Hamilton, or, better still again, some all-conceiving and ideal Goethe, take the venerable Ghost to his quiet chamber, and there expound the fundamental ideas and largest conceptions of all those arts and sciences, perhaps beginning at the Atomic Theory, or the Law of Polarity, the Ancient might (just as well) break in on the discourse, profess he knew it all before, and vanish con-

tented to his early haunt. Not that all the broad and general conceptions of positive science were foreknown (and therein predicted) by pre-Christian thinkers and seers, but so many of the capital points of modern theory did actually constitute principal elements of the Greek idea of nature, as to arrest and astonish the historical inquirer at almost every turn; and it is really not wonderful that our fonder Hellenists, living with reverted eye upon the men of that most fascinating past, and refusing to be comforted because they are not, swear like insulted lovers at the present unoffending age, and claim all our discoveries, forsooth, for the silent gods of their idolatry! The peculiar circumstance attending our rediscovery of their old truths, is the fact of our having reached the summits in question by a long course of observation and strict induction, climbing every step of the ascent slowly and surely, while they sprang to the tops of thought at one bound, namely, from the standing-ground of the most obvious facts at the very foot of the mountain-range set before them and us. Happily, the immense labours of our modern method are accompanied at every step, richly compensated, and even glorified, by the most marvellous discoveries of every kind, else its noble toils might have been too great for mortal man to undergo. It takes fourteen years to make out a new fact that is worth while, said a living chemist of the true Baconian genius, on an occasion in point some years ago; and every discoverer in the world, whose wealth of experience is not of yesterday, would assuredly indorse the note;—but what a strange contrast does the thing present to the swift improvisations of those patriarchal grandsires of the present race of inquirers! The maximum of concrete labour and working talent, with as much genius as can be—is the formula of the latter: the maximum of genius and daring, with as little experience as possible—was that of the former. For example, Democritus and Empedocles foresaw those things at once, but it was “as in a glass darkly,” which Dalton and Faraday, or rather large companies of craftsmen represented by these great names, have slowly and painfully brought out to the surface, flooding their every secret part with the blessed common light of day: and now they are as minute and true as a daguerreotype, without losing a single line of their old grandeur of aspect. The reference is made, in this instance, to the four elemental forms of material manifestation—solid, liquid, aerial, and imponderable or dynamidal; and to the Atomic Theory of the three sensible forms of such manifestation: nor could a better illustration of the species of historical nexus now under discussion, (namely, that which subsists between the divinations of the Egyptian Grecian foreworld and the generalizations of the Christian

afterworld of human science) be anywhere found than the history of this Atomic Theory in its two movements, before the Coming of Christ, and since that Beginning of Days. After a quick glance into the idea of that Theory as it made its appearance on those fertile shores where Apollo, being a god and the son of a god, condescended to men of lowly spirit, and kept the sheep of Admetus, making music as he went, we may consider it to more advantage in its outward developments, now that it has sprouted anew, grown up as wondrously as the parabolic mustard-seed of the evangelist, and spread far and wide over the cultivated fields of Christendom.

It would appear that some sort of doctrine, conceiving of sensible matter as being produced or constituted by the course of substantial or underlying atoms, not touching (but moving more or less freely about) one another, was very early promulgated among the ancient Hindoos; and that in logical opposition to the extreme Idealism which has always predominated in the East. If the opinion of some critics be correct, that the monads of Pythagoras were endowed with corporeity or bodily presence, it is probable that a similar tenet was discussed by the initiates of the old Egyptian mysteries also;—and that (it is almost certain) in the same antithesis, namely, in contest with that inborn Idealism, which has never been able to die out of the world of speculative thought, notwithstanding its doing such violence to the common notions of us Christianized, western, and world-subduing Teutonic Tribes, as to take all the phenomena of nature for nothing but the co-instantaneous shapings of the spirit.

That aspect of the Atomic Theory, however, which is under view at present, originated in the sceptical and penetrating soul of Democritus, the successor of Empedocles in the physiological or second movement of Greek Philosophy,—if the reader will permit the whole effort of that national intellect, from Thales down to its dual consummation in Aristotle and Plato, to be dignified by courtesy (like the family of a prince) with that aristocratic and all-exclusive style and title. It was the teeming head of Democritus that first conceived of the proposition, for instance, that a pebble from the brook is not a blank extended substance or dead stone (as it seems to the bodily eye, and as it always remains to the judgment of common sense, like the Yellow-Primrose of Peter Bell) but a palpable thing resulting from the congregation of multitudes of atoms, or particles incapable of being broken to pieces, as the stone is broken when dashed against a rock, or worn to powder by friction with its neighbours. It was the secondary, but co-essential half of this

definition, that these co-aggregated and constituent atoms of the stone are not in contact with one another, albeit that human eyesight is not fine enough to see the spaces between them. This marvellous view (for marvellous it was and still is, although now as trite as the dust under foot) was probably the lineal offspring of his earlier thought, to wit, that the Milky Way (hitherto sacred to the white feet of down-coming gods and the heaven-scaling heroes) is no blank extensive show of far spread light, but the unique resultant of multitudinous heaps of stars, so distant and so crowded in their single plane of vision (though as free of one another as kings, in reality) as to render the interspaces undistinguishable by the sight of man or lynx. The astronomical illustration of Professor Nichol applies to the crystal-stone as well as to the firmament:—Across some vast American lake, the forest-farmer is accustomed to see the mass of forest over against his log-hut as if it were some vast and silent and solid shadow on the shore, “some boundless contiguity of shade;” but he knows, with the same certainty as he knows his homestead, that it is in reality a vast, clamorous, and unresting assembly of trees, standing respectfully apart. Democritus had possibly also observed how the common stars of night are brought out, into visibility, even on the mid-day sky, when looked at from the depths of a pit; and one might venture to suppose this to have been the origin of that famous proverb of his, in which truth was represented as lying in wait at the bottom of a well. Such, at all events, and so truly sublime as well as true, were two of the great conceptions in which the disciple of Leucippus showed the lucidity with which he had seized the perceptions of his master, that the truth of appearance in Nature is not the truth of reality, and also that the latter has to be eliminated from the former by the afterthought of science. It should be mentioned in this connexion, not only as not uninteresting, but likewise as illustrative of psychological tendencies, that the habit of bending his intellectual eye on the surpassing structure of sensible nature landed this brawny thinker in a scheme of materialism, and of organic necessity in the life of man. Standing in such a point of view, after having climbed (one might be excused for saying) the highest heaven of invention, there was nothing for it, of course, but to look with a light heart, if not with something like contempt, upon all the vicissitudes and poor struggles of humanity. It was thus he won and wore the questionable honours of the Laughing Philosopher. The great majority of his spiritual children and grand-children, down to the latest generation of them (for the type is as persistent as it is at once invaluable and one-sided) exhibit the same divided turn of mind, solemnity before Nature, and frivolity in the pre-

sence of the destination of Man. Sadducees, Epicureans, utilitarians of every age, the larger proportion of modern physicians and surgeons, naturalists, mechanicians, chemists, astronomers, physiologists, and students of every kind holding too close and constant acquaintance with the phenomena of matter, all display the same proclivity. Curious and enthusiastic over a fossil fish from Agiochook, or an anomalous fly from New Zealand, and not irreverent towards the Deity or Divine Law of Things, they have small reverence for man, though ever ready to do him good in their own way, and much enamoured of his applause. For our own part, we cannot but think there is more of tragedy and pathos in such Democritic laughter of the light-hearted classes of the Commonwealth of Letters, even if the laughter knows it not, than in the weepings of Heraclitus, whose too afflicted eyes could descry nothing underneath the many-coloured canopy of human existence but matter for tears. It were but sorry criticism, however, to deduct from the fair fame of jolly old Democrit on the score of his having been only the half of a man after all, seeing he was the half of an unprecedentedly great man at the least, and seeing none but fragmentary men have yet made their appearance in the story.

It is to be understood, then, in the meantime, that the Atomic Theory of Democritus,—elaborated by Epicurus into a system of natural-legal atheism (not without a sublime aspect of its own), and so set to monotonous, but eloquent music by Lucretius towards the nightfall of that long day; repeated and consolidated by Anaxagoras, in his holding that every particular kind of sensible matter has its particular shape and size of constituent particles, or its own homoömeric parts; somewhat heedlessly retained by Plato, who treats with complacency of the atoms of the elements as so many different shapes cut out of, or assumed by, the one First Matter or primordial stuff of nature; and, finally, contended against by the thoroughgoing geometers;—for the most part stood in opposition, not to any form of idealism, but to the counter-tenet that the sensible matter of common experience is always to be considered as being infinitely divisible, and that by the very nature of those mathematical ideas or archetypes which stand embodied in creation. It was in conflict with the notion of the endless divisibility of material substances, also, that the buried and forgotten Atomic Theory was revived by the Cartesians; and, likewise, that Dalton suffered it to be placed by more than one of his earlier opponents, to say nothing now of his applauding judges and disciples, even of the latest dates.

The gist of the argument urged by the mathematicians against the Atomic Theory, as thus put in antagonism to the theory of
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the infinite divisibility, was just this:—Whatsoever possesses length, breadth, thickness, (whatsoever has dimensions, in short,) is essentially and mathematically divisible, that is to say, can be supposed to be halved, the halves halved again, and so forth for ever;—a thing most true, if that had only been the right method of considering the point under inquisition, which it certainly was not. The reiterated argument of the Atomicians, from Democritus down to Newton, was something like the following plea:—If the invisible but extant particles, composing the framework of sensible matter, were not adamantine and perdurable, but divisible, they should wax old and crumbling, perhaps yet cracked, and the nature of the bodily shapes depending on their agglutination be thereby changed, whereas, air, earth, and water are as full and fair as ever. “Water and earth,” said Newton himself, “composed of old worn particles would not be of the same nature and texture now with water and earth composed of entire particles at the beginning. And, therefore, that nature may be lasting, the changes of corporeal things are to be placed only in the various separations and new associations and motions of these permanent particles, sensible bodies being apt to break, not in the midst of solid particles, but where those particles are laid together, and touch in a few points.” It is the old argument, enlarged by the chemical and astronomical notions of “new associations and motions;” and nothing but an argument it was, any more than the geometrical flourish just recorded for the thousand and first time.

The first thing that strikes the modern critic, no thanks to him, but all to his position (won for him by those contending predecessors) is the now patent fact that the disputants did not argue in answer to one another at all. The mathematicians came down, and that with a vengeance, from the idea of space to the fact of nature: the physicists struck right up from the fact of nature to the idea of space: and therefore they crossed swords without touching one another. A hit was impossible betwixt them. Although they stood opposed to one another, they stood aside, and each fought his own shadow:—an easy foeman, because dealing no blows, and yet a troublesome combatant, being always ready to stand up to another play of arms. The sophistication of the mathematical heads is admirably put by Henry More, our own Platonizing divine, in his book against Atheism. “If a body be divisible into infinite parts, it has infinite extended parts: and, if it have an infinite number of extended parts, it cannot but be a hard mystery to the imagination of man that infinite extended parts should not amount to one whole infinite extension: and thus a grain of mustard-seed would be as well infinitely extended, as the whole matter of the universe;

and a thousandth part of that grain as well as the grain itself. Which things," slyly adds the quaint and puzzling Dominus, "are more inconceivable than anything in the nature of a spirit."

On the other hand, the mere special pleading of the physiologists (as they were denominated, without specific reference to what are now called physiological studies) is put an end to, as at once unnecessary and not to the point, by the more elaborated definitions of modern chemistry. An atom, if the unfortunate word be taken in its literal acceptation, is a thing incapable of being cut into, bruised, broken, frayed, or otherwise infringed upon; an absolutely solid little nucleus, an incalculably hard kernel of infinitesimally (but not infinitely) small dimensions, an indivisible quodlibet: and that by the sovereign will of the maker of it, or by the eternal necessity and fitness of things, according as you side with Parson Adams or Philosopher Square. Such is now understood to be by no means the legitimate definition of a particle. Retaining the old and ever-venerable term, an atom is a vastly little portion of matter never divided in the mechanical and chemical operations of nature, any more than a sun or a planet is ever divided in the astronomical processes overhead; but by no means essentially or mathematically indivisible. Then there are compound atoms (or atomic systems) as there are compound stars or stellar systems,—the terrestrial, the Jovian, the Uranian, the solar systems, and so forth. An atom or particle of marble is indivisible by any such mechanical instrumentation as is capable of dividing a piece of marble, made up as it is of multitudes that cannot be numbered of marble-atoms. But present an atom of potassa to one of marble, and it is divided at once;—yet not into two bits, only into its ingredient simpler atoms, namely, carbonic acid, which cleaves to the intruding potassa, and quicklime, which is set free. It is precisely as if some stronger planet were brought near enough to draw the moon off from the earth; in which case the compound stellar unit, called the terrestrial system, composed of the earth and the moon, would be decomposed:—only, a poor little planetary artizan like man cannot mix up celestial systems, and heat the mixture in a furnace, or set fire to it in some supersolar atmosphere. Again: the particles of neither carbonic acid nor quicklime are simple atomic bodies. Potassa cannot divide an atom of lime indeed, but bring potassium (the metal of which potassa is the rust) into the atomic neighbourhood of quicklime, and its particle falls with ease into two simpler atoms, one of oxygen which unites with the potassium, and one of calcium (the metal of which lime is only the rust or oxyde) which is set free. Were it but known, beyond the reach of doubt, that the particles

of the so-called elements (oxygen, brimstone, gold, and the rest of them) are really elementary or simple, it might be worth while to confine the name of Atoms to them, and to call all compound homoömeric parts by the name of Particles, and perhaps all groups of particles by that of Molecules: but it is not known, nay, it is grievously doubted by many, and even plainly called in question by more than one good man and true; so that Atoms and Particles (if not Molecules too) must just be jumbled together in the current phraseology a little longer, at least until the dawn of a new day on the science. In the meantime, the proper definition of atoms is something like this:—they are invisibly small pieces of matter, constituting by their co-aggregation under the force of cohesion the sensible forms of nature, constituting by their combination under the force of affinity the compound particles of chemistry, and indivisible (in the sense of never being divided) by the forces which divide their aggregates and combinations. No sort of atoms or particles, how compound soever they may be, are ever divided in the mechanical operations of nature; and no simple atoms are ever divided by the powers of chemistry: whence the attribute of Indivisibility, as it is asked for them hypothetically and *à priori*, is lent to them on the credit of experience. Atoms are not essentially indivisible, but they are never divided: both the old parties were wrong, and both of them were right. They were severally right in what they affirmed, and wrong in what they denied:—an immensely frequent, if not an unfailing, double circumstance in the controversies of mankind. Lavoisier affirmed that the dephlogisticated air of Priestley is the acidifying principle, denying the property to other principles; but Davy soon found his negation wrong, the affirmative part of the proposition remaining intact: oxygen is only an Acidifier, and that was all that Nature had affirmed to Lavoisier! It therefore behoves the true and completed man of science to lay down no exclusive propositions. On the other hand, he may withhold belief from the affirmations of another: but he will do well to trample nothing affirmative under foot, to reject nothing with an empty No.

There are two things to be especially noted and pondered concerning this Pre-Christian Atomic Theory, before proceeding to that development of the idea of Democritus which has taken place during the last age of Christendom, and that more particularly in protesting England in the course of the present century. The first is the amazingly small basis of concrete fact on which it arose, or was erected. Leucippus, Democritus, Anaxagoras, knew no more than the most obvious things in nature, that stand connected with the idea of the atomic constitution of matter. The easy rise of smoke, the easy motions of

the air, the running of water, the yielding of wood under the wedge or the axe, the obedience of marble to the mallet and chisel, the resolution of combustible bodies into their four elements by fire, perhaps the expansion of material substances by heat, were well nigh the whole array of those ancient instances. A handful of common mechanical facts, and a single chemical phenomenon,—and these standing in no scientific collection, but mere matter of daily use since the world began,—constituted the stock of her philosophers; what an extensive *comparatio instantiarum*! Of the facts of the case, in sober earnest, they knew no more than the schoolboy or the helot. Moses and David, Solomon and Daniel, all the intellectual princes of Israel and Judah, knew as much: but they built no deep-going, sky-confronting, universal theory; because their proper genius had other kinds of work to do. They had no bias, and not the gifts, for the discovery of second causes; their eye being fixed, as if by fascination, on a Personal First Cause of all causes and effects. If we of Christendom had disobeyed the call of our proper tendency and talents, and not gone on to learn ever more and more of the individual parts of our surrounding world by observation and experiment, the idea of the homoömeric parts of the visible creation would never have come into our work-a-day heads. Every great people (or cognate group of peoples) has its peculiar vocation or genius (for character is destiny), and it never was ours to exemplify the primordial godward instincts of Humanity (like the Hebrews), nor yet to seize the first principles of things by a process of hypothetical inference resembling divination (like the Greeks), but rather to magnify the spiritual insights of the former, and to work out the conceptions of the latter, by the slow and positive inductions of observative science, adding an indivisible element of our own, even the spectacle of humble and patient industry (as of a good and faithful servant) followed by all the triumphs of specific discovery and invention. The Hebrews did one work for the whole world, once for all; the Greeks did theirs also once for all; and it becomes us, now that our turn has come, to conserve and assimilate the results of those national lives, in that which we are living on our own and all future men's behalf. It is the plain indication of self-interest and common sense, not to ignore or waste the yesterdays of man's life; and, in fact, the modern workman, how painstaking and keen soever, will never do a great stroke of work (such as Copernicus, or Cuvier, or James Watt achieved) unless he have imbibed much of the two past spirits of the world; if not directly then indirectly, that is to say, if not in his own person, then through the personalities of other men, whether organically or by sympathetic contagion. In other words, it is the industrious son of Christendom, who is also a man of faith and genius, and

he alone, that will now lead the world to new victories and its ulterior destination.

The second thing about the old Atomic Theory, which must be remarked upon, is the completeness of its idea, notwithstanding its pyramid-point of a foundation on the solid land of observation. It is complete in clearness, amplitude, height, mobility, and beauty. At all events, this praise is fairly due, when what it denies is blown away (as so much airy nothing) from its lucid affirmation. Matter is composed of atoms, not agglutinated, not even (properly speaking) in contact, moving vastly more freely upon one another than the visible molecules of the whitest dust on the dry sea-shore, not crowded and hurtling, but orderly and harmonious, not unlike the stars that constitute the Milky Way. A block of Parian is the visible form resultant from the co-aggregation of myriads of homoömeric or equi-parted (that is, equal and similar) particles of invisible marble, possessing all the properties of visible marble except such as accrue to it from their own co-aggregation, standing apart, ready to open to the edge of the chisel, prepared for separation in any direction, in readiness for every change. Why, the Conception explained all known phenomena in a trice; airy atoms giving way to every motion, watery particles flowing a thousand times more fluently than the finest sand, earthy or solid ones flying always away at the stout enough thrust or blow, and even the atomies of fire darting like spirits from the empyrean and back again:—and then, there lay the same Conception asleep during the long night of Hellenoid thought, ready to issue forth again at the chivalrous summons of Descartes the soldier, and confound the enemies of the mechanico-corpuscular philosophy; but readier still to obey the call of Newton and Dalton, the collegian and the schoolmaster, and pour its successive floods of light into the arcana of Chemistry, a science all undreamt of and impossible in the age of Grecian insight.

At the expense of being abrupt in our transition, it must here be premised, with more brevity than is desirable, that no man, whether friend or foe to the Lord of our unfolding epoch, must ever suppose that Christianity is a thing accomplished, or an experience fairly gone through, or that it has been a long time in the world. Compared with other great æons in the life of man, such as the Egyptian, the Oriental-Indian, and the Greek, it is but begun; and there is therefore little wonder that the ecclesiastical and civil polity of Christendom is yet a sorry chaos of conflicting forces, its arts crude, its sciences (including theology) unripe and divided, its philosophy divisive instead of mediatorial, and its life not divine.

One of the facts, however, to our thinking, that puts a real differ-

ence of kind between Christendom and all its epochal antecedents in history is its being possessed by the idea of an organic science of nature, the very first condition of whose existence is unresting growth; and therefore the man, be he ever so intellectual, who is too ignorant of the living anatomy of that characteristic fabric, cannot properly be said to belong to this age of humanity at all. Nor is it easy to conceive how such an embodied and substantial creature as cumulative science could have grown before our era. The seeds of scientific thought, indeed, were sown in the Greek period, and many of these germinated then, while certainly none of them did more than sprout into radicle and plumule. The full bringing forth of those seeds is a process which is now going forward in our presence; and it required the soil, the atmosphere, the skiey influences of a Christian world of sentiment and thought, both before it could begin, and now that it is proceeding in the midst of us. It is a fact, that the Hebrews grew no ever-unfolding structure of positive natural truth. Even the philosophical and logical Greeks produced nothing but embryos, surrounding them with wonderful atmospheres of philosophical speculation; in which, alack! they could and did not flourish; for these were not their congenial airs, and, like certain difficult, but hardy germinations of the greenhouse, they awaited the day of transplantation. The Romans were as impotent as the Jews, and as impatient as the Greeks, in this kind of generation. In short, not only these three ancestors of life in Modern Europe, but no nation of antiquity engendered a body of inductive science, growing from a multitude of germinal points into one vast living type. It was reserved for the tenth century of Christianity in Europe to initiate the art of serietic observation, pursued with a view to the explanation, as well as the subjugation of material things; and to the finding of truth as prior and superior to the invention of arts. Even when the inquiring, sceptical, and resolute mind of Greece laid hold on a strange and arresting fact, it made amazingly little of it. An old shepherd, as the story goes, found an iron-stone on one of his hill-sides in Magnesia, which he noticed with astonishment to be possessed of a memorable property of attraction for iron and certain ferruginous bodies;—but nothing came of the observation in those days, always excepting the title of an important Christian science. Theophrastus, his teachers, and his readers, were well aware that electron draws certain light bodies towards itself, after it has been rubbed a little on an appropriate rubber; but the science of Electricity owes only its name to the Greek language. In contrast with this stopping (point blank!) at the first step, no sooner does our Gilbert of Colchester (a man whom Galileo exceedingly admired and praised) take up the

apparently sterile old fact, than the seeming stone approves itself an organ, and grows like a thing of life. By 1709, Boyle, De Guericke, Wall, and Hawksbee, have added to its enlarging substance. By 1733, Stephen Gray has descried that the rubbing of such a thing as amber calls something into manifestation, if not into existence, which travels faster than light, which some bodies suffer to travel through them untaxed and unimpeded, and which certain other substances will not convey. Next comes Dufay with his theory of two imponderable fluids or propagations, and then Symmer discovers that friction always develops them both. The central fact of the nexus being thus brought into something like the freedom of scientific life, there soon follow electrical machines, Leyden jars and electrometers, piles and batteries, electro-chemical decompositions and the birth of potassium, the induction of magnetic polarity by galvanic currents and the plucking of electric sparks from the magnet, not forgetting the comparatively early discovery of Franklin, that such electric spark, which takes place in the one millionth part of a moment, is a flash of lightning and a thunderbolt in little—to trace the busy, growing, and surprising story no further.

The tenth century has been referred to as the initiation-day of this new spirit of the cumulative and ascending discovery of the veritable secrets of nature. Everybody understands, at this time of day, that the movement is to be dated neither from the Reformation nor from Francis Bacon. It is impossible to entertain too high an admiration of the broad, statesmanlike sagacity, the supereminent forensic skill, and the fascinating style of the great ex-Chancellor's works on scientific methodology. But he was not the inventor of the method: he was only its noble spokesman; and he never could succeed in working the *Organon* he could so well describe. The method was no conscious device of long-headed speculators and easy penmen, whether Descartes or Verulam. It grew up spontaneously in the good heads, one might almost say, among the busy fingers of cunning and laborious men, long before their day; and the book of science would be but a mutilated, unintelligible bible, were all the earlier chapters blotted out,—its Genesis, its Exodus, its Leviticus, some of its grandest Psalms, and not a few of its most spirit-stirring Prophecies. It was not till that instinctive method of the Christian workmen had developed itself to the full, after infinite pains and throes, amid disappointments and sorrows, always surrounded and often inveigled by perils on every side, that men of speculation and eloquence began to perceive, and to drink into its spirit. It was only when it behoved it to find a voice and record itself, that it seized the

massive understanding and the marvellous wit and fancy of the leisurely Lord Bacon, a man of small genius for discovery, but perhaps the greatest dialectician and expositor of his own or any other age. The thing sprang, and shapéd itself, and began to change the world; Descartes the Methodist, and Bacon the Organist, proclaimed its nature and its name, the former with subtlety and precision, the other with unparalleled worldly wisdom and the stateliest luxuriance of style: and it has happened that the spokesmen of the epoch have well nigh carried off all the honour and gratitude of posterity from the men of silent genius and constancy, who really brought it about. As for the Reformation, on the other hand, there is no need of looking further back than Copernicus, the father and certainly the most industrious as well as the most daring genius of Positive Astronomy, to see the fallacy of supposing that great movement to have been the beginning of inductive science; for the long-suffering, silent, and creative Kopernik was a faithful and most laborious minister of the Old Church. The Reformation was rather, in its intellectual phase, an effect than a cause of that spirit of active and inventive observation, accompanied by the plain inductions of common sense, which began to manifest itself at all points (in Spain and the south, as well as in Germany and the north) as soon as the heterogeneous elements of Christendom began to settle;—and the complicated nature of the case made it what still seems a long process, but what will assuredly be seen to have been wonderfully short when the world shall have been subdued, or even before the latter days of science. Doubtless that effect became a cause as soon as it was produced, and the Northern ecclesiastical emancipation gave a mighty new impulse, not only to the liberation of theology, but also to every part of rational inquiry. In fact, no sooner was the tendency to a characteristic scientific development brought to a head in the person and astronomical discoveries of the Polish canon of Wurmia, and the Christian men of the North set free from the residuary Paganism of Rome by his contemporary Luther, than the scientific mind of Europe sprang up with a rude excess of vigour, like the nearly strangled giant Antæus, when he touched the body of his mother, the Earth; and that, in truth, to the danger or inconvenience of some things which are foreign to its proper domain.

But it was long before Copernicus, and mainly by faithful, though generally critical, and often suspected sons of his Ecclesiastical Communion in its sincerer days, that the habit of inventive and necessarily endless observation, by way of experiment as well as passive watching, was contracted and cultivated for mankind. Yet it has first, by way of preliminary parenthesis,

to be observed, that Moslemism is a lineal descendant of Judaism, though the bar sinister was figured on the shield with which it fought a highway for its crescent. It is a younger and a bastard brother of Christianity; the son of the bondmaid, not the child of promise; the Ishmael of the Desert; rude and simple; possessed by the central idea of the unity and sovereignty of the Godhead; deeply tintured with the morality of Jesus; and especially informed with the spirit of humility and resignation. Now it was under the not ungenial and (in these respects) almost Christian Religion of Mahomet, that there came to life a sort of rude chemistry in Arabia. The oriental polypharmacy, indeed, seems to have been a fantastical jumble; not purely and magnificently theoretical, like the Greek doctrine of Four Elements, yet based upon the slightly experimental knowledge of a mere handful of chemicals: but, at the same time, it was practical enough to keep its votaries dabbling among reagents. The salt, sulphur, and arsenic of Gebir, Mesuë, and Averröes, at least belonged to the officinum; and they smelt more unmistakably of the laboratory and its operations, than did the fire, air, earth, and water of Empedocles and Aristotle. The latter were men of the solitary seashore, the silent study, and the gay academy: the former were at least practical physicians and eager druggists, if they were also the most fanciful of thinkers. The genuine experimental spirit was astir within them, though they still maundered between sleep and waking, dreaming more than they saw. Their time was the orient boyhood of the new Man:—and, even in these days of positivism and matter-of-fact, the most fantastical and imaginative boy that ever blew up the kitchen chimney, or set fire to his bed-curtains, or smirched his face for life, is on the high road to a gallant youth and a productive manhood, if only he has been fairly seized by the spirit and the habit of working observation and experiment; being already nothing less than a true Arabian polypharmacist, capable of successively becoming a Roman-Catholic alchemist, a Protestant chemist, and (shall we make bold to say?) a Catholic atomician.

This Mahometan (or pseudo-Christian) chemistry was brought to Christendom, partly through Africa by the Moors, partly on the returning waves of the Crusade. It appears to have existed in Spain somewhat unprofitably, by the beginning of the tenth century, under the Omniades; and it spread to England, Germany, France, and Italy in succession; having soon got inextricably mixed up with the subtleties of the scholastic or pseudo-Aristotelean philosophy, more especially with the notion of the elementary quaternion. Fairly christened on one hand, and transformed by the infusion of a scanty portion of the old Greek spirit on the other, it passed into the hands of an

energetic, all-endeavouring, and most accomplished race of men; the majority of whom were good and (some of them) even devoted Churchmen, a small minority having been daring and precocious sceptics. We do not now refer to the wretched brood of post-mediæval and post-dated alchemists, by whom the gallant age of alchemy is yet represented in the judgment-hall of the vulgar criticaster of the present day; but to an apostolical succession of mighty spirits in their day and generation. Our countryman, Roger Bacon, of Somersetshire, the author of the earliest wholly authentic works of this school, considered by Goethe to have been a greater man than Bacon the Second; Albrecht Groot, of Suabian Bollstadt, commonly called Albertus Magnus; his pupil, Thomas Aquinas, the Dominican; Raymond Lully, of Majorca, supposed to have sat at the feet of Friar Bacon; Arnaldus de Villâ Novâ, of Provence; the two Holandi, the Dutch compilers and commentators; Basil Valentine of Erfurt, a Benedictine; and even Paracelsus, the idol-breaker and revolutionary—were men worthy of any age and kind of human effort; and they have been surpassed by no equal number of students in the history of science, in erudition, in force of genius, and least of all in industry. Industry was their pre-eminent virtue, and (with the exception perhaps of Paracelsus) it was industry in the laboratory;—which is that lowly and victorious, new and altogether Christian, power now under quest and illustration. We have nothing to do (though full of sympathy) with their speculative views, but only with the triple circumstance that they had been smitten with the experimental passion, that they tugged and toiled like common day-labourers suddenly inspired, and that they dug a wonderful pile of rough-hewn facts out of the chaos set before them to quarry. All this (authentic) alchemical age transpired between the middle of the thirteenth and that of the fifteenth centuries. Bacon was born in 1214; Paracelsus in 1394.

The real alchemical school of Europe, having taken two hundred years to grow into authentic self-articulation in the person of our glorious Friar, and having thus been done to death after a lifetime of two hundred years in and by Paracelsus, the scientific world (in the way that was leading towards modern chemistry) was divided between a shadowy host of mock-alchemists, as nameless as spurious, and an honest, painstaking, unideal race of laboratory-men, such as Van Helmont (who had, however, alchemized in his youth), Libavius, Cassius, Glauber, Agricola. The latter at length found a legislator and a leading idea in Stahl and the doctrine of Phlogiston. But this is not the place for even a glance into the history of chemistry: and all that has to be insisted on here is done, namely, that the simple methodology

of fact and common sense was initiated just as soon as the attention of christianized thinkers was drawn to the theory of created nature. Fact and common sense is the formula of science: and all those alchemists and phlogisticians pled the cause of Fact, all of them, by their practice and inarticulate course of life, many of them in set phrase. Roger Bacon distinctly and loudly proclaimed the rights of observation; and, in truth, his whole school of experimentalists were the accredited and natural enemies of the scholastic wranglers.

This short tribute to the workmanlike fathers of experimental science is happily no digression: for it was in their direct line that the Post-Christian phasis of the Atomic Theory arose. It is unnecessary to recur to the atomic views of the Cartesians, because they were dialectical and discursive, not experimental and productive. Nor need we do more than merely remember that it was Newton who first put the conception of atoms into clear hypothetical connexion with the phenomena of chemistry. It was John Dalton that imparted enlargement, vitality, and fertility to the pertinent and memorable thought of the astronomer-royal of the world. That arithmetician descried a principle of proportion lurking among the incondite mass of recorded chemical analyses, which had been accumulating ever since the introduction of the balance as an organ of chemical discovery by Lavoisier (the historical successor of Stahl as Stahl was the historical successor of Roger Bacon, and the consolidator of Positive Chemistry), and it led him right to the revival of the Newtonian application of the idea of Democritus. He discovered the fact of definite proportions in chemical combination and decomposition. Two brothers of the name of Wenzel had well nigh anticipated the discovery by 1777, but only within a very small range of inquiry. In 1792, Richter had pursued their conception a little farther, and published tables of the combining ratios of certain acids and bases. But Dalton generalized the indication in all its breadth, and rose to its dependence on the Atomic Theory of sensible forms. Wollaston and the late erudite and independent Thomson of Glasgow College were his earliest converts of established reputation. These ingenuous men, followed by Davy, Gay-Lussac, and Berzelius, and by the whole phalanx of the chemists of the present century, quickly carried the fact of chemical proportionals (as associated with the idea of the homoömeric constitution of matter) towards its consummation through a million of new and interesting particulars, and not a few important general deductions: and now the ancient theory stands embodied in the entire fabric of an absolutely Post-Christian and most practical science. Dalton began to promulgate his views towards the close of the first decade of the

century: they were probably conceived and crescent by the beginning of it: the *New System* was published in 1808-10. Some twenty long years after that historical publication, Daubeny, the Oxford professor, rendered its fontal thought familiar to the English student. Turner explained it in a shorter and more popular essay. Berzelius' large *Treatise*, and all the minor text-books, up to the latest manual of Organic Chemistry, are so many elaborate illustrations of the fact of chemical proportionals, and of the Atomic Theory of Democritus, Newton, and our Dalton,—the Manchester Dominie, and the greatest discoverer of the times in which he lived.

Now that it has been worked out by its originator and his exact and scrupulous disciples, (to a wonderful degree, that is to say, but not nearly to completion.) the Atomic Theory of the nineteenth hundred years of Christianity is characterized and distinguished, from that which preceded our era, by three notable things; but first and foremost by one glorious peculiarity: and the glory is of a right Christian kind, being no other than the grace of humility. It does not overween; it does not dictate itself; it is not oracular. It comes forward, knowing that it is a hypothesis. It offers itself as a sufficing explanation of all known phenomena at all related to its idea. It claims no divine rights as a revelation of genius, nor professes to be demonstrable after the manner of a geometrical or logical truth. It simply advances as an amazingly probable proposition, willing to rest its reception as such on the amazing number (and the significant kind) of things it renders coherent and intelligible. Like the theory of celestial gravitation, it is its simple and self-possessed plea, that it explains everything. Its more arduous advocates, indeed, are not slow to avow their conviction that the mass of such presumptive evidence in its favour is so mountainous and transcending as to constitute an analogon of demonstration, so compulsive that only the unreasonable and (as it were) imponderable mind of an ignorant person or a fool can resist its force. This may be very true, for anything we know to the contrary; but the wise and positive chemist will always consider and adduce the Atomic Theory as a venerable and marvellous hypothesis, indefinitely likely to be the very truth of nature, but neither recognisable as such by sense, nor demonstrable by reason, yet conceived, defined, tended, cherished, and continually eyed with hope, not only as the all-sufficient Rationale of his young though gigantic science, but also as the organ of advancing discovery. As for the idea of it, he will frankly confess that it is none of ours; it came down upon us from the oracular schools of Greece: but, as for its application to the present and practical affairs of the laboratory, he shall use it as not abusing

it, being bent upon the excavation of new particulars, more than on the contemplation of old and even everlasting universals. At all events, whatever be his living thought as a man, such is bound to be his formal judgment and sentence as a methodologist, or professor and practitioner of the logic of Chemistry. The man of investigation must be as wary in his walk and conversation as a woman, in their several worlds: neither honest impulse and intension, nor yet the poetic licence of eloquence and love, will suffice: the very appearance of evil must be shunned, because sinister appearances argue sinister causes of some sort, as surely as the shadow brings its substance.

A quick glance at the kinds of phenomena rendered intelligible, that is, truly conceivable by this theory, will illustrate these remarks with sufficient enlargement. They are three. There are, *FIRST*, all those common phenomena of the immediate sensible forms of matter which are ordinarily distinguished as being mechanical, in contradistinction to such as are chemical or vital; but, since astronomical movements are quite mechanical, the phenomena in question had better be called somatic. They are those material movements and alterations which are produced by the repulsions and attractions of cohesion, as chemical mutations are produced by those of affinity, as astronomical evolutions are produced by those of gravitation, and so forth. This class includes the obvious natural changes and motions which have been signalized above as constituting the whole little material basis of the ancient Atomic Theory: the old and the new theories have that small segment of sensuous experience in common. The same facts, however, have received much elaboration in later times, under the influence of the experimental habit; and many analogous things have been added to them. For example, it is now known that a gas may be contracted by cold to the liquid state, a liquid to the solid state; and that the process may be reversed. Sulphuretted hydrogen is crushed in frigid strong tubes into a yellow liquor; fixed air is compressed into a snowball, and tossed from glove to glove in our lecture-rooms: solid zinc is melted, changed into dry steam or gaseous metal, and distilled like any alchemical spirit; and so forth. Seeing it is the idea of such things, however (and not the details), that is now wanted, it is needless to particularize to any extent, under either this or the other two heads of illustration. Suffice it that the Atomic Hypothesis renders all those somatic transitions conceivable, that is to say, intelligible according to the law of the human understanding. A solid can be crushed by cold or compression into smaller dimensions: it is, by hypothesis, because it is made up of small equal and similar particles, not in mutual contact, and therefore capable of being thrust nearer one another, so as to diminish the bulk of their aggregate

mass. The same solid expands when heated;—its constituent particles being thereby driven farther asunder. The reader will generalize the application all over the ground for himself, taking in every circumstance of somatic commutation that he knows. The application is always easy, happy, unexceptionable: and, if the atomic view be rejected, there not only remains no better explanation, or no nearly so good a one, but absolutely none at all. In that case, the flowings, runnings, springings, enlargings, divisions, accumulations, and all the sensible interchanges of the face of nature, become a series of opaque and ultimate facts. Yet the scientific judgment must not be seduced by this temptation to accept the hypothesis otherwise than conditionally. Better no explanation for a thousand years to come, or even for ever and ever, than a wrong one: for no truth at all, so it be felt (like the Egyptian darkness) is less injurious than an error; and if brute ignorance is the fulsome parent of superstition, it is also true that conscious human Ignorance is the modest mother of Knowledge.

The SECOND order of things, brought into intellectual cohesion and harmony by our antique, yet most modern Theory, belong to the region of Astronomy. They are one or two mechanical phenomena on the grand celestial scale. Wollaston has proved, by certain optical phenomena connected with the invisibility of the fourth satellite of Jupiter when out of sight by position, that the terrestrial hemisphere is limited in extent. It ceases at a short distance from the surface. It does not reach higher than 45 to 50 miles: beyond that there is a vacuum, so far as air is concerned. Yet air is (*in statu quo*, at least) a self-expansive body. Remove pressure from it, and it swells to any bulk. Put an inch of air into a vacuum of a thousand inches' space, and it straightway puffs itself out so as to fill the vacuum. Hence the atmosphere grows thinner and thinner the farther from the earth, owing to the diminishing power of gravity, that is to say, owing to the diminishing pressure on it. Yet it does not extenuate and rise any higher than 50 miles! Why does it not go on thinning, and ascending, and self-expanding? Why, according to this hypothesis, it is because the atmosphere is composed of mutually repulsive particles, the force of that mutual repulsion being a very finite thing, else the hand of a boy could not squeeze a quart of it into a pint-measure, as it can do with ease. The more expanded it is, the temperature remaining the same, the more easily is it compressed; that is to say, the mutual repulsion of its particles diminishes with their distance from one another. Hence the atmosphere ceases to swell (that is, to rise further from the earth's surface) just when the progressively diminishing mutual repulsion of its constituent particles becomes precisely so enfeebled as to be balanced and

counteracted by the down-draught of gravitation. The solution is explicit, if nothing more. The limitation of the terrestrial hemisphere, it should be added, was pled by Wollaston also on the fact, that the observed and the real position of Venus when only forty-five hours from the sun; as observed by Kater and himself in May, 1820, were identical,—proving that our atmosphere did not extend to those heavenly bodies, else its refractive power would have disturbed the visible position of the planet. But the argument (or fact explained) is one and indivisible; and must be taken for what it is worth. It is at all events one notable and striking new fact contributed to the original stock of Democritus. Both this and the first of our three classes of phenomena, now being represented as craving and deriving explanation from the Atomic Hypothesis, are identical *in kind* with those scanty and obvious appearances, known to all men in a manner, on which the Greek physiologists erected their idea. They are only greater in extent and precision, thanks to the sacred experimental rage of Christendom.

But our THIRD class had no kindred in the old world. It is altogether modern, because altogether the result of humble toil. It is experimental; and that in the most elaborate and perfect degree, being experimental and numerical. It is the whole body of that vast, and altogether experimental, and literally hair-splitting science of Roger Bacon, Stahl, Lavoisier, Dalton, and Berzelius. After long and painful centuries of continuous effort, chemistry has discovered that the elements combine with one another in definite and unchanging ratios of quantity; and that, when their compounds are decomposed, they yield up those identical ratios. Everything is accomplished by weight, measure, and number: and that with pure geometrical accuracy,—could our instruments and senses but attain to perfection. Glauber's salt never yields other than one proportion of sulphuric acid, and one of soda; else, *ipso facto*, it is not Glauber's Sel Mirabile at all: and that one definite proportion of acid, that one of base, attend them respectively in all their combinations, as inseparably as a shadow tracks its substance, or the moon goes with the earth. Water is always composed of 1 weight of hydrogen, and 8 weights of oxygen. When they combine in another proportion, it is in that of 1 to 16 or twice 8, and the product is no more water than aquafortis is laughing gas: it is a pungent new liquor, the deutoxyde of hydrogen. Fourteen parts by weight of nitrogen combine with eight parts (the water-ratio) of oxygen, and the product is a sweetish intoxicating gas; nitrogen 14 with oxygen 16, or two ratios, produce the second oxyde of nitrogen, a perilous air to inhale; nitrogen 14 and oxygen 24, or 3 ratios, compose the hyponitrous acid; nitrogen 14 and oxygen 32, or 4

ratios, are the ingredients of nitrous acid; 14 and 40, or 5 ratios, produce nitric acid: and these five compounds, made of the same elements in such differing proportions, constitute a series of substances, so well marked and contradistinguished that no mortal sagacity could ever have conjectured them to contain the same or even similar ingredients. What is the meaning of this series of 8, 16, 24, 32, 40, in the case of oxygen, whether combined with hydrogen or with nitrogen? Why, according to the Atomic Hypothesis of Democritus, as connected with the conception of affinity by Newton, and as united to that of number by Dalton, it is not the mass, but the constituent particles of oxygen that enter into chemical combination; and that with the particles, not the masses, of hydrogen and nitrogen respectively. Water is a compound (let it be said provisionally) of 1 atom of hydrogenous matter with 1 of oxygenous; while the pungent deutoxyde contains, every compound particle of it, 1 atom of hydrogen and 2 of oxygen. Again: the laughing gas of Davy contains, every compound particle of it, 1 atom of oxygen; the binoxide of nitrogen 2 atoms of the same; the hyponitrous acid 3 atoms; nitrous acid 4; and nitric acid 5. Hydrogen particles being subsumed as unity for the sake of comparison, an oxygen atom is 8 times, a nitrogen 14 times, heavier than a hydrogenous one. In this sort of way, the combining equivalents of all the elements have been determined with a world of labour; and, with the help of these, also those of whole hecatombs of compound bodies, acids, bases, salts, radicals, and all sorts of proximate principles. Waiving all particular questions (such as the inquiry whether 14 stands for one or for two particles of nitrogen, and suchlike points, probably more numerous and urgent than is commonly supposed) the uninitiated or reminiscent reader must conjure before him not hundreds, but thousands of such numerical series, and millions of more isolated facts of the same tendency, as well as add the later (but corollary) discovery that the gases combine in definite volumes, before he shall approximate to a due sense of the huge amount of presumptive evidence, in favour of the theory under discussion, afforded by Positive Chemistry. Yet that theory is only a Hypothesis or ideal conception, placed by the mind like another Atlas underneath a measureless world of facts, to give them intelligible cohesion and hold them up to view. Without it, the fact of all chemical combination transpiring in definite and unchangeable proportions remains intact, and still invaluable; but it is ultimate and opaque.—But Terminus, the old god of proportion, is as inexorable as the new laws of Dalton and Berzelius; and it must suffice, for the present, to do no more than succinctly state the other two qualities which institute

a broad distinction between the Greek and the Teutonic presentations of the Atomic Doctrine.

I. The enormous breadth of material or sensuous foundation on which the latter has been being slowly reared (from the pseudo-Christian polypharmacists of the East till these the days of John Dalton the Friend, Baron Berzelius the Lutheran, and Faraday the Sandemanian,) offers a wondrous contrast to the handful of stones, gathered together on the highway, from which the former rose like an exhalation, or rather on which it descended like a thing come down from Olympus or the Empyrean. This has been sufficiently set forth in the enumeration, just made, of the kinds of phenomena which the Hypothesis now offers to explain, without forgetting its place or station (as nothing more than hypothetical) in the system of positive thought.

II. The only other differential characteristic of the modern aspect of this time-honoured theory, to be noticed in the present connexion, is its availableness—a working chemist might well say its gracious obtrusiveness—as an organ of new and nobler researches. It does not any longer dwell on high: it expatiates over the islands and wide continents of nature. Its ideal existence is no longer a kind of endless now: it lives and seeks congenial food from day to day. “To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new!” For example, the fact of isomerism (or the known existence of two (in some cases, of many) totally different substances being composed of the same elements in the self-same proportions) is truly confounding and hopeless without it; but with it, there is no difficulty in the matter. Our solar system were another unit than it is, if the planets were differently put upon it;—if our earth, say, changed places with Jupiter, Mercury with Mars, Saturn with Neptune, Saturn’s rings with Jupiter’s satellites, and so forth. And in like manner a compound particle, changing the relative placings of its constituent atoms, becomes thereby another particle altogether, giving rise to a new sensible form isomeric with the former one, inasmuch as it still comprises the same elemental atoms in the same proportion, but differently arranged within its complicated round. Other isomeric pairs (not to go beyond a pair) are to be explained by the second or denser members, containing exactly twice or thrice the number of the same kinds of atoms as the first, within the girths of their respective particles. Thence there is suggested the two startling ideas, that the former schematism may one day unriddle the mutual relation subsisting between such pairs of the hitherto intact elements as are represented by the same atomic weight, such as platinum and iridium; and that the latter may lead to still richer results in the same

direction. Moreover our hypothesis is big with hints of experiment upon the weights, sizes, distances, gyrations, evolutions, involutions and resultants of those orbicles of matter which are its proper subjects. It renders the application of geometry and the calculus to these invisible, but computable stars in little, a thing of hope. Organic chemistry, which is now naught as a chemistry of the living plant and animal, though most important as a chemistry of the dead, cannot be eliminated from amid the phenomena of vitality until many, if not all these questions (and more) be brought to judgment; for it is impossible to separate between the chemical and the vital, before the idea of what is chemical (and what not) be determined by exhaustion.—But we must refrain. Perhaps enough has been said to suggest more.

In conclusion: still the inquiry recurs, how the aboriginal idea or fundamental conception of this beautiful, hundred-eyed, and hundred-handed Theory came into the world; that idea, which it might never have entered into our heart to conceive; and which was, in indisputable fact, derived to us from a Hellenic and a Pre-Christian School! Was it by such revelation as is claimed for the profound ideas of Holy Writ? Was it by that inspiration which all men are fain to accord unto Homer, Dante, Shakspeare; to Praxiteles, Raphael, Turner: to old Bach, Handel, and Beethoven? Certainly not by anything like the former: and, if by aught resembling the latter, that must be better defined before it will throw any light on either its own or any other subject. The process was as follows, in our humble opinion. The Grecian intellect had an unprecedented, and still unequalled keenness of eye for the analogies of things. The slightest resemblance caught, charmed, and fixed its glance. The analogy of the Milky Way doubtless carried the swift imagination of Democritus to the conception of a star-like constitution for the sensible forms of nature. The Atomic Theory is just the fact of the unitary world of stars come down, and imaged in a dew-drop, or taking a sand-grain for its orrery. It is this analogy, in truth, which at once constitutes its clearness and perfection as a thought, and legitimates it in the presence of a positive methodology. But the earlier Greek sages were not positivists, whatever may have to be claimed for Aristotle. They rather believed in their sense of analogies without more ado. They knelt before the ideal creatures of their imagination. Beauty and fitness were enough to command their faith, so they were of the intellectual species of beautiful propriety. It was their proper genius to see analogies with telescopic vision, while yet a great way off, and to believe in their own conception of what they saw: for the moral attitude of the Greek populace

(to speak of men as belonging to the thinking, not the social scale) was that of vanity—of the philosophers, that of pride, intellectual pride: and no wonder; for they were a marvellous people, and their sages the most intellectual men the world has yet been able to produce.

Christ, Christianity, and the Christian era (surely about to be fairly inaugurated in some degree of purity ere long—*Usquoque, Domine!*) present an aspect the reverse of all this magnificent self-exaltation; that is to say, in their real character—and their true nature has always been shaping men more or less, directly or indirectly, especially our greatest men. Now self-distrust, humility, obedience, faith in One who is mighty to bless, awe before the creation of the Word, the way of pain and sorrow, are the order of the new-born day, that sprang in Bethlehem of Judah. It is now obedience that makes men free. If they would enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, they must come as little children; and Francis Bacon has finely said, the kingdom of Nature admits no other guests. Fact, the actual thing in Nature, the very text and letter of that great and public manuscript of God, are now sacred once for all; and no pains dare be spared in their study. This is the moral clue to the new, most patient, self-distrustful, yet always well-rewarded science of Christendom. There is also an intellectual key to its peculiar nature and destination, furnished by the intellectual character of Christianity, (and, indeed, certain secondary lights might be thrown on the subject by the consideration of race, climate, and such minor elements,) but these closing remarks, taken together with the hints of thought scattered in the course of the discussion, are sufficient to illustrate the cardinal proposition of the present article.



ART. VII.—HISTORY AND IDEAS OF THE MORMONS.

1. *The Book of Mormon*. Translated by Joseph Smith, jun. Third edition, carefully revised by the Translator. Nauvoo, Ill. 1840. 1 vol. 12mo. Pp. 571.
2. *The Times and Seasons; containing a Compendium of Intelligence pertaining to the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God and the Signs of the Times; together with a Great Variety of Information in regard to the Doctrines, History, Principles, Persecutions, Deliverances, and onward Progress of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, &c.* Edited by John Taylor. Nauvoo. 1839—43. 4 vols. 8vo.

3. *The History of the Saints; an Exposé of Joe Smith and Mormonism.* By John C. Bennett. Third edition. Boston. 1842. 1 vol. 12mo. Pp. 344.
4. *Narrative of some of the Proceedings of the Mormons; giving an account of their Iniquities, with Particulars concerning the training of the Indians by them, Description of their mode of Endowment, Plurality of Wives, &c. &c.* By Catherine Lewis. Lynn. 1848. 8vo. Pp. 24.
5. *The Mormons: a Discourse delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, March 26, 1850.* By Thomas L. Kane, &c. Philadelphia. 1850. 8vo. Pp. 92.
6. *Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon.* By Orson Pratt, one of the Twelve Apostles of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. [Liverpool. Without date.] 8vo. Pp. 96.
7. *The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, with Memoirs of Joseph Smith, the "American Mahomet."* Illustrated with forty Engravings. London. [1851.] Pp. x and 326.
8. *The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake; a History of their Rise and Progress, peculiar Doctrines, present Condition and Prospects, derived from Personal Observation during a Residence among them.* By Lieut. J. W. Gunnison, of the Topographical Engineers. Philadelphia. 1852. 12mo. Pp. x and 168.
9. *Mormonism in all Ages, &c. &c.* By Professor J. B. Turner, &c. &c. New York. 1842. 1 vol. 12mo. Pp. 304.
10. *The Doctrines and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, &c. &c.* By Joseph Smith, &c. Nauvoo. 1846. 12mo. Pp. 445.
11. *Explanation and Survey of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, &c. &c.* By Howard Stansbury, &c. Printed by order of the Senate of the United States. Philadelphia. 1852. 1 vol. 8vo. Pp. 487.

ONE of the most remarkable events of this century is the rise of the new religious sect, the Mormons. In 1825, in one of the little towns of Western New York, there was living an obscure young man, poor, ill-educated, idle, of vagrant habits, "rather irregular in his conversation," a man by no means trustworthy, and little trusted. His companions were low and vulgar fellows, like himself. But in 1830, he began to communicate a new religion, and a strange one too; soon he has a new "bible;" presently converts in small numbers, then in large numbers; by and by he has his twelve apostles and great crowds of followers.

In thirty years' time, he has been murdered, is regarded as a martyr: his persecuted followers have multiplied, built towns and cities; extended to England, Norway, Sweden, Germany, the East Indies, the Sandwich Islands, and have actually the government of one of the territories of the United States. They are 300,000 in number; they have a Mormon representative in the lower house of Congress; and a Mormon, the chief of the sect, is the governor of the territory of Utah, appointed thereto by the President of the United States; another Mormon is lieutenant-governor; the Secretary of the State is also a Mormon.

We beseech the reader's attention to this singular phenomenon. In what follows, we will speak of the history of the sect—its rise, progress, persecutions, and triumph; then of its doctrines; and finally, of its character and influence.

It is but just to allow the Mormons to tell their own story first, that they may appear in as fair a light as possible. This, then, is the short of their early history, as we abridge it from the "Remarkable Visions" of Mr. Pratt:—Joseph Smith, jun., was born in the town of Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, on the 23rd of December, 1805. When he was ten years old, his parents and family removed to Palmyra, in Western New York, and lived in that neighbourhood till 1826. Young Joseph had slender opportunities for acquiring an education; he "could read without much difficulty, and write a very imperfect hand," and had a quite limited knowledge of arithmetic. In the spring of 1823, when he was about fifteen or sixteen years old, he began to think of "the salvation of his soul." He went one day to a secret place in a grove, knelt down, and "began to call upon the Lord." He overcame the "powers of darkness" which beset him, prayed fervently, and at length saw a "very bright and glorious light in the heavens above." The light descended gradually, and rested upon the earth, he in the midst of it kneeling. Then he felt a "peculiar sensation" in all his system; "his mind was caught away" from the natural objects about him, and he saw "two glorious personages;" and he was informed that his sins were forgiven, that the various sects were all in error, but the true doctrine should be made known to him: then "the vision withdrew, leaving his mind in a state of calmness and peace indescribable."

But he afterwards was entangled again in the "vanities of the world," of which he subsequently repented. He had another vision on the 21st of September, 1823, in which a personage stood before him, of "a pleasing, innocent, and glorious appearance," who informed Joseph that the Messiah was presently to appear, and the fulness of the gospel to be preached unto all

nations; and Joseph himself was the instrument to bring about some of the purposes of God. In special, he was to bring to light certain ancient writings of the prophets "pertaining to the gospel of the kingdom." He was told where the ancient writings were deposited; and on the 22nd of September, 1823, he went to the place, and saw the records in a stone box, in a pit in the ground, where they had been kept fourteen hundred years.

While he stood looking upon it, the angel of the vision came and said, "Look!" and as he looked he saw "the Prince of Darkness, surrounded by his innumerable associates." Four years after, the angel of the Lord delivered the records into his hands. Those records were engraved on plates looking like gold, not quite so thick as tin, and seven or eight inches long and wide. They were covered with engravings in Egyptian characters, and fastened together by three rings, like a book. In the box was the Urim and Thummim, consisting of two transparent stones set in the two rims of a bow; this was an instrument to give "revelation of things distant, or of things past or future." He found a scribe to aid him, one Oliver Cowdery, a rough schoolmaster; and began to translate his writings into English by the aid of inspiration and the Urim and Thummim—the result was "The Book of Mormon."

But let us add some particulars related by the "Prophet" himself:—"Some few days after I had this vision [the first one] I happened to be in company with one of the Methodist preachers, who was very active in the religious excitement; and conversing with him on the subject of religion, I took occasion to give him an account of the vision I had had. I was greatly surprised at his behaviour; he treated my communication not only lightly, but with great contempt, saying it was all of the devil; that there was no such thing as visions or revelations in those days; that all [those] things had ceased with the Apostles, and there never would be any more of them. I soon found, however, that my telling the story had excited a great deal of prejudice against me amongst professors of religion, and was the cause of great persecution, which continued to increase; and though I was an obscure boy, between fourteen and fifteen years of age, and my circumstances in life such as to make a boy of no consequence in the world, yet men of high standing would take notice sufficient to excite the public mind against me, and create a hot persecution; and this was common among all the sects—all united to persecute me."

"I had actually seen a light, and in the midst of that light I saw two personages, and they did, in reality, speak to me—or one of them did; and though I was hated and persecuted for

saying that I had seen a vision, yet it was true. And I was led to say in my heart, 'Why persecute for telling the truth?'

Mr. Smith alleges that, on the 22nd of September, 1827, the angel gave him the records—the "golden plates." With the help of his scribe, he set to deciphering and translating the same on the 15th of May, 1829. He "baptized" Oliver Cowdery to "the Aaronic priesthood," and Oliver, in turn, "baptized" him.

A miserly farmer, Martin Harris by name, lived in this neighbourhood—a man of no good repute for ability or character, it seems. He had been a Quaker, a Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian. He was captivated by Smith's story of the "gold plates," and lent him fifty dollars. But Harris also went to New York, and carried a "copy" of one of the leaves of the Gold Bible to Dr. Anthon, a classic scholar of large reputation, who, naturally enough, thought the whole thing a *hoax*. The paper was covered, says Dr. Anthon, "with all kinds of crooked characters, disposed in columns; and the whole ended in a neat delineation of a circle, divided into various compartments, decked with various strange marks."

In due time, in 1830, the Book of Mormon got published, accompanied by "the testimony of their witnesses," who declare that they "have seen the plates which contain this record, 'shown unto us by the power of God.' And we declare that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates and the engravings thereon." This is "sealed" by the "testimony of eight witnesses," who affirm that Joseph Smith, jun., "has shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken." Of these eleven witnesses, five are of the family of one Whitmer; three are Smiths, father and brother of Joseph; there are also Cowdery, the "Aaronic priest," Harris, the convert, already mentioned, and one Hiram Page, of the Whitmer family.

But let us leave the orthodox side of the history and turn to the heretical view. General Bennett (author of No. 3 above) is an apostate from the Mormon faith. We will introduce him to our readers by his own letter of recommendation:—"I was," says he, "from an early period, one of their first residents, who, after the prophet, are the rulers of the church." Mr. Bennett says he decided to "profess himself a convert to his (Smith's) doctrines, and join him at the seat of his dominion." "The pretence of belief was unavoidable in the part I was acting; and it should not be condemned like hypocrisy towards a *Christian church*." He was high in the esteem of the Mormons, because "brigadier-general," and "quartermaster-general of the militia

of the State of Illinois." He was elected mayor of the city of Nauvoo, in which office he delivered a *remarkable* inaugural address; "chancellor of the university of the city of Nauvoo;" and "master in chancery for Hanwell County." On the 19th of January, 1841, Joseph received a special revelation from Heaven touching this quartermaster-general." Here it is:—"Let my servant, John C. Bennett, help you in your labour in reading my word to the kings and people of the earth, and stand by you, even you, my servant, Joseph Smith, in the hour of affliction, and his reward shall not fail, if he receive council; and for his love he shall be great; for he shall be mine if he do this, saith the Lord." After he had continued long enough with the new sect for his purposes, he left them, and became one of their most bitter persecutors; and in 1842, published his *exposé*—a really valuable book, containing documents of great importance in this history; whence it appears that the Smith family were remarkable for idleness, intemperance, and lying. It proves that they not only lied in general, but lied specifically about the "gold plates," and lied with contradictions. From various works, to which we have not access, he collects solemn depositions, legally taken, to substantiate the facts. "The general employment of the family was *digging for money*." Joseph Smith had married the daughter of a Mr. Hale, and turned out a thriftless husband before he became a "prophet." Smith hired one Peter Ingersoll to move his furniture in August, 1827; and he testifies under oath that, at that time, Mr. Hale reproached his son-in-law: "You have stolen my daughter, and married her; you spend your time in digging for money, pretend to see in a stone (the *Urim and Thummim*, already mentioned), and thus try to deceive people." Continues the deponent—"Joseph wept, and acknowledged *he could not see in a stone now, nor never could*; and that his former pretensions in that respect were all false."—Testimony of Peter Ingersoll before Th. P. Baldwin, Judge of Wayne County Court, 9th Dec. 1833; in Bennett, pp. 61—64.

The history of the "*Urim and Thummim*" is a little remarkable: we abridge it from the deposition of Willard Chase, taken Dec. 11, 1833:—In 1822, Mr. Chase employed Alvin and Joseph Smith to help him in digging a well; in the process, "he discovered a singularly appearing stone, which excited my curiosity." "Joseph put it into his hat, and then his face into the top of his hat, alleging that he could see in it;" and subsequently borrowed it of its owner, and kept it about two years, when Mr. Chase reclaimed it. In 1825, Hiram Smith came and borrowed it again. But in 1826, a friend wishing to see it—for it had now become a famous stone—he re-demanded it of

Smith, who refused to deliver it up. Here is the conclusion of his testimony :—

“In the month of June, 1827, Joseph Smith, sen., related to me the following story : ‘That some years ago, a spirit had appeared to Joseph, his son, in a vision, and informed him that in a certain place there was a record on plates of gold, and that he was the person that must obtain them, and this he must do in the following manner : On the 22nd of September, he must repair to the place where was deposited this manuscript, dressed in black clothes, and riding a black horse with a switch tail, and demand the book in a certain name, and after obtaining it he must go directly away, and neither lay it down nor look behind him. They accordingly fitted out Joseph with a suit of black clothes, and borrowed a black horse. He repaired to the place of deposit, and demanded the book, which was in a stone box, unsealed, and so near the top of the ground that he could see one end of it ; and raising it up, took out the book of gold ; but fearing some one might discover where he got it, he laid it down to place back the top stone as he found it ; and turning round, to his surprise there was no book in sight. He again opened the box, and in it saw the book, and attempted to take it out, but was hindered. He saw in the box something like a toad, which soon assumed the appearance of a man, and struck him on the side of his head. Not being discouraged at trifles, he again stooped down, and strove to take the book, when the spirit struck him again, and knocked him three or four rods, and hurt him prodigiously. After recovering from his fright, he inquired why he could not obtain the plates ; to which the spirit made reply, Because you have not obeyed your orders. He then inquired when he *could* have them, and was answered thus : Come one year from this day, and bring with you your oldest brother, and you shall have them. This spirit, he said, was the spirit of the prophet who wrote this book, and who was sent to Joseph Smith to make known these things to him. Before the expiration of the year, his oldest brother died ; which the old man said was an *accidental providence* !

“‘Joseph went one year from that day, to demand the book ; and the spirit inquired for his brother, and he said that he was dead. The spirit then commanded him to come again in just one year, and bring a man with him. On asking who might be the man, he was answered that he would know him when he saw him.

“‘Joseph believed that one Samuel T. Lawrence was the man alluded to by the spirit, and went with him to a singular looking hill in Manchester, and showed him where the treasure was. Lawrence asked him if he had ever discovered anything with the plates of gold ; he said no ; he then asked him to look in his stone, to see if there was anything with them. He looked, and said there was nothing ; he told him to look again, and see if there was not a large pair of specs with the plates ; he looked, and soon saw a pair of spectacles, the same with which Joseph says he translated the Book of Mormon. Lawrence told him it would not be prudent to let these plates be seen for about two years, as it would make a great disturbance in the neighbourhood.

Not long after this, Joseph altered his mind, and said L. was not the right man, nor had he told him the right place. About this time he went to Harmony, in Pennsylvania, and formed an acquaintance with a young lady, by the name of Emma Hale, whom he wished to marry. In the fall of 1826, he wanted to go to Pennsylvania to be married; but being destitute of means, he now set his wits to work how he should raise money, and get recommendations, to procure the fair one of his choice. He went to Lawrence with the following story, as related to me by Lawrence himself. That he had discovered in Pennsylvania, on the bank of the Susquehannah River, a very rich mine of silver; and if he would go there with him, he might have a share in the profits; that it was near high-water mark, and that they could load it into boats, and take it down the river to Philadelphia, to market. Lawrence then asked Joseph if he was not deceiving him; "No, said he, for I have been there and seen it with my own eyes; and if you do not find it so when we get there, I will bind myself to be your servant for three years." By these grave and fair promises, Lawrence was induced to believe something in it, and agreed to go with him. L. soon found that Joseph was out of money, and had to bear his expenses on the way. When they got to Pennsylvania, Joseph wanted L. to recommend him to Miss H., which he did, because he was asked to do it; and could not well get rid of it, as he was in his company. L. then wished to see the silver mine, and he and Joseph went to the river, and made search, but found nothing. Thus Lawrence had his trouble for his pains, and returned home lighter than he went, while Joseph had got his expenses borne, and a recommendation to his girl.

"Joseph's next move was to get married; the girl's parents being opposed to the match: as they happened to be from home, he took advantage of the opportunity, and went off with her and was married.

"Now, being still destitute of money, he set his wits at work how he should get back to Manchester, his place of residence; he hit upon the following plan, which succeeded very well. He went to an honest old Dutchman, by the name of Stowel, and told him that he had discovered on the bank of Black River, in the village of Water-town, Jefferson County, N. Y., a cave, in which he had found a bar of gold, as big as his leg and about three or four feet long. That he could not get it out alone, on account of its being fast at one end; and if he would move him to Manchester, N. Y., they would go together, and take a chisel and mallet, and get it, and Stowel should share the prize with him. Stowel moved him.

"A short time after their arrival at Manchester, Stowel reminded Joseph of his promise; but he calmly replied, that he would not go, because his wife was now among strangers, and would be very lonesome if he went away. Mr. Stowel was then obliged to return without any gold, and with less money than he came.

"In the fore part of September, (I believe,) 1827, the Prophet requested me to make him a chest, informing me that he designed to move back to Pennsylvania, and expecting soon to get his gold book,

he wanted a chest to lock it up, giving me to understand at the same time, that if I would make the chest he would give me a share in the book. I told him my business was such that I could not make it; but if he would bring the book to me, I would lock it up for him. He said that would not do, as he was commanded to keep it two years without letting it come to the eye of any one but himself. This commandment, however, he did not keep: for in less than two years, twelve men said they had seen it. I told him to get it and convince me of its existence, and I would make him a chest; but he said that would not do, as he must have a chest to lock the book in, as soon as he took it out of the ground. I saw him a few days after, when he told me that I must make the chest. I told him plainly that I could not, upon which he told me that I could have no share in the book.

“A few weeks after this conversation, he came to my house, and related the following story: That on the 22nd of September he arose early in the morning, and took a one-horse wagon of some one that had staid over-night at their house, without leave or licence; and, together with his wife, repaired to the hill which contained the book. He left his wife in the wagon by the road, and went alone to the hill, a distance of thirty or forty rods from the road; he said he then took the book out of the ground, and hid it in a tree top, and returned home. He then went to the town of Macedon to work. After about ten days, it having been suggested that some one had got his book, his wife went after him; he hired a horse, and went home in the afternoon, staid long enough to drink one cup of tea, and then went for his book, found it safe, took off his frock, wrapt it round it, put it under his arm, and ran all the way home, a distance of about two miles. He said, he should think it would weigh sixty pounds, and was sure it would weigh forty. On his return home, he said he was attacked by two men in the woods, and knocked them both down and made his escape, arrived safe, and secured his treasure. He then observed, that if it had not been for that stone, (which he acknowledged belonged to me,) he would not have obtained the book. A few days afterwards, he told one of my neighbours that he had not got any such book, nor never had such an one; but that he had told the story to deceive the d——d fool, (meaning me,) to get him to make a chest. His neighbours having become disgusted with his foolish stories, he determined to go back to Pennsylvania, to avoid what he called persecution. His wits were now put to the task to contrive how he should get money to bear his expenses. He met one day in the streets of Palmyra a rich man, whose name was Martin Harris, and addressed him thus: “I have a commandment from God to ask the first man I meet in the street to give me fifty dollars, to assist me in doing the work of the Lord by translating the Golden Bible.” Martin being naturally a credulous man, hands Joseph the money. In the spring of 1829, Harris went to Pennsylvania; and on his return to Palmyra, reported that the Prophet's wife, in the month of June following, would be delivered of a male child, that would be able when two years old to translate the Gold Bible. “Then,” said he, “you will see Joseph Smith,

jun., walking through the streets of Palmyra with a Gold Bible under his arm, and having a gold breastplate on, and a gold sword hanging by his side." This, however, by the by, proved false.

"In April, 1830, I again asked Hiram for the stone which he had borrowed of me: he told me I should not have it, for Joseph made use of it in translating his Bible. I reminded him of his promise, and that he had pledged his honour to return it; but he gave me the lie, saying, the stone was not mine, nor ever was. Harris at the same time flew in a rage, took me by the collar, and said I was a liar, and he could prove it by twelve witnesses. After I had extricated myself from him, Hiram, in a rage, shook his fist at me, and abused me in a most scandalous manner. Thus I might proceed in describing the character of these high priests, by relating one transaction after another, which would all tend to set them in the same light in which they were regarded by their neighbours—viz., as a pest to society. I have regarded Joseph Smith, jun., from the time I first became acquainted with him, until he left this part of the country, as a man whose word could not be depended on. Hiram's character was but very little better. What I have said respecting the characters of these men will apply to the whole family. What I have stated relative to the characters of these individuals, thus far, is wholly true. After they became thorough Mormons, their conduct was more disgraceful than before. They did not hesitate to abuse any man, no matter how fair his character, provided he did not embrace their creed. Their tongues were continually employed in spreading scandal and abuse. Although they left this part of the country without paying their just debts, yet their creditors were glad to have them do so, rather than to have them stay, disturbing the neighbourhood.'"—Bennett, p. 67, *et seq.*

Parley Chase testifies, "not one of the male members of the Smith family was entitled to any credit whatever." They were lazy, intemperate, and worthless men, very much addicted to lying;" "in this they frequently boasted of their skill. In regard to their Gold Bible Speculation, they scarcely ever told two stories alike." Others deposed to the same effect. Mr. Smith, senior, "and his boys, were truly a lazy set of fellows, and more particularly Joseph." When intoxicated he was very quarrelsome; he was once "fined for a breach of the peace." He was "very much addicted to intemperance." After he professed to be inspired by the Lord, he one day "got quite drunk on a combination of cider, molasses, and water." "His character for truth and veracity was such that I would not believe him on his oath," adds another. His general reputation "is that of an impostor, hypocrite, and liar." Oliver Cowdery, the Aaronitic priest, had a reputation not much better, as it appears; but he afterwards renounced Mormonism.

In short, fifty-one gentlemen of Palmyra, New York, and eleven of Manchester, and several persons who lived near the

family residence, and often laboured for days in company with them, all testify to the same effect:—"that they consider them destitute of that moral character which ought to entitle them to the confidence of any community; and particularly that the senior and junior Josephs were entirely unworthy of belief in such matters, and addicted to vicious habits."—Gunnison, p. 89.

So much for the narratical account of the prophet, and of his claims to inspiration. Now let us say a word on the origin and composition of the Book of Mormon itself. How could a man so illiterate as Smith produce such a book? By inspirations and the use of the *Urim* and *Thummim* upon the "gold plates," is the Mormon answer. Alas, the "eternal reason" has another explanation of this mystery. It seems a person of the name of Solomon Spaulding (or Spaulding, for the name is spelled both ways in the documents) is the original author of the larger part of that famous book.

This Mr. Spaulding was born in Ashford, Connecticut, in 1761, He graduated at Dartmouth College, studied law, and afterwards theology. He was ordained as a minister. He lived for a time in Cherry Valley, in New York; and afterwards removed to New Salem (or Couneaut, as it is also called) in Ashtabula county, Ohio. Sometimes he was a preacher, sometimes a trader. His health failing, he withdrew from active labours. Here we will introduce the testimony of his widow, who subsequently married a Mr. Davison (or Davidson) and removed to Massachusetts.

"In the town of New Salem there are numerous mounds and pits, supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. These ancient relics arrest the attention of the new settlers, and become objects of research for the curious. Numerous implements were found, and other articles evincing great skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man, and passionately fond of history, took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement, and furnish employment for his lively imagination, he conceived the idea of giving an historical sketch of this long lost race. Their extreme antiquity led him to write in the most ancient style; and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as nearly as possible. His sole object in writing this imaginary history was to amuse himself and his neighbours; this was about the year 1812. As he progressed in his narrative, the neighbours would come in from time to time to hear portions read, and a great interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by one of the lost nation, and to have been recovered from the earth, and assumed the title of 'MANUSCRIPT FOUND.' He was enabled, from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce many singular names, which were particularly noticed by the people, and could be easily recognised by them. Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother, John Spaulding, residing in the

place at the time, who was perfectly familiar with the work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it read.

"From New Salem he removed to Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania. Here Mr. Spaulding found a friend and acquaintance in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his MS. to Mr. Patterson, who was very much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it for a long time, and informed Mr. Spaulding that if he would make out a title-page and preface he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. Spaulding refused to do. Sidney Rigdon, who has since figured so largely in the history of the Mormons, was at that time connected with the printing-office of Mr. Patterson, as is well known in that region, and, as Rigdon himself has frequently stated, became acquainted with Mr. Spaulding's manuscript, and copied it.

"After the Book of Mormon came out, a copy of it was taken to New Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and the very place where the "Manuscript Found" was written. A Mormon preacher appointed a meeting there, and in the meeting read and repeated copious extracts from the Book of Mormon; the historical part was immediately recognised by all the elder inhabitants as the identical work of Mr. Spaulding in which they had all been so deeply interested years before. Mr. John Spaulding was present, and recognised perfectly the work of his brother; and expressed to the meeting his regret that the writings of his brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. This was in 1834. Thus an historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions and extracts from the sacred Scriptures, has been construed into a new Bible, and palmed off upon a company of poor deluded fanatics as Divine."*

The following testimony of Henry Lake is too important to be passed by.

"Couneaut, Ashtabula County, Ohio, September, 1833.

"I left the state of New York late in the year 1810, and arrived at this place about the first of January following. Soon after my arrival, I formed a co-partnership with Solomon Spaulding. He very frequently read to me from a manuscript which he was writing, which he entitled the 'Manuscript Found,' and which he represented as being found in this town. I spent many hours in hearing him read said writings, and became well acquainted with its contents. He wished me to assist him in getting his production printed, alleging that a book of that kind would meet with a rapid sale. I designed to do so. This book represented the American Indians as the descendants of the lost tribes, gave an account of their leaving Jerusalem, their contentions and wars, which were many and great. One time when he was reading to me the tragic account of Laban, I pointed out to him what I considered

* Matilda Davison's Letter in the *Boston Journal*, for May 18th, 1837; reprinted in "The Mormons," (No. 7, above,) p. 31, *et seq.*

an inconsistency, which he promised to correct ; but by referring to the Book of Mormon, I find, to my surprise, that it stands there just as he read it to me then. Some months ago, I borrowed the Golden Bible. I was astonished to find the same passages in it that Spalding had read to me, more than twenty years before, from his 'Manuscript Found.' Since that, I have more fully examined the said Golden Bible, and have no hesitation in saying that the historical part of it is principally, if not wholly taken from the 'Manuscript Found.' I well recollect telling Mr. Spalding that the frequent use of the words, 'And it came to pass,' 'Now it came to pass,' rendered it ridiculous."—Bennett, p. 116, *et seq.*

In Bennett's Book, p. 115, *et seq.*, there is the testimony of Mr. John Spaulding and his wife, and numerous other witnesses containing the most important statements of Mrs. Davison's letter. Whereupon the General remarks:

"The Book of Mormon was originally written by the Rev. Solomon Spalding, A.M., as a romance, and entitled the 'MANUSCRIPT FOUND,' and placed by him in the printing-office of Patterson and Lambdin, in the city of Pittsburgh, from whence it was taken by a conspicuous Mormon divine, and remodelled, by adding the religious portions, placed by him in Smith's possession, and then published to the world as the testimony exemplifies."

It is not quite so clear, as General Bennett thinks, how the manuscript got into the hands of Mr. Smith: the statement of Mrs. Davison is not free from inaccuracies; but this fact is quite plain,—that Spalding's romance forms the chief part of the Mormon Bible, and that Smith obtained it in 1826.

In a "pious" fraud, begun is half done. In 1830, the Golden Bible got printed, and he proceeded to organize his church, which took place on the 6th of April, 1830. Then it consisted of only six members—himself, his father, two brothers, and Cowdery, his scribe, and, we think, his wife.

Smith with his associates soon made converts: he baptized and "commissioned" elders, who began to preach. Visionary persons were first converted—men with a good deal of religious sensibility perhaps, with no settled religious doctrines beyond the most elementary ideas of God and a future life, but with a large degree of marvellousness—while females were captivated and went over at once. Smith was a low, vulgar man, and spoke to others, as low and vulgar, of duty, of God, of "salvation," of heaven, and of hell: they heard him gladly. His claims to inspiration, his "miraculous" Bible, his stone of vision—all were helps to him. In August, he converted Mr. Parley P. Pratt, an enthusiastic man, a preacher of the Campbellite or Christian denomination, an eloquent and poetic-minded man. Mr. Pratt returned to Ohio with his book of Mormon and a "new heart." "The word grew and prevailed," and members

were added unto this church with a rapidity which amazed the sober men of the neighbourhood. In January, Pratt and Rigdon had a thousand followers in Kirtland, a town in Ohio. Thither went the prophet and his people. Says the eulogistic Mr. Gunnison,—

“New ardour and energy were infused, and such wonderful tales of visions, voices, and miracles were spread abroad, that people flocked from all parts of the lake region to witness and judge of this *new thing*. There were ecstasies—men and women falling to the floor in the public assemblies, wallowing, rolling, and tossing of hands—pointing into the heavens at the ‘cloud of witnesses’—uttering Indian dialects, and declaring that they would immediately convert them—there was swooning—rushing out of doors and running to the fields; some would mount stones and stumps, and speak in loud ‘tongues’; some would pick up the stones and read from characters of writing, which were miraculously made, and then suddenly disappeared—others found pieces of parchment falling upon them, which they declared were sealed with the seal of Christ, and which they no sooner copied than they vanished. The utmost excitement prevailed in their meetings, and it was all attributed to ‘the outpouring of the Spirit.’

“The prophet himself seems to have become alarmed, lest the ‘vision’ should pass from him, and the vocation of Seer and Revelator become equally that of all. Accordingly, he began to preach moderation, and, finally, informed them that it was the work of the devil, who was counterfeiting the gifts of the Spirit; and the faithful were cautioned to beware. Another revelation soon followed. This made the spiritual duties of the ‘Seer’ so onerous, that he was told that strength to work would not be given him. He was to live ‘by the church’; and through him alone was to come all the counsel of wisdom, and ghostly strength for the enlightenment of the same. He was privileged to converse with angels. All must obey him as the voice of the Most High, when the message was with the prefix, ‘Thus saith the Lord,’ under the penalty of the Divine wrath.”—p. 102, *et seq.*

In June, a “revelation” was given that the elders should go forth, two by two, preaching as they went, and meet at an appointed time on the borders of the Missouri, to select a spot for a temple in “the land of Zion,” and to found there “its new Jerusalem of the saints.” They selected a spot in Jackson county, Missouri, near the town of Independence, where—so it was revealed to them—“Adam’s altar was built in the very centre of the garden of Eden.” Twelve hundred converts soon assembled. The corner-stone of the temple was laid, but the elders returned to Shinehar, or Kirtland, and engaged in building a provisional temple there. All property was consecrated to the Lord. Saints were “stewards, not owners” of their property. A tenth part of all things was for the priesthood—for Mr. Smith and his colleagues. Two years passed away, and the power of the

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prophet began to wane a little; but, fortunately for his enterprise, the people of Jackson county drove out the Mormons from Missouri. Smith declared this was a punishment for their *lack of faith*. However, an "army of Zion," with rifles at the shoulder, went over to aid their brethren. But there was no fighting. Soon the governor of Missouri furnished them protection. The slight persecution awoke new faith. In 1835, a Hebrew and theological school was established at Kirtland, and several hundred elders attended the instructions of a celebrated Hebraist and scholar. Let Mr. Gunnison tell the story:—

"Meanwhile swimming operations in lots, buildings, banks, and manufactures, were in full tide at Kirtland. A large mercantile house was started on a tithe basis, and obtained credit to a considerable amount; and in 1837, a bank was set in motion, and property assumed fictitious values. The temple, with its various compartments for giving and receiving endowments, or for imparting and obtaining the gifts of the Spirit, was so far advanced that the rites were actually held. For some days wine flowed freely—wine that had been consecrated, and declared by the prophet to be harmless and not intoxicating. This, with previous fastings, and expectations wrought up to the highest pitch, and other means used to create mental excitement, produced unheard-of effects, if we may credit the witnesses of these proceedings. Visions, tongues, trances, wallowings on the ground, shoutings, weeping, and laughing, the outpouring of prophecies, and terrible cursings of the Missourians, exhortations from house to house, and preaching to unseen nations; those, and other fantastic things, were among 'the signs following' at Kirtland.

"Not long after followed the crash of the speculations. The improvident habits of sudden wealth, the unwise investments in lots, houses, and mills, and the loose management of the mercantile firm, brought on embarrassments in 1838. The bank failed, and the managers were prosecuted for swindling. Smith and Rigdon secretly departed for Far West, the new Zion, and thus escaped to 'the city of refuge,' from the sheriff and his writs, and perhaps from the penitentiary. Here they imparted to the saints the *developing* nature of their own spirits. New cities were located, and settlements begun in Davies, Caldwell, and Carroll counties. The spot where Adam blessed his children was revealed, and a city was founded in the valley, to be called Adam-mon-diamon, significant of the patriarchal blessing."—p. 106, *et seq.*

"The older inhabitants complained of the loss of property, and alleged that no confidence could be placed in contracts made with the Mormons. When credit was given, they could not find the persons to collect dues: fictitious names were used to obtain goods and chattels, and when inquiries were made for certain persons, nobody could be found who ever heard of them. Also they began to fear that the doctrine of the Saints' right to property would render their possessions insecure. Crimination and recrimination became frequent and mutual. But we may readily believe, that the fears of the Missourians were

more aroused on the prospect of losing political ascendancy. In their meetings to consult on the alarming state of affairs, they resolved that 'the rule of the counties should never be submitted to the control of Joseph Smith.' (p. 108.)

Soon the Mormons became dangerous neighbours: they were notorious for four things—for profligacy with women, for lying, for theft, and for profane swearing; at least, such is the reputation they left with various persons we have consulted who lived in their vicinity, and had no prejudice against them. And alas! the same thing is abundantly confirmed by documents of unquestionable authority. When some among the Mormons, as the first fire of enthusiasm grew faint and dim, withdrew from the company, of course those "apostates" were more hated, and feared also, than the "gentiles" themselves; so, for self-defence, the chief persons organized a secret society, with signs and "key-words," called the "Big Fan," and afterwards "Danites" and "Destroying Angels,"—a body of men who took a dreadful oath to obey the chief of the sect in all things, right or wrong, and drive off, or put out of sight secretly, all the worst enemies of the sect. The Mormons confess that several suspicious persons suddenly disappeared, or "slipped their wind," as the phrase was. Sidney Rigdon declared that the saints must fight, and traitors be dealt with according to "the law of the Lord," asserting that Judas was trampled to death by the Apostles, and that Ananias and Sapphira were killed by St. Peter. The prophet himself did not spare his old associates when they fell back. Here is a specimen of his language, taken from the "Elders' Journal" for August, 1828, published at Far West.

"Granny Parish, and a few others who acted as lacqueys, such as Martin Harris, &c., but they are so far beneath contempt, that a notice of them would be too great a sacrifice for a gentleman to make. While they were held under the restraints of the [Mormon] church, they had to behave with some degree of propriety. But no sooner were they excluded from the fellowship of the church, than they gave loose to all kind of abominations,—swearing, lying, cheating, swindling, with every species of debauchery."—Quoted in Turner (No. 9), p. 166.

The Mormons were haughty to their opponents, and denounced "Woe to them in the name of Jesus Christ," and declared that, if compelled to fight, they would not stop till the city of St. Louis was in their possession. Such conduct, with such threats, aroused the indignation of the people, already disposed to persecute a new form of religion. Violence was committed on both sides. The local militia was called out, but defeated and driven off by the Mormons, who took the "soldiers" for a mob, coming to destroy their property—an opinion, seemingly, not very far from the truth. So the Governor

of Missouri, Mr. Boggs, called out the troops to enforce order, and, if it were necessary, "to exterminate the obnoxious Mormons."—(Gunnison, p. 110.) The principal leaders were secured, brought to examination, and treated, as it turns out, with needless and unjustifiable harshness, if not positive cruelty. Smith, Rigdon, and Parley P. Pratt were committed to jail, charged with treason. They had often been persecuted before. Joseph Smith, in 1832, had been taken from his bed, beside his wife, at midnight, by a mob—stripped naked, tarred, and feathered: Rigdon had shared the same treatment. Mr. Mayhew gives an exceedingly interesting account of these persecutions in his pleasing work, p. 62, *et seq.*

The following is Mr. Gunnison's account of the later persecutions:—

"But, in the account given by the Apostle Pratt we have a picture of horrors and inhumanity toward his people which would surpass our belief, if we did not know that a lawless mob were the actors in the scenes, or an uncontrolled, exasperated soldiery. There were too many authenticated facts, that make the blood curdle as we contemplate them, to deny that foul injustice was often practised;—and the deeds of savage brutality, whose disgusting details we pass in silence, make us sigh that they could be enacted by American citizens. Pratt avers that the flesh of their martyred comrades was cooked, and offered to the prisoners in jail for food. At How's mills, twenty of his brethren were lulled into fancied security by professions of friendship, and, when defenceless in a log building at night, they were coolly shot, through the crevices; and, after the massacre, they found a lad of nine years of age, concealed under a forge, and, dragging him out, deliberately blew off the top of his head, the miscreant boasting of his manly prowess, and all dancing with the exultation of fiends incarnate.

"The prisoners were carried from one jail to another, and their trial for treason delayed; their sufferings greatly enhanced from the uncertainty which hung over the fate of their wives and children. At last these leaders escaped; while on one of the journeys, the guard sank into a deep sleep after a drunken frolic; and thence they found their way to Illinois, to join those who had preceded them.

"The Mormons had been driven from the State. The sufferings of that defenceless multitude, whose arms and property had been surrendered, as they crossed the State to Commerce, on the Mississippi, over the bleak prairies, and amid the storms of wind and snow, in November, were most intense. The aged and the young, the sick and the delicate women, the infants, and even those born on the road, houseless and unsheltered, were to be seen in that crowd of forlorn, persecuted, and unresisting exiles. The rivers were without bridges, the waters flowed with chilling anchor ice; the currents, swollen by recent rains, had to be forded or swam, as the delay of bridging would kill by starvation or cold. *Thirty or more persons had been murdered*, others were sinking under exposure, grief, and hardship; and as one was relieved by death,

a bark coffin would enclose him, and a wave of the prairie sea pass over the mortal remains, and the sad *cortège* move on. Families were scattered, widows with helpless children clinging to them, and piteously clamouring for food ; hunger, want, and disease through all ranks—this was the exodus of a people under an inclement sky, from their homes of plenty and comfort. That fearful journey was made where fuel could scarcely be found to cook the scanty stores, and where cattle died of starvation; for they could not be trusted to range far for grass, and must be tethered at night, nor permitted leisure to graze by day, but convey along the starving pilgrims to a place of refuge. All that brotherly kindness can do was exhibited then—the crust was shared with the first neighbour whose store was exhausted—the robust cheered the weak, and the hearts of all united in sympathy.”—p. 110, *et seq.**

“Twelve thousand persons arrived on the banks of the Mississippi in destitute plight: their tale of distress touched the hearts of the Illinoisians, and they hospitably received them. Provisions and clothing were hastily gathered and freely bestowed: this generous conduct is a bright ray, piercing through the murky clouds of that dark tragedy.

“Let us reflect a moment on what has been presented before us. Can we blame a sad, revengeful remembrance of those times by the Mormons? We may ask them to forgive—to forget, never. And has a remuneration been made them for the wholesale spoliations of those whose crime was laid in their mistaken view of the rights of conscience? We have heard of none. But we have heard that one appeared in Jackson county, to sue out a writ of possession of his land, and the citizens collected and stamped him under their feet, until his bowels gushed out, and then buried him: this was all the homestead he secured. Such exhibitions of justice do not satisfy the mountain brethren that purity and right prevail in Missouri—yet, afar off, they are preparing memorials, praying permission to return, and fondly hope yet to possess the heart-beloved Zion.”—p. 112.

But this persecution, cruel as it was, proved of great service to the Mormons. Several dissenters went and formed the sect anew. Hardy men, who deserted it for conscience sake when no one invaded, buckled on their armour, and went back to repel assault. The more religious and manly persons of the neighbourhood felt a kindly sympathy with men so grievously in error, but so wickedly oppressed. The Mormon preachers caught new zeal from oppression. There was one point in which they were obviously like the early Christians—they were called on to endure persecution.

The starving multitude came to the Mississippi, and crossed over to Illinois. On a bend in that great river they selected a place for a city, and named it Nauvoo, “the City of Beauty.” Smith, throughout the whole of his ecclesiastical career, has

* This was in 1838.

shown some quite remarkable qualities—power to endear himself to men, with ability to organize them for his purpose, and secure unity of action in a multitude of discordant men. His skill in organization was never more conspicuous than on this occasion. We quote again from Lieut. Gunnison:—

“Soon the colonists changed the desert to an abode of plenty and richness. Gardens sprang up, as by magic, decorated with the most beautiful flowers of the old and new world, whose seeds were brought as mementos from former homes, by the converts that flocked to the new stake of Zion. Broad streets were soon fenced, houses erected, and the busy hum of industry heard in the marts of commerce: the steam-boat unloaded its stores and passengers, and departed for a fresh supply of merchandize,—fields waved with the golden harvests, and cattle dotted the rolling hills. A temple site was chosen on the brow of the bluff overlooking the lower town, which part of the city was on the sloping meadow in the bend below. The pattern was given to the prophet by his angel, and all the details explained orally. A Gentile architect was employed to draft it by dictation. He soon found that it was complicated, and broke the rules of his art; but notwithstanding his difficulties, Joseph insisted that the *tout ensemble* must be right; and, true enough, the ‘Lord’s design’ was at last pronounced correct. Revelations were freely vouchsafed, and they were informed that their situation was much better than what it was in Pandemonium; and they must bear the late chastisement like obedient children. All saints were loudly called to pay in their tithes of time and money; and one revelation, especially, told the kings and queens to become nursing parents to the church, and bring in their gold, their silver, and all precious stones, to build and adorn the temple. Minute transactions were governed by these revelations;—some of them have been printed, but many more remain in the manuscript, and are of no further use than historical records for preserving; memorials of that time and actions of that people.

“Flourishing centres of dense settlements sprung up in the vicinity of Nauvoo, and the accessions and exertions of emigrants enlarged their borders. Not alone to these was the increase confined. Horse-thieves and housebreakers, robbers and villains, gathered there to cloak their deeds in mystery, who, caring nothing for religion, could take the appearance of baptism, and be among, but not of them. Speculators came in and bought lots, with the hope of great remuneration, as the colony increased. The latter class, unwilling to pay tithes, soon fell into disrepute, and, when proper time had elapsed for conversion without effect, measures were taken to oust them. A proper sum would be offered for their improvements and land, and, if not accepted, then petty annoyances were resorted to. One of these was called “whittling off.” Three men would be deputed, and paid for their time, to take their jack-knives and sticks—down-east Yankees, of course—and sitting opposite the obnoxious man’s door, began their whittling. When the man went out they would stare at him, but say nothing. If he

went to the market, they followed and whittled. Whatever taunts, curses, or other provoking epithets were applied to them, no notice would be taken, no word spoken in return, no laugh on their faces. The jeers and shouts of street urchins made the welkin ring, but deep silence pervaded the whittlers. Their leerish look followed him everywhere, from 'morning dawn to dusky eve.' When he was in doors, they sat patiently down, and assiduously performed their jack-knife duty. Three days are said to have been the utmost that human nature could endure of this silent annoyance: the man came to terms, sold his possessions for what he could get, or emigrated to parts unknown."—p. 115, *et seq.*

Then followed a period of peace and surprising prosperity. "Numbers were added to them," to the amazement of mankind. Soldiers were drilled—for Joseph was no prince of peace, but wrought with "his sword girded by his side, and so builded." Schools, banks, newspapers, taverns, and all the apparatus of an American town, soon came into being. Missionaries were sent out all over the land to "plant stakes" in other places; some went to Europe, some to Palestine, some to Africa, to the East Indies, and the Sandwich Islands. The elders selected for missionaries the ambitious, uneasy, and restless spirits who would make trouble at home. If a man of this stamp was getting too deep in his investigations, or becoming weak in his faith, he presently received a "commission from on high," and went off on a mission of perilous extent and unknown duration. A three days' notice for a three years' mission was time enough for the Mormon Jesuit; and he started without purse or scrip. The missionaries preached in school-houses, in bar-rooms, in public halls, or expostulated with men by the road side, and taught "the word" from house to house. We have often conversed with them—earnest, honest, and devout men they have seemed, with an enthusiasm which only religious feeling calls out. Of course they met the same insults which the early Christians everywhere encountered, often in the same spirit, and gave their "back to the smiters."

In 1844 the Mormons declared that there were a hundred thousand "believers" in the United States. Their votes became important, the political newspapers altered their tone: for Joe Smith had a tail of a hundred thousand men. He wrote letters to the candidates for the presidency, but the answers were "unsatisfactory,"—he was not yet powerful enough to succeed in that movement. So, "the prophet" put forth his own programme of government, and was nominated for the office by his followers. *They* say that, had he lived, he would have been elected in 1848.

But a dark day drew nigh. The Mormon leaders seemed in-

intoxicated with their success and the accumulated power at their command. They tyrannized over the "Gentiles." It is said they aspired to rule the State, and set the laws at defiance. Quarrels took place in the Mormon camp. Joseph had a newspaper, appropriately called the *Wasp*; his opponents at Nauvoo another, called the *Expositor*. The hostile printing press was destroyed by a mob. Writs were issued against the leaders of the mob, but the Mormons prevented their execution. The *posse comitatus* was called out by the authorities of the State, and the militia of Nauvoo by Joseph Smith. Mr. Ford, the Governor of Illinois, repaired to the place, and succeeded in arresting the prophet, his brother, Hiram Smith, and two others—Dr. Richards and John Taylor—the "apostles." They were indicted for treason, and confined in jail. Only one thing was wanting to complete the success of the Mormons—that was presently furnished. The following is the Mormon account of the martyrdom of the prophet, which we take from the "Book of Doctrines and Covenants," (No. 10,)—p. 144, *et seq.*

"To seal the testimony of this book, and the Book of Mormon, we close with the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, the prophet, and Hiram Smith, the patriarch. They were shot in Carthage jail, on the 27th of June, 1844, about five o'clock, P.M., by an armed mob, painted black, of from 150 to 200 persons. Hiram was shot first, and fell, calmly exclaiming, 'I am a dead man!' Joseph escaped from the window, and was shot dead in the attempt, exclaiming, 'O Lord, my God!' They were both shot after they were dead in a brutal manner, and both received four balls.

"John Taylor and Williard Richards, two of the twelve, were the only persons in the room at the time; the former was wounded in a savage manner with four balls, but has since recovered; the latter, through the promises of God, escaped 'without even a hole in his robe.'

"Joseph Smith, the prophet and seer of the Lord, has done more (save Jesus only) for the salvation of men in this world than any other man that ever lived in it. In the short space of twenty years, he has brought forth the Book of Mormon, which he translated by the gift and power of God, and has been the means of publishing it on two continents; has sent the fulness of the everlasting gospel which it contained, to the four quarters of the earth; has brought forth the revelations and commandments which compose this book of doctrine and covenants, and many other wise documents and instructions for the benefit of the children of men; gathered many thousands of the Latter-day Saints; founded a great city; and left a fame and name that cannot be slain. He lived great, and he died great in the eyes of God and his people, and, like most of the Lord's anointed in ancient times, has sealed his mission and works with his own blood; and so has his brother Hiram. In life they were not divided, and in death they were not separated!

"When Joseph went to Carthage, to deliver himself up to the pretended requirements of the law, two or three days previous to his assassination, he said: 'I am going like a lamb to the slaughter; but I am calm as a summer's morning. I have a conscience void of offence towards God and towards all men. *I shall die innocent, and it shall yet be said of me, He was murdered in cold blood.*' The same morning, after Hiram had made ready to go—shall it be said to the slaughter? Yes, for so it was—he read the following paragraph, near the close of the fifth chapter of Ether, in the Book of Mormon, and turned down the leaf upon it:—

"And it came to pass that I prayed unto the Lord that he would give unto the Gentiles grace, that they might have charity. And it came to pass that the Lord said unto me, If they have not charity, it mattereth not unto you, thou hast been faithful; wherefore thy garments are clean. And because thou hast seen thy weakness, thou shalt be made strong, even unto the sitting down in the place which I have prepared in the mansions of my Father. And now I—bid farewell unto the Gentiles; yea, and also unto my brethren whom I love, until we shall meet before the judgment-seat of Christ, where all men shall know that my garments are not spotted with your blood.' The testators are now dead, and their testament is in force.

"Hiram Smith was forty-four years old last February, and Joseph Smith was thirty-eight last December; and henceforward their names will be classed among the martyrs of religion; and the reader in every nation will be reminded that the 'Book of Mormon' and this Book of Doctrine and Covenants of the Church cost the best blood of the nineteenth century to bring it forth for the salvation of a ruined world. And that if the fire can scathe a *green tree* for the glory of God, how easy it will burn up the 'dry trees,' to purify the vineyard of corruption! They lived for glory, they died for glory, and glory is their eternal reward. From age to age shall their names go down to posterity as gems for the sanctified.

"They were innocent of any crimes, as they had often been proved before, and were only confined in jail by the conspiracy of traitors and wicked men; their *innocent blood* on the floor of Carthage jail is a broad seal affixed to Mormonism, that cannot be rejected by any court on earth; and their *innocent blood* on the escutcheon of the State of Illinois, with the broken faith of the State, as pledged by the governor, is a witness to the truth of the everlasting gospel, that all the world cannot impeach; and their *innocent blood* on the banner of liberty, and on the Magna Charta of the United States, is an ambassador for the religion of Jesus Christ, that will touch the hearts of honest men among all nations; and their *innocent blood*, with the innocent blood of all the martyrs under the altar, that John saw, will cry unto the Lord of Hosts, till He avenges that blood on the earth. Amen."

Our military informant thus speaks of the matter:—

"Thus ended the mortal career of one whose true biography has yet to be written. He founded a dynasty which his death rendered more secure, and sent forth principles that take fast hold on thousands in all

lands; and the name of Great Martyr of the nineteenth century is a tower of strength to his followers. He lived fourteen years and three months after founding a society with six members, and could boast of having one hundred and fifty thousand ready to do his bidding when he died; all of whom regarded his word as the voice from Heaven. Among his disciples, he bears a character for talent, uprightness, and purity, far surpassing all other men with whom they ever were acquainted, or whose biography they have read. But few of these admirers were cognizant of other than his prophetic career, and treat with scornful disdain all that is said in disparagement of his earlier life. With those who knew him in his youth, and have given us solemn testimony, he is declared an indolent vagabond, an infamous liar, of consummate impudence. He is regarded by the 'Gentiles,' who saw him in the last few years of successful power, to have been a man of unbridled lust, and engaged with the counterfeiting and robbing bands of the Great Valley; but these charges have never been substantiated—and dissenters charge him with breaking the whole Decalogue.

"His mind was an active one, and he possessed elements of an engaging kind; without them, he could not have held men so long and so forcibly. In this, he has compeers among those who have played a similar part on the credulity of mankind, and claimed a divine mission. Like them, he was bold in assertion of his 'truths,' and hurled anathemas upon all who did not acknowledge his pretensions. He found many to listen, who would then consider and examine awhile, and ask themselves the question, 'What, after all, if this should be true?'—and in that *doubt* lay their danger, for 'he that doubteth is damned' when the true light is shining around him. The wonder that strikes us is, the time and the manner in which this new doctrine is sought to be established, and its rapid success. No one can doubt that there was genius, sagacity, and intuitive insight into the characters of men, which was operated with from the time of inducing Harris to assist in publishing his Bible. From the moment that person was duped, and became bound by his cupidity to the issue of the book from the press, was the struggle of mental power. Next, when it was found that the work would not be a lucrative object, what but transcendent ability could have controlled the mind of the versatile, eloquent, and methodical Rigdon, and used his talents to organize a church system and put it into complete operation, which no follower has dared to amend? And the most bitter trials did not daunt him: he looked calmly on the misery of thousands about him, in the fires of persecution, and still moved on unflinching, till at last he dared a ruthless mob to his death, which showed a determination to ride 'the whirlwind and direct the storm,' regardless of the human suffering that might be endured.

"The anecdotes of his eccentricities and manners are household themes in the mountains, and time and distance are embellishing them with all the virtues of the true hero. They love to relate to listening friends and children how the prophet Joseph would strip off the mask of hypocrisy—how he would meet a new convert, bringing his long-faced piety from the other denominations, and challenge a wrestling

match in the streets, nor let off the sanctimonious and surprised fellow until he had shown him that his athletic reputation was not a sham, by leaving him flat in the dust—and to all he taught that his was a laughter-loving, cheerful religion. And how another, coming with charitable zeal to the prophet, would be requested to lend for the temple all his money, and then be noticed no more than other strangers; the poor destitute being obliged to shoulder spade and axe, and labour in poverty until he would decamp or be proved faithful. If he stood the test for a few months, he would suddenly be called to head-quarters, and eligible lots assigned him, and some position given in which he could earn his bread in comfort.”—p. 124, *et seq.*

“He lived long enough for his fame, and died when he could just be called a martyr. He had become too violent and impatient to control, for a long time, the multitude—he could begin, but not conduct successfully, a revolution. In this respect, he contrasts remarkably with his successor in the Seership of the Saints. The latter could never be a martyr. His prudence and foresight have been shown under the most trying circumstances, and in cool calculation of the future he is pre-eminent, and plans with cautious policy to meet all the exigencies before him. Policy is a word little known in the vocabulary of the first prophet, and is the most frequent in that of the present one.”—p. 127.

After his death, the Mormons were greedy for vengeance, thinking the “time to fight had fully come;” but prudent men delayed the multitude, and wiser counsels prevailed. Brigham Young was chosen for their chief in place of Joseph. He is called “the Lion of the Lord,” a shrewd and eloquent man, at present governor of Utah. It was not safe for the Mormons to remain at Nauvoo; yet it was hard to leave their “City of Beauty.” They dreaded to finish their Great Temple, already far advanced, and then sell their possessions and remove into the wilderness, to a place “appointed” for them. In the autumn of ’44, and the winter of ’45, several parties set out on their second journey of twelve hundred miles through a wilderness.

Says Mr. Gunnison, with his usual beauty of speech:—

“Ox-carts and mule teams, loaded with all sorts of furniture, intermingled with women and children, wended their way slowly along on miry tracts, and crossed the swollen streams—fuel and grass scanty—but the spirits of all unbroken, save the sick and helpless. Closely bound together by common dangers and a common faith, they performed with alacrity their duties, and sympathy made the dreary journey one of social life. Their mirthfulness would be excited by little incidents, and even misfortunes were turned into jokes, as helping hands lent their aid to right a broken wheel or upset wagon. At the halting places, the spinning-wheel would be taken down and yarn spun to keep the knitting-needles going when riding during the day, and cloth made from wool sheared after the journey began. At some places,

land was broken up and planted with seed, and a family or two left to rear a crop for those who were to follow in autumn. The lowing herd accompanied, and the milch kine yielded the nourishing beverage, and butter was made by the jolting of the wagons as they travelled along."—p. 130, *et seq.*

Still they continued to work on the temple, and, when it was completed, they called together the covenanters:—

"From the surrounding country, and from parties far advanced on their prophetic journey, priests, elders, and bishops, stole into the city as dusty travellers, and were suddenly metamorphosed to dignity by their robes of office; and one day, from high noon to the shade of night, was there a scene of rejoicing and solemn consecration of the beautiful edifice, on which so much anxiety and thought had lately been expended. There stood the Mormon temple in simple beauty, the pride of the valley. The great altar hung with festoons of flowers and green wreaths; the baptistic laver resting on twelve elaborately carved oxen, decorated with the symbolic glories—celestial, telestial, and terrestrial; the chaunt was sung, the prayers offered up, and the noble building, resplendent with lights of lamp and torches, solemnly dedicated to their own God. This done, and the walls were dismantled of ornaments and the symbols of their faith, the key-words of the mysteries and lettered insignia were all removed with haste, except the sun, moon, and stars, carved in stones of the walls, and the temple forsaken, to be 'profaned and trodden down by the Gentiles.' A few brief hours were given to this brilliant pageant, and during this festive, joyous scene, a spectator would have supposed the actors expected that house to be their own for ever. There is something truly affecting in the contemplation of that devotional offering of so fine a temple, and their leaving it unscathed to the hand of their enemies."—Gunnison, p. 131, *et seq.*

"From this time all defence ceased, and their enemies rested satisfied that the Mormons had decided to sell their possessions. Arrangements for surrender and departure were quickly made. Company after company followed the pioneers to the white Missouri; and many, crossing over in early summer, turned up the rich but pestilential prairie sod to prepare a harvest for autumn, and await the last of the trains. During that summer the plague and fever raged violently, and its ravages in the great bottom, on Indian and white men, were fearful. Winter approached—the tent and wagon body, with its hooped canvas, were exchanged for caves dug in the sides of the hills, and covered with logs, reeds, or cloth. The scanty fuel gave but little warmth to ward off the cold, made more searching from the piercing winds that howled over the delta prairies of the Missouri and Nebraska. Then came the ague, the rheumatism, and the scurvy, the terrible concomitants of fatigue, exposure, and scanty fare. Numbers died, and were buried in the rich alluvion. Awful as was that winter and spring, a cheerful heart and countenance was on all sides—a revelation gave permission to dance, to sing, and enjoy the swelling music from the excellent band that accompanied all their journeys."—p. 132, *et seq.*

"In the spring of 1847, a pioneer party of 143 men proceeded to open the way; and the host, in parties of tens, fifties, and hundreds, followed. This was an admirable system, and baffled the thievish desire of the Sioux, Crows, and Shoshones. A captain was over each division, but the captains of hundreds had the supervision of the smaller bands. A strict discipline of guard and march was observed. But the drain of the battalion threw the burden of toil much upon the women. Females drove teams of several yoke of oxen a thousand miles. A man could take three teams by the help of a woman and lad—he driving the middle one, and stepping forward to assist over the creeks with the foremost, and then bring up the rear ones—and at the camps unyoke and 'hitch up' for his feebler coadjutors. Thus they wound along their weary way, at ten and fifteen miles a day—forded, or bridged, and ferried over, the Loup, the Horn, and Platte rivers on the plains, and the swollen streams of the Bear, and rushing Weter, in the mountains."—p. 133, *et seq.*

Colonel Kane, an accomplished and philanthropic gentleman of Philadelphia, accompanied them in this painful march. "Every day closed," says he, "as every day began, with an invocation of the Divine power; without which, indeed, no Mormon seemed to dare to lay him down to rest: with the first shining of the stars, laughter and loud talking were hushed—the neighbour went his way; you heard the last hymn sung, and then the thousand-voiced murmur of prayer was heard like bubbling water falling down the hills." "They lived the sort of strong-stomached faith that is still found embalmed in sheltered spots of Catholic Italy and Spain, with the spirit of the believing of the Dark Ages." "It mixed itself up fearlessly with the common transactions of every-day life, and only to give them liveliness and vigour."

The Indians came and welcomed the Mormons, who saw the "LOST TEN TRIBES" in the wandering red men of the wilderness. Said a celebrated chief to them in a *talk*:—

"My Mormon brethren,—the Pottawattomie came sore and tired into this unhealthy Missouri Bottom, not many years back, when he was taken from his beautiful country beyond the Mississippi, which had abundant game, and timber, and clean water everywhere. Now you are driven away the same, from your lodges and lands there, and the graves of your people. So we have both suffered; we must help one another, and the Great Spirit will help us both. You are now free to cut down all the wood you wish. You can make all your improvements, and live on any part of our actual land not occupied by us. Because one suffers and does not deserve it, it is no reason he shall suffer always. I say, we may live to see all right yet: however, if we do not, our children will."

On the 24th of July, 1846, they came to their journey's end;

the site of the city of Deseret—the Great Salt Lake city—in the “land of the Honey Bee.” In 1852, they have a population in the city of about 30,000, it is said, industrious, comfortable, and rich in the industrial wealth of a settlement in the interior of the wilderness. The land yields sixty bushels of wheat to the acre. Reptiles grow to an enormous size; and cattle fatten and fruits mature with slender aid from man. Timber is abundant; the streams abound in fish; the woods are full of game. Nature takes the Mormon kindly to her bosom, after man had rudely thrust him away.

Let us now speak briefly of the doctrines of this remarkable sect. Here is a brief sketch of them, which we take for convenience from Mr. Gunnison's book. He gives the language of the dogmatic authorities.

“We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

“We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgressions.

“We believe that, through the Atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and the ordinances of the Gospel.

“We believe that these ordinances are—1st. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ: 2nd. Repentance: 3rd. Baptism, by immersion, for the remission of sins: 4th. Laying on of hands by the gift of the Holy Spirit: 5th. The Lord's Supper.

“We believe that men must be called of God by inspiration, and by laying on of hands from those who are duly commissioned to preach the Gospel, and administer in the ordinances thereof.

“We believe in the same organization that existed in the Primitive Church—viz., apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, &c.

“We believe in the powers and gifts of the everlasting Gospel—viz., the gift of faith, discerning of spirits, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, tongues, and the interpretation of tongues, wisdom, charity, brotherly love, &c.

“We believe the Word of God recorded in the Bible; we also believe the Word of God recorded in the Book of Mormon, and in all other good books.

“We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal; and we believe that He will reveal many more great and important things pertaining to the kingdom of God and Messiah's second coming.

“We believe in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be established upon the western continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth a thousand years; and that the earth will be renewed, and receive its paradisaical glory.

“We believe in the literal resurrection of the body, and that the rest of the dead live not again until the thousand years are expired.

“We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according

to the dictates of our conscience, unmolested, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how or where they may.

"We believe in being subject to kings, queens, presidents, rulers, and magistrates; in obeying, honouring, and sustaining the law.

"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, temperate, benevolent, virtuous, and upright, and in doing good to all men; indeed we may say, that we follow the admonition of Paul, we 'believe all things,' we 'hope all things,' we have endured very many things, and hope to be able to 'endure all things.' Everything lovely, virtuous, praiseworthy, and of good report, we seek after, looking forward 'to the recompence of reward.' But an idle or lazy person cannot be a Christian, neither have salvation. He is a drone, and destined to be stung to death and tumbled out of the hive."—p. 39, *et seq.*

"God the Father is a man like unto one of yourselves," says Joseph, in his "Last Sermon,"—"that is the great secret." "If you were to see Him to-day, you would see Him in all the *person, image, and very form of a man*: for Adam was created in the very fashion and image of God,—*walked, talked, and communed with Him as one man talks and communes with another.*" "We worship a God," says another authority, "who hath both body and parts; who has eyes, mouth, and ears, and who speaks when and to whom He pleases; and who is just as good at mechanical inventions as at any other business."

"God the Son is the offspring of the Father by the Virgin Mary, whom He wooed over to be the wife of His bosom."

The Holy Ghost is the Mind of the Father and the Son, but has not a material body.

The souls of men were *begotten* by the Father, not *created*, independent of a body, and afterwards took material bodies of their own choice—there are high and low races of men. The "negro is cursed as to the priesthood, and must always be a servant wherever his lot is cast, and therefore never shall attain to anything but a dim-shining glory." At the resurrection, the body is to be raised the same as before—all, except the blood. There are angels, good and bad, and a devil.

The highest magistracy is the Presidency of three persons, whereof one is the President; next is the high apostolic college of twelve apostles; then the high-priests, priests, elders, bishops, teachers, and deacons: prophets arise out of every rank. There is a high council of twelve high-priests, in perpetual session, at head quarters to advise the presidency. The council is "eye, ear, and hand to the president." The priesthood is supreme in the State; so the government is a theocracy of the most absolute character, only the offices are not hereditary.

They do not regard the Scriptures as a *finality*: thus, in the Book of Mormon (the Second Book of Nephi, chap. xii.) it is

said: "And because My (God's) words shall hiss forth, many of the Gentiles shall say 'a bible, a bible, a bible—we have got a bible, and there cannot be any more bible!' But thus saith the Lord God: "O fools, they [ye] shall have a bible." "Thou fool, that shall say, 'A bible, we have got a bible, and we need no more bible.' Have ye obtained a bible, save it were by the Jews? Know ye not that there are more nations than one?" "Wherefore murmur ye because that ye shall receive more of my word?" "And because that I have spoken one word, ye need not suppose that I cannot speak another; but my work is not yet finished; neither shall it be, until the end of man; neither from that time henceforth, and for ever."

The Mormons claim the continuity of inspiration, and believe in the perpetual revision of theology; so the sect has an element of progress not acknowledged by any other Christian sect. There is no written book that is the absolute standard of doctrine. A new revelation may repudiate the Bible of the Christians and the Book of Mormon, or any portion thereof.

The Book of Mormon itself is an impudent and worthless fabrication, possessing no merit of any kind, save the copying of some beautiful and pious passages of the Holy Scriptures. The extract above is the most noteworthy in the book; the style is poor and low in general, often setting at defiance all recognised rules of uninspired grammar. These are some specimens: "The Lord remembereth *all they*," &c; "*unto they*;" "know that he *be* their God;" "*ye hath* done;" "*I saith* unto them;" "these things *had not ought* to be." The Mormons admit these errors, but add, that for the inscrutable purposes of Providence grammar was not needed.

It is not difficult to detect three different authors by their several styles,—namely, Solomon Spalding, as we suppose, Joseph Smith, and Rigdon, or Cowdery, or some other author to us unknown.

The Mormon doctrine of marriage is peculiar and extraordinary, for an American sect in the middle of the nineteenth century. No doubt, the condition of woman is one of the dark spots in the ecclesiastical civilization of Christendom. She has not been recognised by the theology of the Christian Church as a complete *person*, the equal or equivalent of man—only as a fraction of a person, and convenient as a helpmate to the stronger-bodied portions of the human race. But the Mormons, in their theory as in their practice, degrade woman more than any of the Christian sects at this day. All the hierarchical persons are allowed a plurality of wives. The writings of Joseph Smith, and the "Doctrines and Covenants," maintain a discreet reserve on this matter; and many Mormons, for a good while, denied the

polygamy of their sect. But the disclosures of Catherine Lewis (No. 4) and others, put the fact beyond question. Indeed, their most important teachers now boldly avow and defend the doctrine. At first, if we understand the matter, it was adopted as an exceptional and private *measure*, purely for the convenience of the prophet and his coadjutors. But he, in his divine character, must justify on *principle* what he practised as a measure.

After a man has one wife, others may be "sealed to him;" and every woman, not otherwise provided for, has an undeniable right to demand of the authorities a man in marriage. He is, to her, the vehicle of salvation: for the idea prevails that "the man is not without the woman, nor the woman without the man," in the kingdom of heaven. The president may "seal" any woman upon any man. If we may trust the report of the judges, appointed for that district, laid before the American Congress, this "blessing of Jacob" is pretty widely diffused. It is said that Brigham Young filled an omnibus with his wives, and every one of them had "a young prophet in her lap or arms. Miss Lewis's book, otherwise enlivened in its statements, gives a melancholy impression of the state of morals at Nauvoo.

This is from the pen of Orson Hyde, "the chief of the apostles:—

"If in Christ himself were fulfilled the words of Isaiah, 'he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand,' the Christian world are not mistaken in their opinion. But how were they fulfilled? If at the marriage of Cana of Galilee, Jesus was the bridegroom, and took unto him Mary, Martha, and the other Mary whom Jesus loved, it shocks not our nerves.

"If there were not an attachment and familiarity between our Saviour and these women highly improper, only in the relation of husband and wife, then we have no sense of propriety, or of the characteristics of good and refined society. Wisely, then, was it concealed; but when the Saviour poured out His soul unto death when nailed to the cross, He saw his *seed of children*; but who shall declare His *generation*? No one, if He had *none* to be declared. Notwithstanding this, which to many is a new and strange feature in Christianity, are we not disposed to mock at it, neither to regret salvation through the Virgin's Son?"

Says Mr. Grennison:—

"On the 24th July last, 1851, the orator said, 'Here let the sacred rights of matrimony, like the pure love of God, 'spread undivided and operate unspent,' until the children of Abraham become as numerous as the stars above, or the sands below; that from the resurrection the joint heirs of Jesus Christ may do the works that their Father did, till

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each, in the centre of his own glory, may reign in his own eternity a god.'

"Let it be a sacred motto—The woman that marries out of the priesthood, marries for hell."—p. 69.

Last summer (June, 1852), Brother Pratt, "Apostle of the Latter-day Saints," published a communication in the *San Francisco Herald*, in which he asks, if men would "exclude Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the kings, prophets, and patriarchs of old, from the kingdom of God; and three quarters of the present generations of mankind from all participation in the gospel ordinances, merely because *their family is too large*? Nay more, the narrow ignorant limitation of some churches and states would imprison for years the patriarch Jacob, turn his *four wives*, twelve sons, and a daughter, into the street, without a father or husband, dishonoured and rendered illegitimate; others, if possible, demolish the very gates of the New Jerusalem because the names of the sons of Jacob, by his wives Rachel, Leah, Bilhah, and Zilpah, were found engraven on the gates."

The condition of woman, of course, is degraded, and must become more and more so continually; the effect of polygamy must ere long become apparent in the manners of the men at Deseret. Says Mr. Stansbury, in his highly interesting work, (No. 12.) "I heard it proclaimed from the stand (pulpit) by the president himself; that he had the right to take a thousand wives, if he thought proper, and he defied anyone to prove from the Bible that he had not. At the same time, I have never known any member of the community allow that he himself had more than one, although that such was the fact was as well known as any fact could be." But he confesses that the practical operation of the scheme was quite different from what he had anticipated. "Peace, harmony, and cheerfulness seemed to prevail, where my preconceived notions led me to look for nothing but the exhibition of petty jealousies, envy, bickerings, and strife."

The question has often been asked, "Will the Federal Government allow an individual state to tolerate and legalize polygamy?" This question will hardly present a new issue in the United States: for in half of the Union not only is polygamy a fixed fact in the institutions of the country, but the raising of women for sale is a thriving branch of business. We think the general government will settle certain questions of morals which lie nearer the Capitol, before the constitutional arm is prolonged so far as to reach the Great Salt Lake city and disturb the "holy family" of Brigham Young, and his "Omnibus full of wives." However, America probably is the only country of

Christendom where Mormonism could get fairly on its legs and essay a walk.

The Mormons have been most vehemently attacked, and have sometimes defended their doctrines with a good deal of subtlety and skill. Orson Pratt's volume (No. 6) is a remarkable book. It contains the Mormon "Evidences" of "*revealed religion*." He denies that it is unscriptural to expect more Scripture, and thinks it would have been no worse for the compilers of the Bible to have added the "Book of Gad the Seer," than the "Song of Solomon."

New revelation has always been needed, and God has furnished it from time to time. The revelation to Abel was sufficient to save him; but it would not have kept Noah out of the Flood. Lot was only saved by a yet new revelation. Revelations given to one generation are not adequate to develop the duties of another. The *general* laws which are revealed are always the same. The *particular* laws are different: things naturally right and wrong are discernible by conscience; but other things technically right and wrong are only made known by miraculous revelation. The doctrine of continued revelation has always been believed by the Saints, and it would be the greatest presumption to call it in question at this period.

The Mormons claim that they alone inherit the "promises" made by Jesus to his followers, and that no other church can claim this, on account of its corruption. The Christian church has lost all authority; but, shrewdly quotes Mr. Pratt, the Church of England states in one of her Homilies ("Of the Perils of Idolatry") "Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, men, and women, and children, of all ages, sects, and degrees of whole Christendom, have been at once busied in the most abominable idolatry (a most dreadful thing to think) and that for a space of eight hundred years, or more." Wesley, quoth he, asserts that the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost parted from the Christian church, "because the Christians were turned heathens again, and had only a dead form left." This authority was forfeit, and the party forfeiting it could not recover the lost gift. So God bestowed it upon the "Church of Latter-day Saints;" gave them the power to work miracles—miracles of healing, of conversion, of prophecy, and of the new revelation. The early Christians lived in *continued* revelations, which the Mormons now exclusively possess. The Bible is not a sufficient guide, as it is shown by the fact, that all sects of Christians require creeds, commentaries, book of evidences, and sermons, to guide their opinions or their practice.

"The Christians claim a miraculous revelation," say the

Mormons; "and so do we claim their Scriptures and our own new ones. The miracles of the Book of Mormon are quite as credible as the miracles of the Bible—the angels of one as much a fact as the angels of the other—the visions of Joseph Smith as authentic as the visions of Paul or Peter."

Unbelievers say, "Show us the gold plates, the original records of the Book of Mormon;" to which the Mormon replies, "Show us the original MS. of any part of the Old Testament or New Testament!"

"Jesus and the Apostles wrought miracles; so did the early church," say the Christians; and the Mormons claim to work miracles to-day, and have a "church of witnesses" to corroborate the claim. Smith wrought miracles; the elders work miracles; the Book of Mormon itself is a stupendous miracle; and the rapid rise and steady progress of the new sect is the most astonishing miracle on record, say they.

If ever Christians appeal to the evidences of the genuineness and authenticity of the Christian Scriptures—the Mormons have their evidences. Do the more romantic appeal to the "testimony of the Spirit?"—the Mormons do the same, and claim the "undying witness of the Holy Ghost" to the truth of their religion. Sometimes the other sects attack the Mormons, and say, "Work us a miracle." Say the Mormons, "Do you appeal to miracles as proof of truth?—let us see the miracles of the Baptists or the Methodists, of the Calvinists or the Unitarians! We have *miracles* in abundance to show." Orson Pratt relates sundry miracles in his book (p. 53 and 69, *et seq.*), "the great miracle of Reuben Brinkworth;" cases of healing the blind, the leprous; cures of the cholera, and other diseases; cures of "bones set through faith." There are written records stating the names and places of the persons, the time, and circumstance of the miracle, with a minute nicety to which the Christian Scriptures make no pretence.

Some of the Mormons defend themselves quite shrewdly from the attacks of other sectarians. If the Christians say, "Your story is incredible—we cannot believe your account of the miraculous origin of the Book of Mormon,"—the Latter-day Saint replies, "The origin of the Book of Mormon is not more incredible than the miraculous inspiration of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures: one miracle is as miraculous, and so as incredible, as another." "But," says the objector, "the doctrines of your sect are absurd and incredible." Replies the Mormon, "What is more incredible to the 'natural man' than the Miraculous Birth, Life, Resurrection, and Ascension, of Jesus of Nazareth? What more apparently fantastic and absurd in our book than in Hebrew Ezekiel or the Christian Apocalypse?"

"But your claim for Joseph Smith is absurd," says the "Gentile." "So is the claim of the Catholic for his Pope's infallibility," retorts the "believer;" "so is the claim of the Protestant, that Paul had an infallible inspiration. But these things only seem absurd to the 'outsiders,' not to the 'elect.'"

"But you make God material, give Him the parts of a man, and the passions of a man!" "In this," says the Mormon, "we only follow the Old Testament."

"But you advocate polygamy," continues the "Gentile!" "And have Abraham to our father," retorts the new "saint;" "with Job, and David, and Solomon, to sustain us, and not a word in the New Testament directly against us. The man is not for the woman, but the woman for the man; and if one is not enough, why let us take more. Besides, we only do openly, and as a religious principle, what you secretly practise as a measure of carnal policy."

We have no doubt that Joseph Smith was quite as bad as he is represented. It seems to be made out that he was a low and dissolute man, would lie, was often drunk and quarrelsome; that this character continued after he was the head of the new sect, and remained, without much alteration, till his death; and that the Book of Mormon is an impudent and worthless forgery. Still, he had the power to endear himself to a large body of men, to unite them together, inspire them with a zeal and vigour, a resolution and self-denial, such as no other preacher in America has had. Both he and his successor Mr. Young seem to have a good deal of skill in organizing men, and managing them.

Here it seems to us is the secret of their success: 1. They excited the marvellousness of men to a great degree. The claims of Mr. Smith to inspiration, to the possession of the Golden Plates of his Bible, attracted rude and visionary men as a ghost-story or a "spiritual rapping" fascinates and delights so many. The Catholic church has enough food for this marvellousness, which goes hungry in the Protestant Church, and is fain to fill itself at the tables of "tippers" and "rappers," and "writing mediums."—2. They claimed, that God is just as active at the present day in inspiring the souls of men as He was in the days of Moses or Jesus; that He has not withdrawn from the world; that inspiration is a fact now, and always will be a fact while men are faithful. This also commended itself to the minds of men who had wondered that there are no more "open visions."—3. They actually did demand piety and morality of men, and deeply and earnestly touched the religious feelings of men. Mr. Smith himself seems to have had a good deal of religious sensibility, like king David, though it did not appear in the normal form of a moral life in the case of the prophet, more

than in that of the Psalmist and king.—4. The leaders had really the power to organize men so as to produce unity of action in a large multitude, to inspire the mass of men with respect and confidence in the governing power, and to have comfort and good order.—5. They encountered persecution—gross, cruel, and remorseless persecution.

The Mormons at present at Deserét live in an orderly and quiet manner—industrious, comfortable, and happy. The testimony of Colonel Kane, of Lieut. Grennison, of Captain Stansbury, proves this. There is abundant evidence that the Mormon emigrants are more orderly, temperate, clean, and decorous than any class of foreigners that arrive in America. We trust they may renounce the miserable absurdities of their theology, discard the doctrine of polygamy, respect woman as the equal of man, abandon their hierarchical form of government, and become a great sect that loves God and man. It is not just to despise their humble origin, nor the extravagance of the rude men who set the sect in motion. If in the second century a “commission” had been appointed to investigate the origin of the Christian Church and the Christian Scriptures, it might perhaps have brought strange things to light. For our own part, we are glad to see any signs of a fresh religious life in America, or in Christendom, and welcome this sect to the company of the Methodists and Anabaptists, the Protestants and the Catholics, and wish them all God speed. The freaks of religious childhood do not surprise us; and we expect a baby to cry before it talks, to creep before it runs.

ART. VIII.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. *The Works of Daniel Webster.* 6 vols. 8vo. Boston : Little and Brown. London : John Chapman.
2. *Daniel Webster: a Discourse.* By Theodore Parker.

NO American statesman of the present century has won for himself a higher or wider renown than Daniel Webster. At home, amid varying verdicts as to his purity of purpose, all parties were unanimous in attributing to him unrivalled ability as a lawyer, an orator, and a politician; and abroad, his conduct in international affairs, with two recent exceptions, created a general disposition to accept the high estimate made of him by his countrymen. His death has been mourned throughout the United States as a national loss; and the public prints, of all

shades of political belief have united to do him honour, as a man who has left no equal. The mere fact of this reputation, apart from its justice, warrants our laying before our readers a sketch of Daniel Webster's career, together with as complete an estimate of his public character as is attainable amidst the strangely conflicting opinions and statements of fact with respect to him.

Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, belonged to a Scottish family, which settled in New Hampshire about the year 1626. He was a fine representative of a class of men peculiar to New England, and who have left their mark on the character of the whole American people,—a class vigorous in body and mind, patient of hardship, indomitable in purpose, wringing their subsistence from a reluctant soil whose ownership was contested by savages, and exhibiting in their varying occupations as farmers, huntsmen, soldiers, and legislators, those qualities of courage, independence, fortitude, sagacity, homely sense, and instinct of government, which made them such proficient in the art of organizing liberty and instituting equality. Their characters gained an iron strength in their daily struggle with the grim facts of their border life—in that grapple with natural difficulties where nothing was given as a boon, but everything had to be won as a conquest. In such an existence there could, of course, be no weak divorce of speculation and action, but thought and will had the connexion of light and heat. Their rights and duties were not theories, but household facts; and to defend their freedom, and, if need be, to die in its defence, was as natural, as instinctive, as free from the sentimentality of mere opinion, as the healthiest heroism which springs from the family affections. This truth has been sometimes doubted, from the singular infelicity of much of its literary expression. Most of the oratorical patriotism of the country misrepresents the thoughts and feelings it so clumsily labours to embody. The big phrases, and the periods swollen almost to bursting with rhetorical self-elation, which provoke the contempt or disgust of foreign taste, are but rude freemason signs of genuine emotions, with which they have no intrinsic connexion. At the worst, they are but after-thoughts of deeds originally performed as simple matters of course.

Ebenezer Webster had his full share of the hard, persistent vitality of the New England yeoman of his time, and traces of his character are visible in the moral and mental lineaments of his more distinguished son. Over six-feet high, broad-chested, with prominent features and swarthy complexion, and undaunted mind in a robust body,

“That ever, with a frolic welcome, took
The thunder and the sunshine,”

his whole life was passed in sturdy, uncomplaining labour, at a period when existence was to be earned only by the sweat of the brow and toil of the brain. In the war of 1756, he was a common soldier in the provincial troops that served under General Amherst, in the invasion of Canada, and in this service his merit soon promoted him to the rank of captain. The cession of Canada to England, under the treaty of 1763, opened the interior of New Hampshire to settlement, by relieving it from the constant incursions of savages; and Ebenezer Webster received, with other retired soldiers, a grant of land at the head quarters of the Merrimac River, now called the town of Salisbury; and here, in 1764, with no civilized habitation between his own and the walls of Quebec, he built a log-cabin, and began his rough farmer's life. Eighty years after, Daniel Webster, in noticing a taunt of his political opponents, that General Harrison was the log-cabin candidate for the Presidency, alluded with deep and characteristic feeling to his own father's first home. "It did not happen to me," he said, "to be born in a log-cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements in Canada. . . . I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents, which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for HIM who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues under its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own,—may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted for ever from the memory of mankind!"

The period between 1764 and 1775 was one of great popular excitement throughout the American colonies. The various measures of taxation which resulted in their revolt from British dominion were vehemently and intelligently discussed in every village and hamlet in New England; and on the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, Ebenezer Webster raised a company, composed of his friends, kinsmen, and townsmen, and was in service during the greater part of the contest. In the last year of the war, on the 18th of January, 1782, Daniel Webster was born. His mother, the second wife of his father, was a woman of strong

mind and deep affections, and seems to have early discerned the uncommon capacity of her child. His juvenile thirst for knowledge, combined with the fact that he was frail in constitution as compared with his robust elder brothers, gained for him the privilege of being sent to school when very young. The peripatetic schoolmaster of that day, who ventured to carry the treasures of reading, writing, and arithmetic, to towns on the edges of civilized life, was commonly unskilled in more than one or two branches of learning. Thus the boy's first master could write a good running-hand and read pretty well, but his spelling was as bad as Sheridan's or the Duke of Marlborough's. To his school-house, however, the future statesman daily trudged in the bitter winter weather of New Hampshire, when he was only four years old, to lay siege to the precious fraction of universal knowledge deposited in the cranium of Master Chase, and to hear, on his return, the jocular Anak's (his elder brother) remark, that "Dan was sent to school in order that he might know as much as other boys." His second instructor, at a later age, was somewhat more brilliantly endowed; and still lives to testify to the willingness with which his pupil received the rudiments of learning. As the boy grew older, he eagerly availed himself of a small public library in the town, and thoroughly studied the few English classics it contained. The "Spectator," Pope's "Essay on Man," and the dramas of Shakespeare, were his especial delight. His memory, as vivid as it was tenacious, fastened on the ideas and images suggested by these books, and made them his companions during the long hours in which he assisted his father on the farm. The "Constitution of the United States," with which his name is now inseparably connected in America, first met his eye in a country shop, printed on a cotton handkerchief. Making it his own by a valorous sacrifice of his hoarded pocket-money, he read it the same evening by the light of his father's snapping wood fire, and fixed it in his mind for ever. But it is to be presumed, that the education which exerted the greatest influence in forming his character came directly from the culture and discipline of his home and the scenery with which that home was surrounded. The American spirit which appears so constantly in his writings, was wrought into the substance of his growing mind at his father's fireside. Ebenezer Webster had, in his humble way, acted history; and from his lips his son caught the living annals of the two great contests in which the colonies had been engaged,—"the Iliad and the Odyssey," says Mr. Everett, "of American independence." Nature also spoke to him in her rudest Spartan tones. He saw, to apply his own words in relation to his native State, "a sterile and stubborn soil,

but the resolution to subdue it as stubborn also. Unrelenting rocks have yielded, and do yield to unrelenting labour. Manly strength, the nerved arm of freemen, each one tilling his own land, and standing on his own soil, enjoying what he earns, and ready to defend it,"—all these preached to him the lessons of self-trust and faith in effort.

The reserve, also, which hung like a cloud round his boyhood, probably aided his development, by deepening and broadening his nature. At the academy, to which he was sent at the age of fourteen, no entreaties of his teachers could surmount his aversion to public speaking, or tempt him to join in an exercise of declamation, though, even then, his prodigious head, deep, rich voice, and blazing hazel eyes, seemed to prophesy the orator he eventually became. This reserve, and contempt of exhibition, starving vanity to feed pride, indicated no want of ambition; but his ambition was of that healthy kind, which is content to advance by steps instead of leaps, and which indulges in none of those vague illusions of greatness, by which thought so often weakens will. It was not until he had been nine months at the academy that his father told him his intention of giving him a collegiate education. "I remember," says Mr. Webster, in a memorandum of his boyhood, "the very hill which we were ascending, through deep snow, in a New England sleigh, when my father made known this purpose to me. I could not speak: how could he, I thought, with so large a family, and in such narrow circumstances, think of incurring so great an expense for me? A warm glow ran all over me, and I laid my head on my father's shoulder and wept."

After some preparatory studies, he entered Dartmouth College in 1797, where he remained four years, keeping school during the winter months, to help pay the expenses of his brothers' education. He graduated with honour, though he does not appear to have been swayed by the common ambitions of a college student; and he signified his sense of the value of his diploma by contemptuously tearing it to pieces as he left the college doors. For about eight months after, he took the charge of a school in Fryeburg Maine, receiving as compensation a dollar a day. With the provident forecast of New England prudence, he saved his whole salary to provide for the period of his professional studies, and supported himself by copying deeds for the recorder of the county. At Fryeburg, he borrowed a copy of "Blackstone's Commentaries," the reading of which decided his leaning to the law. In 1802, he returned to Salisbury, and, for two years, studied his profession in the office of a hard-headed pedantic lawyer of the town, who tasked him with his toughest books. From this ungenial master he escaped, in

1804, to Boston, and completed his legal studies in the office of Christopher Gore, an accomplished lawyer and civilian, whose favourable opinion he quickly won, and under whose direction he mastered some of the most intricate branches of his profession. In 1805, he was admitted to the bar; but his career was in danger of being suddenly checked by what appeared to be an uncommon piece of good fortune. His father had been made a judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Hillsborough, "in conformity," says Mr. Everett, "with a very common practice at that time, of placing on the side bench of the lower courts men of intelligence and respectability, though not lawyers." The clerkship of this court became vacant; and Judge Webster's colleagues offered it to him for his son. The fees were about fifteen hundred dollars a-year, which, in New Hampshire, was a princely income. Mr. Webster was at first disposed to accept it; but Mr. Gore, who had discerned the uncommon ability of his pupil, and witnessed the clearness, quickness, and grasp of his mind in the apprehension of the knottiest parts of the law, strenuously advised him to struggle a few years in comparative poverty, rather than bury his powers for ever in a county court. Much to the amazement and mortification of Judge Webster, therefore, his son declined the offered post; but, in order to be near his father in his declining years, he was content to open an office in the little town of Bos-cawen, where he remained until the death of his parent, in 1806.

Shortly after this event, he removed to Portsmouth, the principal town in New Hampshire, and almost immediately took the first rank in his profession. The Portsmouth bar, at that period, had no superior in the United States. Among four or five native lawyers of more than ordinary ability, the ablest was Jeremiah Mason, a giant in body and mind, of undaunted confidence, imperturbable temper, and unerring sagacity,—before whose penetrating and pitiless understanding no fallacy or misstatement could hope for concealment or mercy. To this leader of the bar, Mr. Webster was frequently opposed; and his legal education was completed in the struggle with his antagonist. Two eminent counsel from Massachusetts also practised occasionally in Portsmouth—Samuel Dexter, whose "mighty grasp of principle" made him the terror of all merely technical intellects, and Joseph Story, now so widely known as a jurist. For the nine years that Mr. Webster remained at Portsmouth, he was retained in most of the important cases which came before the Superior Court of New Hampshire, and almost always as senior counsel. In eloquence, he surpassed all his rivals at the bar; while he made up for their superiority in age and experience by "toiling terribly." Among other bracing studies, to which he

devoted himself at this period, he carefully read every published statute of British legislation, principally for the purpose of observing the progress of society.

It was impossible that a man like Mr. Webster, in a country like the United States, should long be allowed to remain in private life. His ability was so marked that it forced itself upon the attention of politicians without effort of his own; and the result was a nomination to Congress, which, though supported by the whole strength of a party connexion, left him free from the dictation of party passions. In November, 1812, he was elected a representative from the state of New Hampshire to the House of Representatives, at Washington; and at the extra session of Congress in May, 1813, he took his seat. The country was rent by the mutual hostilities of two domestic factions—the Federalists and the Democrats,* whose opposition dated from the organization of the government in 1789, and had been further inflamed by the course of events in Europe. Mr. Webster was a moderate Federalist of the school of Washington, Hamilton, and Jay,—a class of statesmen who appear to have monopolized a great portion of the organizing genius of the country, and whose republicanism was never seduced from the plain path of practical wisdom and constitutional duty, either by abstractions or passions. The democrats, however, had been in power since 1801; and at the period of Mr. Webster's entrance into public life, they had a majority in both houses of Congress; were led by the ablest and most influential politicians of the country; and had compelled the administration of Madison to abandon its favourite policy of fighting Great Britain by means of commercial restrictions, and declare open war. When Mr. Webster took his seat, the war was raging; and though he had a just contempt for many of the measures of the administration by which it was conducted, he acted an independent part during the whole contest. His first speech placed him at once on an acknowledged level with the leading public men in Congress—Clay, Calhoun, Forsyth, and Lounes; and he had not been two years in public life before it was said of him, by one of his most distinguished opponents from the Southern States, "that the North had not his equal, nor the South his superior."

It is not our purpose to follow the course of American politics during Mr. Webster's long political career, but simply to attempt an estimate of his personal and intellectual character, as exhibited in his efforts as a statesman, diplomatist, advocate, and

* This contest has now ceased, and the term *democrat* no longer has reference to it. A democrat in the United States is, at present, equivalent to little more than a Free Trader.

orator. It is sufficient, therefore, for us to say, that in 1816 he resigned his seat in Congress, removed from Portsmouth to Boston, and from that time continued to reside in Massachusetts. Though his purpose was to forsake political life, in order to devote himself exclusively to his profession, he was induced, in 1822, to accept a nomination to Congress from Boston, and was, of course, elected. In 1827, he was elected by the Massachusetts legislature to the Senate of the United States, to which he was re-elected every six years, until 1841, when, on the accession of his party to power, he was appointed by President Harrison Secretary of State. This office he held about two years, and, on resigning it, was again elected to the Senate. In 1850, he received the appointment of Secretary of State in the administration of President Fillmore—an office which he held up to the time of his death.

During the greater part of this whole period, Mr. Webster held a high position among American statesmen, and his name is connected with almost every important measure of the Government. Those of his countrymen who most vehemently opposed his opinions still felt an artistical interest in him as their foremost man of genius, and were ever willing to give him their respect and admiration, while they withheld their love and their votes. There was also a general feeling in the United States that the man was infinitely greater than his works—a belief in a reserved power in his character which circumstances left undeveloped, or which no adequate emergency had called forth. He was so uniformly victorious over every eminent man with whom he came into collision in debate, and achieved his triumphs with such a seeming absence of strain and effort, calmly putting forth just strength enough to insure his success, and affording here and there vanishing glimpses of idle reserves of argument and passion, which he did not deem necessary to bring into action, that the impression he universally made was that of a man great by original constitution, with an incalculable personal force behind his manifested mental power, and therefore one whose deeds were not the measure of his capacity.

This disproportion between the impression produced by the personality of some men and their actual achievements has been finely illustrated by Emerson, in his "Essay on Character." He says—

"I have read, that those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man than anything which he said. It has been complained of our brilliant English historian of the French Revolution, that when he has told us all his facts about Mirabeau, they do not justify his estimate of his genius. The Gracchi, Agis, Cleomenes, and others of Plutarch's heroes, do not, in the record of facts, equal

their own fame. Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, are men of great figure and of few deeds. We cannot find the smallest part of the personal weight of Washington in the narrative of his exploits. The authority of the name of Schiller is too great for his works. This inequality of the reputation to the works or the anecdotes, is not accounted for by saying that the reverberation is longer than the thunder-clap; but somewhat resided in these men which begot an expectation that outran all their performance."

Webster had little, very little, of that sensitiveness of feeling and flexibility of imagination by which a man is sometimes hurried beyond his nature; deceiving, for the moment, both himself and others as to his real capacity and average strength. He disdained all parade of rhetoric, or logic, or learning, or eloquence; would not affect excitement when he was not excited; and was probably the only great orator too proud to please an expectant audience by any exaggeration of the subject on which he spoke. Objects lay in his mind as they lie in nature; and their natural order was never disturbed in his speech from any appetite for applause. Always equal to the occasion, he despised all lifting of the occasion to the height of his own reputation. But, when thoroughly aroused by a great and kindling passion, his words came from him like bolts—swift, gleaming, smiting—evincing, in their instantaneous effects, the prodigious force with which they were hurled.

No other American statesman approaches Mr. Webster in the massiveness and austere simplicity of his intellect, or exhibits equal amplitude of comprehension with equal strength of nature. It is difficult, indeed, to detect in his writings any of those minor peculiarities and petulances of character which, in the case of other men, slide adroitly into their conceptions, and give a twist to their reasoning. Two speeches alone, that at Boston, in 1842, and that at Marshfield, in 1848, contain records of political antipathies, revealing glimpses of personal dislikes, and dotted with bits of shrewish sarcasm. But commonly, his intellect, though penetrated with will, is free from wilfulness. Always self-moved, it was very rare that he was morbidly self-conscious; and while he was not an economist in the use of the personal pronoun, he purged the "I" from all idiosyncracies. It was the understanding of the man that spoke so imperiously, not his prejudice or egotism. Pride of intellect was, in him, identical with pride of character; and he would have felt the same shame in being detected in a sophism or falsehood. Misrepresentation is, in his view, as deadly an intellectual as moral sin. Accordingly, he seems to reason under a sense of personal responsibility, and his statements sound like depositions taken under oath. His perceptions of things and their relations were

so clear, calm, and comprehensive, that his countrymen always held him morally accountable for mental error, and judged his logic in the spirit in which they would judge another man's motives. As he never received, so he never appeared to expect any toleration for mistakes; he was ready to stand or fall by the plain reason of his case; and, while his facts and arguments were unanswered or unanswerable, he rarely honoured an insinuation levelled at his motives by an outbreak of rage, but treated it with a toss of imperious contempt or a flash of withering scorn. He could not, had he been in Burke's place, have condescended to write the "Letter to a Noble Lord." Thus, when a library of vituperation was written against him for remaining in the cabinet of Mr. Tyler, after the other Whig members had resigned, he remarked, in the course of a speech to some of his friends in Massachusetts,—“No man of sense can suppose that, without strong motives, I should wish to differ in conduct from those with whom I had long acted; and as for those persons whose charity leads them to seek for such motive in the hope of personal advantage, neither their candour nor their sagacity deserves anything but contempt.” The look which accompanied this, and the tone in which “candour” and “sagacity” were uttered, had a vitriolic intensity of meaning more effective than volumes of ordinary invective. This mode of meeting accusation is certainly not without a certain spice of aristocratic insolence, but it saves time. In the United States a man is too busy to spend one half of his life in explaining the other half.

As a lawyer, Mr. Webster's power of purifying reason from personal peculiarity, while he impregnated it with personal force, early made him potential before a jury, who, when he appeared before them, soon found themselves not merely listening to a clear exposition of facts and principles, but in burning contact with a superior nature. His comprehensive and systematizing mind,—seeing all sides of a subject at once, evolving simplicity out of seemingly hopeless complication, and rapidly grouping the significant facts around appropriate principles,—resolved the essential points to be pressed into statements which contained the very essence of the law and evidence, and then drove them into the minds of the jury with ponderous vigour.

From a certain instinct of truth in his own intellect, which established magnetic relations with the same instinct in jurors, Mr. Webster was not, we believe, considered so good an advocate in a bad cause as many lawyers of less grasp but more flexibility of mind. He made the worse appear the better reason, only “by compulsion and laborious flight.” But in desperate cases, with the truth on his side, he won great triumphs. No

lying witness could then escape his terrible cross-examination. He held his very soul "with his glittering eye," and forced the truth out of his faltering lips with inquisitorial power. The defence of the Kennistons, given in the fifth volume of his works, and the argument against the Knapps, in the sixth, are celebrated instances of his transcendent ability on the side of justice. In the first case, he rescued his clients from the coils of one of the most ingenious conspiracies on record; and, in the last, with little more than slender threads of circumstantial evidence bearing on the main point to be proved, he compelled a reluctant jury, who could not resist the mingled moral and mental power he brought to bear upon them, to convict a criminal whose guilt was undoubted, though its legal evidence was made up of subtle details, which left a rather wide margin for "a reasonable doubt."

It was, however, as a constitutional lawyer that Mr. Webster found the largest legal scope for the exercise of his power in seizing, wielding, and applying principles. In the United States, the supreme court is the final judge of the validity, not only of the enactments of State legislature, but of the laws of Congress itself. As the authorized interpreter of the constitution, it can pronounce any unconstitutional act of the State governments, or general government, void, and release citizens from obedience to it, provided the act can be made to assume the shape of a case in law or equity. All power in the United States is restrained by written constitutions, and the moment it plainly oversteps its delegated authority, it is, in theory at least, not only entitled to no obedience, but it is the duty of a good citizen to disobey it, and raise the constitutional issue. In most of the important historical cases which have come before the supreme court, in its appellate jurisdiction, during the last thirty or forty years, Mr. Webster appeared as counsel; and, in this court, the qualities calculated to make a first-class statesman are almost identical with those which make a first-class lawyer. An important decision with which Mr. Webster was connected may be mentioned as illustrative of the system. We refer to the one in the case of *Gibbons and Ogden*, by which the act of the great State of New York, granting to the assignees of Fulton the exclusive right to navigate by steam all its rivers, harbours, and bays, was annulled. Mr. Webster, in his argument, successfully contended that this master monopoly was an encroachment on the power given to the general government to regulate commerce.

The solidity and grasp of intellect and the force of character which distinguished the forensic efforts of Mr. Webster were equally his peculiarities as a statesman. These qualities gave to his political speeches and addresses a prevailing tone of modera-

tion, which rendered him a fair representative of the principles which lie at the foundation, and regulate the action, of the American political system. A scrutiny of these principles, as they appear in his exposition, may dissipate some current prejudices in regard to the United States, and convey an accurate impression of the real nature of American liberty. This liberty, far from being an unrestrained democracy, is a complicated system of checks and balances, equally removed from the simplicity either of despotism or of anarchy. It is a concrete system, with a history, with institutions, with traditions, prejudices, inconsistencies,—an organic product, indeed, expressing the national life of the people, and obeying interior laws rather than conforming to exterior maxims. A case, in which Mr. Webster was engaged as counsel, and which came before the Supreme Court of the United States, in January, 1848, brought prominently out some of the essential features of the above system. A party in the State of Rhode Island, assuming to be a majority of the people, proceeded, in conformity with abstract democratic principles, to call meetings of the people, and to organize a government, without any regard to the existing authorities of the State. The legal government refused to abdicate, stigmatized the movement as rebellion, and put it down by force. Six years afterwards, the case to which we have referred came before the Supreme Court. It involved the question as to which of these governments was entitled to the obedience of the people. Mr. Webster, in his argument, justified the constituted authorities, and referred to the pretensions of their opponents with marked contempt. “Men,” he said, “cannot get together and count themselves, say there are so many hundreds and so many thousands, and judge of their own qualifications, and call themselves a government. Another set of men, forty miles off, in the same State, might, on the same principle, do the same. What is this,” he asked, “but anarchy? What liberty is there here but a tumultuous, tempestuous, violent, stormy liberty—a sort of South American liberty, without power, except in its spasms; a liberty supported by arms to-day, crushed by arms to-morrow? Is that our liberty?”

Mr. Webster answers this question by stating the facts and principles on which American liberty rests; and he proves that, judged by the ideas and the practice of American republicanism, the Rhode Island movement was a rebellion. We condense his argument, but present it, as far as possible, in his own language. He starts with the proposition, universally admitted in the United States, that the people are sovereign; that is, the aggregated community, the collective will of the people, is sovereign; but this, he proceeds to say, is not the

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sovereignty which acts in the daily exercise of sovereign power. The people cannot act daily as the people. They must establish a government, and invest it with so much of the sovereign power as the case requires; and this sovereign power being delegated, the government which it creates becomes what is properly called the State. The State then is an organized government, representing the collective will of the people, so far as they see fit to invest that government with power. As the exercise of power directly by the people is impracticable, it must be exercised by their representatives; and American governments are distinguished beyond all others in ancient or modern times by the marvellous felicity of their representative system. This system in England had its origin, not in the rights of the people, but in the necessities and commands of the crown. In America, on the contrary, it was strictly popular both in its origin and development.

Now, the basis of this representation, is suffrage. The right to choose representatives is every man's part in the exercise of sovereign power. This is the mode in which power emanates from its source, and gets into the hands of conventions, legislatures, courts of law, and the executive chair. It begins in suffrage. Suffrage is the delegation of the power of an individual to some agent.

This being so, then follow two other great principles of the American system, essentially conservative in their character. The first is, that the right of suffrage shall be guarded, protected, and secured against force and fraud; the second, that its exercise shall be prescribed by *previous law*; its qualifications, the time, place, and manner of its exercise, and the rule by which its results may be certified to the central power, shall be prescribed by previous law.

The American people thus not only limit their State governments, and their general governments, but they *limit themselves*, set bounds to their own power, and provide for the security of their institutions against the impulses of mere majorities. They limit themselves in regard to alterations or amendments of the fundamental law, according to which their general government is organized.

By the fifth article of the Constitution of the United States, Congress, two-thirds of both houses concurring, may propose amendments of the constitution; or, on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the States, may call a convention; and amendments proposed, in either of these forms, must be ratified by the legislatures or conventions of *three-fourths* of the States. The people also limit themselves in regard to the qualifications of electors and candidates for election. They have not

only said, "We will elect no man who has not such and such qualifications," but, "We will not vote ourselves unless we have such and such qualifications." The will of the people is never to be taken "from public meetings, nor from tumultuous assemblages, by which the timid are terrified, the prudent are alarmed, and by which society is disturbed;" but from its expression through legal forms which prescribe the mode of its exercise.

The mingled energy and temperance of national character, implied in this orderly liberty, has perhaps, in Mr. Webster, its grandest individual expression. Most of his own political life was passed in opposition, and opposition in many cases to innovations he deemed foolish and ruinous; but he ever exhibited that solid temper which bears temporary defeat with fortitude, which doggedly persists in the hope of future victory, and which scorns to resist constituted authority by the demagogue's weapons of faction or anarchy. He knew, as well as the most fiery and impatient radical, that such a course is not the most attractive to the imagination and passions, and not always to the impulses, of the moral nature. "It is no pleasant employment," he says, in reference to his own long opposition to General Jackson's administration,—*"it is no holiday business, to maintain opposition against power and against majorities, and to contend for stern and sturdy principle against personal popularity,—against a rushing and overwhelming confidence that, by wave upon wave, and cataract after cataract, seems to be bearing away and destroying whatsoever would withstand it."*

Mr. Webster had the watchfulness, sagacity, and courage, as well as the stubborn patience, proper to an American constitutional statesman. The substance of political liberty, as embodied in fundamental laws, he would never sacrifice to generous passions or abstract maxims. The liberty that he loved is an organizing genius, not a declaimer of noble sentiments;—a liberty which fortifies itself in forms, and intrenches itself in establishments; and as the people have limited themselves by constitutions, so he demanded that the authorities thus constituted should limit themselves by constitutional restraints. The very essence of free political constitutions, he remarks, consists in their being subject to rule and regulation.

"The spirit of liberty is, indeed, a bold and fearless spirit; but it is also a sharp-sighted spirit; it is a cautious, sagacious, discriminating, far-seeing intelligence; it is jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man. It demands checks; it seeks for guards; it insists on securities; it intrenches itself behind strong defences, and fortifies itself with all possible care against the assaults of ambition and passion. It does not trust the amiable weaknesses of human nature, and therefore it will not permit power to overstep its prescribed limits, though

benevolence, good intent, and patriotic purpose, come along with it. Neither does it satisfy itself with flashy and temporary resistance to legal authority,—far otherwise. It seeks for duration and permanence. It looks before and after; and, building on the experience of ages which are past, it labours diligently for the benefit of ages to come. This is the nature of constitutional liberty; this is *our* liberty, if we will rightly understand and preserve it.”

Again, in referring to the duty of a representative of the people to hold constituted power within the limitations of constitutional restraints, he represents him as a sentinel on the watch-tower of liberty.

“Is he to be blind when visible danger approaches? Is he to be deaf, though sounds of peril fill the air? Is he to be dumb, while a thousand duties impel him to raise the cry of alarm? Is he not, rather, to catch the lowest whisper which breathes intention or purpose of encroachment on the public liberties, and to give his voice breath and utterance at the first appearance of danger? Is not his eye to traverse the whole horizon with the clear and eager vision of an unhooded hawk, detecting, through all disguises, every enemy advancing in any form towards the citadel which he guards?”

This extreme jealousy of power, this steadfast adherence to established maxims, and resistance to the slightest usurpations of authority, are characteristics of Mr. Webster, in common with all the thoughtful portion of his countrymen. His teaching is, to meet encroachment at the first step; and he loves to illustrate it by references to the history of the country.

“Our fathers,” he says, “accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was, in their eyes, enough. . . . They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. . . . They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it; nor did it elude either their steady eye, or their well-directed blow, till they had extirpated it to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared—a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, *whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.*”

Such being the nature of American liberty, the question immediately arises,—what are the principles which seem likely

to ensure its permanence? The first is the localization of power, and comparative absence of centralization. The American system proceeds on the idea of "local governments for local purposes, and a general government for general purposes." The people are avaricious of their power, and delegate it with a grudging hand. They have given no authority to the general government which can be as wisely and usefully exercised by the State, and none to the State which they can exercise as well in the township, and none to the town which the individual can properly exercise in person. As a consequence of this subdivision of power, there is a multiplicity of trusts; and few American citizens, of ordinary education and character, pass through life without at some time holding an office. The people in such a system are not only important in the mass, but they are important as individuals; and universal education at the public expense, if need be, is a natural result. But perhaps the principle of permanence in the American system most worthy of note is one on which Mr. Webster laid peculiar emphasis—namely, the laws which regulate the descent and transmission of property, and the policy which makes the creation of wealth a matter secondary to its distribution. In 1820, in speaking of the popular foundation of all American governments, he took the broad ground, that government is founded on property; that in the absence of military force, political power naturally and necessarily goes into the hands which hold the property. And, in accordance with this principle, he predicted, in reference to the French law of succession, that if the French Government did not change the law in half a century, the law would change the government. "Our ancestors," he adds, "began their system of government here under a condition of comparative equality as to wealth, and their early laws were of a nature to favour and continue this equality. . . . Their situation demanded a parcelling out and division of the lands; and it may be fairly said, that this necessary act fixed the future frame and form of the government. . . . A great revolution with regard to property must take place before our governments can be moved from their republican basis, unless they be violently struck off by military power." The preservation of this equality in a country where suffrage almost universal exists is, he contends, necessary to the safety of American institutions. It ensures popular intelligence, popular education, popular morality; it gives sobriety of character and the hardy civic virtues; it makes the great body of the people directly interested in the stability of the government.

On the question of Free Trade, Mr. Webster rose to no higher point of view than the majority of American politicians. His

opinions on this subject, at first adverse to protection, and subsequently in favour of it, were determined not by general principles, but by a consideration of immediate sectional interests. The following passage from Mr. Everett's "Memoir," will throw light at once on Webster's change of view, and on the mode in which the position of the Northern and Southern States, in relation to the above question, has been reversed:—

"It will excite some surprise at the present day, in consideration of the political history of the last thirty years, to find how little difference, as to leading measures, existed in 1816 between these distinguished statesmen [Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Lowndes, and Cheves]. No line of general party difference separated the members of the first Congress after the peace. The great measures brought forward were a National Bank, Internal Improvement, and a Protective Tariff. On these various subjects members divided, not in accordance with any party organization, but from individual convictions, supposed sectional interests, and general public grounds. On the two first-named subjects, no systematic difference of views disclosed itself between the great northern and southern leaders; on the third alone there was diversity of opinion. In the Northern States considerable advances had been made in manufacturing industry, in different places, especially at Waltham (Massachusetts); but a great manufacturing interest had not yet grown up. The strength of this interest as yet lay mainly in Pennsylvania. Navigation and foreign trade were the leading pursuits of the North; and these interests, it was feared, would suffer from the attempt to build up manufactures by a protective tariff. It is accordingly a well-known fact,—which may teach all to entertain opinions, on public questions, with some distrust of their own judgment,—that the tariff of 1816, containing the *minimum* duty on coarse cotton fabrics, the corner-stone of the protective system, was supported by Mr. Calhoun, and a few other southern members, and carried by their influence against the opposition of the New England members, including Mr. Webster. It has been stated, that, during the pendency of this law before Congress, he denied the constitutionality of a tariff for protection. This statement is inaccurate; although, had it been true, it would have placed him only in the same relation to the question with Mr. Calhoun and the other southern members, who, at that time, admitted the principle of protection, but lived to reject it as the grossest and most pernicious constitutional heresy. . . . It is not true, that Mr. Webster, in 1816, denied the constitutionality of a tariff for protection. In 1820, in discussing the subject in Faneuil Hall, he argued that, if the right of laying duties for protection were derived from the revenue power, it was of necessity incidental; and on that assumption, as the incident cannot go beyond that to which it is incidental, duties ~~avowedly~~ for protection, and not having any reference to revenue, could not be constitutionally laid. The hypothetical form of the statement shows a degree of indecision; while the proposition itself is not to be gainsaid. At a later period, and after it had been confidently

stated and satisfactorily shown by Mr. Madison, that the Federal Convention intended, under the provision for regulating commerce, to clothe Congress with the power of laying duties for the protection of manufactures; and after Congress had, by repeated laws, passed against the wishes of the navigating and strictly commercial interests, practically settled this constitutional question, and turned a vast amount of the country into the channel of manufactures; Mr. Webster considered a moderate degree of protection (such as would keep the home market steady under the occasional gluts in the foreign market, and shield the domestic manufacturer from the wholesale frauds of foreign importations), as the established policy of the United States; and he accordingly supported it."

Two of Webster's most celebrated speeches, his reply to Hayne, and his reply to Calhoun, relate to this matter, though their chief importance is due to their powerful influence in settling a disputed question of constitutional law. So far as they relate to this question, the speeches are worthy of their fame; but they are at the same time a record of what to us is the strange anomaly,—that a mind of such rare breadth and penetration as Webster's should have enlisted itself in the cause of Protection, on the ground of a confessedly sectional interest.

While the Northern States had, through the change of circumstances indicated by Mr. Everett, become converts to the tariff system, the Southern States were discovering its tendency to enrich northern manufacturers on the plunder of southern planters. The plan of party tactics in the United States is to denounce all legislation which is considered impolitic, unjust, or oppressive, as unconstitutional; if it be not immediately abandoned, then it becomes "dangerously unconstitutional;" and if preseeded in, after it is thus stigmatized, it becomes "palpably unconstitutional." But the majorities in Congress in favour even of the tariff of 1828, called the "Bill of Abominations," were so decided as to afford little hope that the policy would be abandoned by the general government. The southern opponents of the system then fell back on the position of State rights, and broadly asserted the right, under the Constitution, of each State to nullify within its own limits a law of Congress which it deemed unconstitutional. This theory, though hardly pushed so far, had always been viewed with some favour by minorities in the party dissensions of the United States. The Democrats, much to the horror of the Federalists, had asserted it in their opposition to the administration of John Adams; the Federalists, much to the horror of the Democrats, had asserted it in their opposition to the administration of Madison; and the healthy hatred of the people to centralization gave to any principle which emphasized local rights a peculiar fascination. Now the natural right of

revolution for an adequate cause was admitted by all parties; it was also universally conceded that unconstitutional laws were void; but the nullifiers claimed that, without revolution, and by a clear constitutional right, a State could resist a law of the United States pronounced to be void by its own interpretation of the Constitution. The discussion, therefore, related to the very nature of the general government and the bond of union; and the pertinent interrogation was put—Who is finally to construe the Constitution of the United States?

In the first year of President Jackson's administration, this question was brought prominently forward, and became the occasion of what, in America, is called "the Great Debate." General Jackson had been elected by a combination of parties, who agreed in little but in their opposition to John Quincy Adams. The party of state-rights, however, had supported him; Mr. Calhoun, their most distinguished statesman, was Vice-President, and it was at first supposed that they would control the administration, destroy the tariff, and identify the principles of nullification with those of constitutional law. The leaders of the party were the clearest thinkers of the new Jackson connexion: they had a positive theory of the nature of the federal government, and at least had cleared their minds of all those loose notions of the relations between the States and the general government, which characterized the views of President Jackson, and many of his northern and western supporters. Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, their leader in the senate, was a brilliant and accomplished orator and politician, abundantly confident in opinion, popular in manners, and plausible in speech. The debate commenced on the 18th of January, 1830, on a resolution, moved on the 29th of December previous, by Mr. Foot, of Connecticut, in relation to the public lands; and it dragged on for months. Half of the whole body of senators spoke, and some speeches occupied two or three days. Very early in the debate, a concerted plan was revealed on the part of members from the south and west, to fix upon New England the odious charge of a narrow policy in regard to the settlement of the western domain. Mr. Hayne, especially, though representing a State known as the bulwark of slave institutions, assailed New England as hostile to western emigration, because, adhering to her accursed policy of the tariff, she required multitudes of dependent labourers—a population, in fact, of paupers—to build up her interests at home. Mr. Webster answered this charge in what is termed his "First speech on Foot's resolution"—a masterpiece of condensed statement and argument, though not characterized by much animation or elegance. Mr. Hayne replied, in a speech of considerable ability, but over-

flowing with arrogant assertion and epigrammatic impertinence, in the course of which he indulged in a series of sparkling libels on New England, made a direct personal attack on Mr. Webster, and developed the South Carolina theory of nullification. As the high ground taken in this theory respecting the sovereignty of the States might, by a little extension of logic, be used as an argument for the sovereign States of the West to convert the public domain within their respective borders to their own use, the seeming concurrence of southern and western statesmen wore an ominous appearance; and, as Mr. Webster had been the most distinguished supporter of Mr. Adams's administration,—which the whole Jackson combination especially hated,—the attack on him was considered as the first movement of a concerted plan to overwhelm him by the united force of the party in power. He had thus to defend himself, the institutions and character of his section of the country, and the constitution of the United States. On the 26th of January, accordingly, the day after Mr. Hayne had concluded, he rose to reply; and he replied in such a way as to prevent any senator from ever afterwards giving him an opportunity to repel a personal attack. His speech on the occasion is commonly considered the greatest and most influential ever made in Congress, in pointed felicity of retort, in withering sarcasm, in clearness of statement, in vigour and reach of reasoning, in knowledge of the history and principles of parties, in comprehension of the constitutional law, and in the irresistible eloquence of its patriotic appeals.

The fame of this speech was great, and its circulation immense. It had the effect, not only of checking the progress of nullification doctrines among the great body of the people, but of imprinting on their understandings the true principles of constitutional law. It obtained for him the honourable title of "the defender of the constitution." But Mr. Calhoun, the ablest expounder of the theory of State right, contended that the victory was rhetorical rather than real; that Mr. Hayne had not been sufficiently trained and disciplined to give logical exactness to the theory; and hinted that, in his own hands, the result would have been different. Three years afterwards, the question came up in a more serious form: he appeared in the senate as the champion of his State, which, under his lead, pushed nullification to its practical consequences; and he had the opportunity he desired to debate the question in person. The passage of the Tariff Act of 1832, by a vote of both houses of Congress, of two to one, exasperated South Carolina beyond endurance. The legislature called a convention of the people. This convention passed an ordinance, which declared the revenue laws of 1828 and 1832 to be null and void within that State;

provided against any appeal being made to the Supreme Court of the United States, to test the validity of the ordinance, or the laws passed to give it effect, and prohibited the State authorities, or those of the United States, from enforcing the payment of any duties within the State after the 1st of February, 1833. The convention met on November 19, 1832; and immediately on its adjournment, on November 27th, the legislature again assembled, and passed the laws directed by the ordinance.

Mr. Calhoun, previous to this action of his State, had quarrelled with President Jackson; and whatever apparent agreement between them on the subject of State rights there may have been, the energy of Jackson's hatred was sufficient to dissolve it. The President's strength lay in volition rather than in logic, and there was some appositeness in the comparison that Mr. Clay instituted between him and Oliver Cromwell, in the conduct of the latter towards a Catholic town, which stipulated, in surrendering, for the toleration of its religion. "Oh, yes, certainly;" said Cromwell, as he ran his eye over the conditions, "granted, granted; but," he added, "if any one of them shall dare to be found attending mass, he shall instantly be hanged." Jackson, in the same way, seemed originally willing to assent to the fundamental position of the nullifiers, that the constitution was a compact between sovereign States; but he did not hesitate to declare them conspirators and traitors when they acted in conformity with principles deducible from it. On the 11th of December, accordingly, he fulminated against the South Carolinians his famous proclamation, in which the principles of Webster were arrayed in the rhetoric of Livingston, and penetrated by the will of Jackson. It expressed a fixed determination to execute the laws at any hazard, and those who knew the President felt that he was not the man to flinch or recede.

On the 21st of January, the celebrated "Force Bill" was introduced into the senate, conferring extraordinary powers upon the President to meet the emergency. Mr. Calhoun, who had resigned his office of Vice President, and had been elected a member of the senate from South Carolina, called it "A Bill to repeal the Constitution of the United States, and vest in the President despotic powers." The administration, although it was sure of large majorities in favour of the bill, felt that it had no debater who was a match for Mr. Calhoun, and the aid of Mr. Webster was solicited. Although he had every party and personal motive to wish for the discomfiture of the administration, he promised it his support on this question, for the simple reason that he thought it in the right. After the discussion had proceeded to a great length, Mr. Calhoun, on the 15th of February, commenced his celebrated speech against the bill. It

occupied a large portion of two days, and is generally considered the greatest effort of his ingenious and audacious mind. It was devoted not only to a statement of the constitutional question, but abounded in illustrations of the vicious effects of centralization, from the time of Solomon down to that of Andrew Jackson. In subtlety, depth, and vigour, and in profound acquaintance with philosophy of government, it was superior to any speech previously made by his opponents, and fully sustained his reputation as a statesman and debater; but with all its remarkable felicity in deductive reasoning, it lacked that broad common sense grasp of premises which characterizes Mr. Webster's argumentation. As it contains the whole argument for nullification, as many of our readers may desire to know the course of reasoning by which this theory of legal insurrection is justified, we have prepared a condensation of it.

The Constitution, according to Mr. Calhoun, is a compact between sovereign States. In virtue of this compact, certain powers are delegated to the general government, as the *agent* of the States, with an express stipulation that all powers not delegated are reserved to the States or the people. The government thus created is a federal, not a consolidated, government; the parts are not fractions of an unit, but integers of a multiple. The sovereignty resides in the States, and is not divided: for sovereignty is incapable of division. It is a gross error to confound the exercise of sovereign powers with sovereignty itself, or the delegation of such powers with the surrender of them. Sovereigns may delegate their powers to one or many agents; but to surrender any portion of their sovereignty would be to destroy the whole. The whole sovereignty being thus in the States, the sovereign powers alone are divided.

Now, in a division of power, it is plainly the right of each to judge of the share allotted to each, for if either party had the right to judge, not only of its own share, but of that allotted to the other, the division would be annulled, and the whole power would be conferred on the party vested with such right. If it be contended that the Supreme Court has the right to judge finally in a case of contested power, the answer is, that the powers reserved to the States are reserved equally against all departments of the general government, the judicial no less than the legislative and executive. The sovereign States have not, indeed, conferred on their agent, in any department of his delegated powers, the right to judge of the reserved powers; for that would be to annul the acknowledged division of powers, to destroy the sovereignty of the States, exalt the agent above the principals, and end in changing the government into a consolidated democracy, in which an absolute majority might violate all the constitutional rights of the States as separate communities.

This being demonstrated, it follows that the duty of the general government, in case its laws are held unconstitutional by any State, is to confine itself strictly to the civil process, and to use no force; and, in that event, the State, by its inherent sovereignty, and standing on its reserved powers, must triumph over the general government, sustained only by its delegated and limited authority. This right of State interposition to nullify any unconstitutional law is the great conservative element in the government. If generally admitted, it would rarely need to be exercised, as the fear of it would be a check on unconstitutional legislation; for the general government would hardly usurp undelegated authority, if it knew that each State held the power to nullify its encroachments; and the consequence would be, that the disposition in the stronger section of the confederacy to impose burdens on the capital and industry of the weaker, not for the purpose of revenue, but to benefit itself, would be abandoned. It is true that, in theory, the general government is restrained by the plain terms of a written constitution; but, in fact, it will never heed these restraints if it be itself the judge of the constitution. A majority will rule in defiance of justice; whereas the resistance of a State compels it to do one of three things,—to recede, to compromise, or to obtain a new grant of power by an amendment of the constitution. This amendment would require two-thirds of the States to propose, and three-fourths of the States to ratify. Such an amendment being made, the nullifying State would be properly compelled to recede from its opposition. But to attempt to enforce the revenue laws as they are, would be to enforce robbery by murder; for unconstitutional laws being null and void, all property taken from the people under their enactments is robbery, and all attempts to enforce them, when resisted, are murder. “In the case of South Carolina,” exclaimed Mr. Calhoun, “it is a question of self-preservation; and I proclaim that, should this bill pass, and an attempt be made to enforce it, it will be resisted at every hazard—even that of death itself. Death is not the greatest calamity; there are others still more terrible to the free and the brave, and among them may be placed the loss of liberty and honour.”

With a perfect knowledge of the strength and weakness of Mr. Calhoun's position, Mr. Webster, in his reply, struck immediately at the proposition, from which all of Mr. Calhoun's opinions are deduced,—that the constitution is a compact between sovereign States. In assailing this definition of the constitution, Mr. Webster proved that where sovereign communities are parties, there is no difference between a compact, a confederacy, and a league. But a league or confederacy is nothing but a continuing and subsisting treaty. Now, what does the consti-

tution say of itself? Does it call itself a compact? Certainly not. It uses the word but once, and that is when it declares that the States shall enter into no compact. Does it declare itself a league, a confederation, a subsisting treaty between the States? Certainly not. It declares itself a constitution. What is a constitution? It is a fundamental law—that fundamental regulation which determines the manner in which the public authority is to be exercised. The idea of a constitution is familiar, definite, well settled, in the minds of the American people. Nobody pretends to misunderstand what is meant by the constitution of one of the States; and the constitution of the United States speaks of itself as an instrument of the same nature. It says this constitution shall be the law of the land, anything in any State Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding. The old confederation, which the constitution supplanted, and the evils of which it was designed to avoid, was expressly called a league, and into this league it was declared that the states, as states, severally entered. But the constitution speaks of itself in plain contradistinction from a confederation; for it says that all debts contracted, and all engagements entered into by the United States shall be as valid under this constitution as under the confederation. Why was not similar language used in the constitution, if a similar intention existed?

Again, the constitution speaks of the political system it established, as the Government of the United States. Can a league between sovereign powers be called a government? The broad and clear distinction between a government and a league is, that a government is a body politic, with a will of its own, and possessing powers to execute its own purposes. Every compact looks to some power to enforce its stipulations; if a compact between sovereign communities, this power is the force of one party against the force of the other—the power of war. But a government executes its decisions by its own supreme authority. Its use of force in compelling obedience to its enactments is not war. A constitution of government, and a compact between sovereign powers, are things essentially unlike in their very natures, and incapable of ever being the same.

If by compact be meant, not a league or confederacy, but the consent of people—termed by some European writers, the social compact,—even then the constitution is not a compact, but the result of one. Founded on consent, it is a government. The people have agreed to make a constitution; but, when made, it becomes what its name imports. The United States laws have their foundation in the agreement of the two houses of Congress; but the result of the agreement in each case is not a compact, but a law. So, when a government has been actually erected, the fruit

of the agreement exists, but the agreement itself is merged in its own accomplishment; for there can be no longer a subsisting agreement or compact to form a constitution or government, after that government has been actually formed.

No discrimination can be made between the State governments and the general government, on the ground that the latter rests on delegated powers, because the powers enjoyed by both are equally delegated by the people. The sovereignty of government is an idea unknown in America. The sovereignty is in the people. The State constitutions were established by the people of the States. The constitution was established by the *people of all the States*; in one case the powers delegated are delegated by the people of the several States, in the other by the people of the States as united. The constitution was ratified by State Conventions; but its preamble commences—"We, the people of the United States." It proceeds to delegate sovereign powers to the government it establishes, and these powers create direct relations between itself and individuals which no State authority can dissolve, which nothing can dissolve but revolution. In everything, therefore, relating to the general government, the sovereignty is in the people of the United States.

Mr. Webster then proceeded, at much length, to prove by the history of the country, by analogies from the nature of government, and by an examination of the Constitution, "that there is a supreme law, consisting of the Constitution, acts of Congress passed in pursuance of it, and treaties; and that, in cases not capable of assuming the character in a suit in law or equity, Congress must judge of, and finally interpret, this supreme law, so often as it has occasion to pass acts of legislation; and, in cases capable of assuming, and actually assuming, the character of a suit, the Supreme Court of the United States is the final interpreter:" and "that an attempt by a State to abrogate, annul, or nullify, an act of Congress, or to arrest its operation within her limits, on the ground that, in her opinion, such law is unconstitutional, is a direct usurpation on the just powers of the general Government, and on the equal rights of other States; a plain violation of the Constitution, and a proceeding essentially revolutionary in its character." After arguing that the law complained of was constitutional, he closed in a strain of solemn and commanding eloquence, expressing his readiness to meet any scenes of commotion and contest which the passage of the "Force Bill" might produce; and warning the friends of nullification that, in the event they succeeded, they would but prove themselves "the 'most skilful architects of ruin,' the most effectual extinguishers of high-raised expectations, the greatest blasters of human hopes, that any age had produced. Amidst," he said, "the incantations and the orgies

of nullification, secession, disunion, and revolution, would be celebrated the funeral rites of constitutional and republican liberty."

After the delivery of Mr. Webster's argument, there was little doubt on which side was the reason of the question, as before its delivery, with General Jackson in the executive chair, there was little doubt on which side was the power. Mr. Calhoun replied to Mr. Webster in a speech, the real irritation of which was but ill-concealed by a tone of assumed triumph, and which, with all its presumptuous pity for his opponent's logic, did not really invalidate one of Mr. Webster's positions. The "Force Bill" was passed, and any evils which might have resulted from it were prevented by Mr. Clay's Compromise Bill, which so modified the Revenue laws as to provide for a gradual reduction of duties. South Carolina, glad of an opportunity to recede from its altitude of resistance without loss of honour, accepted the measure as one yielded to her demands. Mr. Webster opposed it as a seeming concession to "unconstitutional menace."

In the autumn of 1840, the ascendancy of the Democratic party was completely overturned, and General Harrison elected President. To this event, Mr. Webster had greatly contributed, and on the formation of the Whig administration in March, 1841, he was induced to accept the office of Secretary of State. As a negotiator and executive officer, his intellect found a new and appropriate field for its exercise. His mind was deeply imbued with the principles of international law, and he was a complete master of the foreign relations of the Republic. The state of affairs was such as to demand instant attention. A few days after he had accepted office, he was in possession of intelligence regarding the feeling of the British Government, in the affair of the *Caroline*, which would, had he divulged it, have depressed the value of all the interests connected with the commerce of the United States, "one-half in six hours." The vexed question of the North-eastern Boundary, and other irritating subjects of dispute with Great Britain, were likewise clamorous for settlement, either by negotiation or war. Mr. Webster, in relation to all these matters, might have played the game either of finesse or of audacity. If acuteness had been the quality which wisdom would have chosen to meet the emergency, the author of the speech on "The Appointing and Removing Power," and the advocate in the case of "Ogden and Saunders," had certainly no lack of ability to give prominence to distinctions almost microscopic, and to conduct a contest of dialectics, which would have resulted in bequeathing the questions to his successors in office, as his predecessors had left them

to him. Audacity would probably have produced war; and war, in Mr. Webster's opinion, could, in this age, be rightly undertaken on grounds which would justify the nation, not only in its own opinion, but in the general judgment of mankind. "With the right on our side," he had said, "we are a match for England; and with the right on her side, she is a match for us, or for anybody." The course which he did take resulted in an honourable settlement of the subjects in dispute; a settlement vindicated by reason at the time, justified by events since, and which nobody would now disturb. Mr. Everett has devoted an able chapter of his biography to a clear exposition of Mr. Webster's whole policy and action as Secretary of State; and this, taken in connexion with the State papers it elucidates, furnishes satisfactory evidence of Mr. Webster's eminent practical wisdom.

The most striking of Mr. Webster's papers, during his official connexion with President Fillmore's administration, is his letter to Chevalier Hülsemann, the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires, who had protested, in rather peremptory terms, against the employment, by President Taylor, of a confidential agent to observe the revolutionary movements of Hungary, with a view to the recognition of her independence by the United States. Mr. Webster, in this document, sustains the course of his predecessor in office, and treads, with a bold and free step, the dizzy edges which separate influence from intervention. He distinctly informs the Austrian Chargé, that the people of the United States feel a direct sympathy with every nation struggling for institutions similar to their own; that this sympathy is not necessarily hostile to "any of the parties to these great national struggles, but is quite consistent with amicable relations with them all;" and it is broadly hinted that the present condition of the Republic is such as to render it independent in the expression of its own opinions, and the pursuit of its own purposes, in its own way, it "being spread over a region, one of the richest and most fertile in the globe, and of an extent in comparison with which the possessions of the House of Hapsburg are but as a patch on the earth's surface," and its population, already twenty-five millions, being likely "to exceed that of the Austrian empire within the period during which it may be hoped that M. Hülsemann may yet remain in the honourable discharge of his duties to his government." In order to be fully appreciated, this document should be read in connexion with Mr. Webster's speech on the Greek Revolution, delivered in 1822, as it is an official expression of opinions and sentiments respecting the duties of constitutional governments, which he has entertained from his entrance into public life, and to which, in that speech,

he gave dignified and noble expression. The despotic ideas which the sovereigns, assembled at Laybach, attempted to interpolate into the code of international law, he assailed with his whole heart and whole strength. Representing their plan to be the preservation of the peace of the world, "by bringing the power of all governments to bear on all subjects," and alluding to the declaration of these crowned philosophers, that henceforth all national policies should be merged in a government policy, he remarks: "If it be true, that there is hereafter to be neither a Russian policy, nor a Prussian policy, nor an Austrian policy, nor a French policy, nor even, which yet I will not believe, an English policy, there will be, I trust in God, an American policy. If the authority of all these governments be hereafter to be mixed and blended, and to flow, in one augmented current of prerogative, over the face of Europe, sweeping away all resistance to its course, it will yet remain for us to secure our own happiness by the preservation of our own principles; which I hope we shall have the manliness to express on all proper occasions, and the spirit to defend in every extremity." Human liberty, he soon after adds, "may yet, perhaps, be obliged to repose its principal hopes on the intelligence and vigour of the Saxon race;" and, as far as regards the United States, he trusts that they will always be found on the side of freedom. As the pretensions put forward by the doctors of Laybach, of a right of forcible intervention in the affairs of other nations, was in violation of the public law of the world, and as nations have the same interest in international law which individuals have in social laws, he thinks it the duty of every free State to make its emphatic protest against such principles, and do its part in forming that public opinion of the civilized world, which is "the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression."

Nothing in the course of Webster's public life drew on him a greater amount of hostility and vituperation than his defence of the Fugitive Slave Law, and his advocacy of the other measures of compromise with regard to Slavery, in his speech on "The Constitution and the Union," delivered March 7th, 1850. There are persons who do not hesitate to pronounce that his conduct in relation to the above questions was in direct opposition to his convictions, and was a mere canvassing of the south for the Presidency. But to be determined on a momentous point simply by the vulgar egotism of a desire for office belongs only to minds of a far inferior calibre to Webster's; though it is possible that personal ambition in this case, as well as in others, may have subtly blended itself with the other influences which helped to mould his opinion. The central point of Webster's

views, as a statesman, was the maintenance of the Union; hence he was very liable to exaggerate any dangers which threatened it; and we have very little doubt that, in advocating the Fugitive Slave Law, and the other compromise measures, he honestly believed himself to be submitting to a minor evil as the only means of avoiding one incalculably greater; although we are strongly convinced that fuller philosophical enlightenment, and deeper moral insight, would have brought him to a different conclusion.

In passing from Webster the lawyer, statesman, and executive officer, to Webster the orator and writer, we have no additional characteristics to record. The same muscular strength of intellect, the same disdain of the artifices of manner and pretences of emotion, the same closeness to things, the same proud and somewhat sullen content with his own limitations, are recognised in the rhetorician as in the man of affairs. The clear and wide perception which calmly includes facts; the understanding which detects their relations; the reason which grasps their principles, are all penetrated by that force of individual manhood which stamps every weighty paragraph with "Daniel Webster, his mark." He rarely took a position on any political question which did not draw down upon him a battalion of adversaries, with infinite noise of declamation and ingenious array of arguments; but after the smoke and dust of the conflict are blown over, the speech looms up a permanent thing in history or literature.

Mr. Webster's power of giving well-defined form to the products of his intellect is not usually accompanied by a corresponding strength of imagination to fuse the various materials of his speech into a symmetrical whole, in which the unity of the impression answers to the prodigious force of the various parts. His imagination seems to have been a faculty roused by the action of his nature after it had reached a certain pitch of excitement; and it then partakes of the general grandeur and largeness of his mind; but it does not preside over his work from the commencement. The succession of his ideas is dependent on their relations, as seen by his understanding, to the almost entire exclusion of other sources of association. He has separated conceptions of great vividness, and occasionally of electric force; but the power of artistic combination seems to be wanting. His thought tramps from sentence to sentence, but rarely glides or runs. So deficient are some of his minor performances in imaginative congruity, that some of the propositions and arguments look as though they had been heaved to the surface of his mind by throes of internal energy, which subsided with the effort, while the rest of the work is made up of such common

material as happened to be readily at hand. Such is often the impression produced on the reader of Mr. Webster's printed speeches; but, great as many of these are as compositions, they lose much of their essential spirit in being reported, from the absence of the subtle, elastic, life-communicating energy, which streamed from the majestic presence, and kindled in the inspiring voice of the orator himself. A form of imposing manhood—a head and brow which had no parallel among twenty-five millions of people for massiveness—a swarthy face, dark, glittering, flexible to all emotions—eyes flashing with intelligence—a voice of great strength and compass, capable of being heard by ten thousand people in the open air, and of unapproachable power in its upper piercing tones—and all enforced by action which seemed the very instrument of will;—to be in the presence of these on some occasion worthy of their exercise, was, for the time, to have no thoughts, sentiments, or passions but those which were gleaming in the eyes, and heaving in the breast, and quivering in the uplifted arm of the self-enkindled orator before you. The unity of the speech was then felt in the vitality of the man.

"He was," says an eloquent countryman of his, by no means one of his indiscriminating panegyrists,* "a great advocate; a great orator; it is said, the greatest in the land, and I do not doubt that this is true. Surely, he was immensely great; yet he has left no perfect specimen of a great orator. He had not the instinctive genius which creates a whole by nature, as a mother bears a son; nor the wide knowledge or deep philosophy, nor the plastic industry, which creates a beautiful whole by art, as the sculptor chisels the marble boy. So his greatest and most deliberate efforts of oratory will not bear comparison with the great eloquence of nature that is born, nor the great eloquence of art that is made. Compared therewith, his mighty works are as Hercules compared with Apollo. It is an old world, and excellence in oratory is difficult; yet he has sentences and paragraphs that I think unsurpassed and unequalled, and I do not see how they can ever fade. . . . His style was simple, the business style of a strong man. Now and then it swelled into beauty. . . . He always addressed the understanding, not the imagination. In his speech there was little wit, little beauty, little poetry. He laid siege to the understanding. Here lay his strength—he could make a statement better than any man in America; had immense power of argumentation, making a causeway from his will to the hearer's mind. . . . Commonly, Webster was honest in his oratory; open, English, and not Yankee. He had no masked batteries, no Quaker guns. He wheeled his forces into line, column after column, with the quickness of Hannibal and the masterly arrangement of Cæsar; and, like Napoleon, broke the centre of his opponent's line by the superior weight of his own column, and

* Rev. Theodore Parker.

the sudden heaviness of his fire. Thus he laid siege to the understanding, and carried it by dint of cannonade. This was his strategy—in the Court-house, in the Senate, and the public hall. There were no ambuscades, no pitfalls, or treacherous Indian subtlety. It was the tactics of a great and honest-minded man."

"As a scholar," says the same critic, "he passed for learned in the Senate, where scholars are few; for an universal man with editors of political and commercial prints. But his learning was narrow in its range, and not very nice in its accuracy. His reach in history and literature was very small for a great man seventy years of age, always associating with able men. To science he seems to have paid scarce any attention at all. It is a short radius that measures the arc of his historic realm. A few Latin authors, whom he loved to quote, made up his meagre classic store. He was not a scholar, and it is idle to claim great scholarship for him."

It is difficult to extract from such an orator any specimens adequate to explain his influence before a popular assembly. His direct object is never to rouse the passions of his audience, but to kindle and brighten their reason, and their sense of duty through their reason, and to overbear the resistance of their prejudices and wills. This is effected as much by his condensed statements as by his sublimest outbursts of enthusiasm. He persists in believing that man is a reasonable and moral creature, and in the height of political passion rarely exaggerates or inveighs. The lack of personal invective in his speeches is doubtless to be referred to the fact, that his sympathies, though deep, were not quick: he did not hate the ordinary run of politicians to whom he was opposed; but, for the same reason, he did not love those with whom he was connected; and this indifference to individuals, this absence of facile manners and superficial feeling, this want of the polite cordiality, ludicrously misnamed "heart," was the real obstruction in his path to the Presidency of the Republic. There is more profound and genuine feeling in any one of his great speeches than in all of Mr. Clay's; yet Mr. Clay was universally popular for his warm heart, and fostered the most selfish politicians to his interest by the grace and geniality of his address. He was capable of loving and hating intensely from the slightest cause; had the spirit of the head of a clan as well as the shrewdness of the leader of a party; was vehement in faction as well as ardent in patriotism; and the result was, that his immediate followers were fanatics in their enthusiasm for him; and one of them, labouring for words to express his love, is reported to have been delivered of this sentiment, that he would vote for Clay as long as Clay lived, and for his executor afterwards. Yet Mr. Webster's frequent postponement of his superior claims to the pretensions of his rival, evinced a magnanimity and depth of feeling altogether

beyond Mr. Clay, and therefore never thoroughly appreciated by him. With all the abatements to be made to the merit of Mr. Webster's forbearance in invective, it is still no little praise "to have a giant's strength," yet hesitate "to use it like a giant." But while his sarcasm commonly spared persons, it was sufficiently remorseless to measures he disapproved and principles he disliked. In detecting and ridiculing the false maxims on which a course of policy proceeded, he exhibited a fine combination of sense and satire.

Patriotism, with Mr. Webster, was a sentiment as well as a principle; and the value of the union of the States he ever refuses to make a matter of calculation. "I have not accustomed myself," he says, "to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below;" and none who heard can ever forget the solemn and thrilling pathos with which, in his reply to Hayne, he hoped that death would come to him before disunion to his country. "When these eyes," he exclaimed, "shall be turned for the last time to behold the sun in heaven, may they not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious union: on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!" This patriotism runs through his writings, a constant inspirer of great thought and imaginations. At the close of his speech at Bunker Hill, he says:

"Let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND

NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration for ever !”

In closing this survey of Daniel Webster's intellectual character and public career, we cannot add to the list of his rare qualities that which gives the highest value to moderation and the intensest vision to wisdom: we mean, moral audacity in a wide field of action—a faithful adherence to principle under the pressure of immediate practical difficulties. Yet he provokingly raised the expectation of this quality by occasional flourishes of moral enthusiasm, and by the intellectual hardihood with which he maintained his purposes. His sentiments, though not up to the level of his powers, were yet great enough to inspire, on some occasions, the noblest expression of moral truths. At such times no retired philosopher had a more vivid conception of those inexorable moral laws whose silent, certain, and awful operation neither individual men nor nations can safely disregard or ultimately elude. He seemed not only to see them as facts, but to feel them as duties; and, by his grasp of practical details, he could connect them with the every-day events with which, as a statesman, he had to deal. It was natural, therefore, that his countrymen should try him by severer tests than those which they applied to other statesmen; and perhaps the denunciations he received from eager reformers, when he acted from the ordinary motives, and met crises of affairs with the common expedients of politicians, was the best tribute ever made to the loftiest elements of his character. All that class of men in America whose interest in politics is confined to the moral questions occasionally connected with political action, looked to him as their natural leader, in virtue of his possessing both knowledge of affairs and the inspiration of ideas; and they had little mercy or charity for his conduct when he crossed their designs and disappointed their expectations. The complaint, as far as we can glean it from various sources, seems to resolve itself into this,—that in those great emergencies which require a statesman of the stamp of Chatham, or a reformer of the stamp of Luther, Mr. Webster's worldly wisdom and moral insight appeared in *juxta-position* rather than in combination. The vision faded, and faith in ideas departed, as practical difficulties thickened; the wide-glancing understanding of the man, perplexed with the view of the thousand uncertainties and dangers which hung ominously round the position it still wished to take, declared despairingly, at last, for moderation and compromise—a noble opportunity to make an historical event was cast aside; and

instead of a decisive blow, which would have thrilled a whole continent, we had a lawyer's astute argument, which all prudent people praised. Doubtless, there are occasions when audacity is the highest prudence, and the bright object of statesmanship is to be reached only by a bold plunge through intervening impediments; but it requires a very great man to detect their presence, and a very resolute one to act on their inspiration. It is not for us to decide, in regard to involved questions relating almost exclusively to American politics, whether Mr. Webster's course in such perilous emergencies was the wisest that his intelligence could have selected, or the safest that his patriotism could have found; and it is perhaps well to receive with caution, in the absence of complete information, the strictures made by uncompromising spirits on the part he took in complicated affairs, the difficulties of which could be seen most fully by his own comprehensive mind.



ART. IX.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

[Under the conviction that brief and incidental literary notices, such as have been hitherto appended to the more important portion of the "Westminster Review," are of little value in a quarterly periodical, it has been determined to substitute for them a connected survey of the chief additions made to our literature during the preceding quarter. The foreign department of the Review, which, since the incorporation of the "Foreign Quarterly" with the "Westminster," has been confined to notices of a few foreign publications, will also, in future, be conducted on a new plan. American, French, and German literature will be treated in separate articles of a like comprehensive character with the one on English literature. It may happen that, for various reasons, the works noticed in each article, especially in the department of foreign literature, will not fall strictly within the limits of the previous quarter; but it is intended that the entire series shall give as complete a retrospect of the course of literary production during the year as the prescribed space will allow.]

Theology. **T**HE literature of the season makes an auspicious commencement with the learned and ingenious work of the Chevalier Bunsen on "Hippolytus and his Age," which, as treating chiefly of matters theological, seems to fall under this head more fitly than under History. About a year ago, a Patristic curiosity was published at Oxford, supposed to be one of the lost books of Origen, but which, in Bunsen's opinion, ought to be ascribed to St. Hippolytus,* "an illustrious and influential member of the Church of Rome." And what difference does this make? It makes the difference of four volumes full of Theologico-historical deductions, which are believed to be very important, but which, at best, depend for their validity upon the frail foundation of critical conjecture.

Among other things, this work is regarded as having established a new landmark in the wilderness of Christian Evidence. The reader may be aware that, in the chain of historical testi-

¹ "Hippolytus and his Age; or, the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus: and Ancient and Modern Christianity compared." By C. C. J. Bunsen, D.C.L. Four volumes. London: Longmans. 1852.

* *Οριγένους Φιλοσοφούμενα ἢ κατὰ πασῶν αἱρέσεων ἔλεγχος*. Origenis Philosophumena sive Omnium Hæresium refutatio. E codice Parisius nunc primum ed. Emmanuel Miller. Oxonii e Typographeo Academico, 1851.

The title proposed by Bunsen is this: *Τοῦ ἁγίου Ἱππολύτου Ἐπισκόπου καὶ Μαρτυροῦ κατὰ πασῶν αἱρέσεων ἔλεγχος τῶν δεκά βιβλίων τα σωζόμενα*. Sancti Hippolyti Episcopi et Martyris Omnium Hæresium Refutatio: Librorum decem quæ supersunt.

mony by which the advocates of Gospel Succession endeavour to trace back the pedigree of the Four Gospels to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, some important links are wanting, in consequence of which many have been led to question the existence of those records anterior to the time when they are first mentioned in patristic literature: at least they think it most probable that they existed only at first as traditional fragments, undergoing peculiar modification, according to the recognised laws of mythical development, and finally, under editorial superintendence, assuming more individuated forms of the same number, and with the same names as still distinguish them. And for this gradual biblical formation, they hold that there was sufficient time in the century and a half which elapsed between the death of Christ and the first clear and positive identification of the Four Gospels. This is a wide gulf of interrupted evidences, and it has hitherto been found impossible to bridge it over. The earliest quotation, expressly stated to be from any gospel, is from St. John, and is found in Theophilus of Antioch, about A.D. 172. It appears, however, that, in this newly-discovered work, Basilides is represented as quoting from the same gospels, and the date of the quotation is supposed by Bunsen to be somewhere "between 120 and 130." This furnishes "a conclusive answer to the unfortunate hypothesis of Strauss, and the whole school of Tubingen, that the fourth gospel was written about the year 165 or 170." But its conclusiveness has this drawback, that if Basilides, about A.D. 130, quoted from St. John, we have not the work itself in evidence, but only a quotation from it by Hippolytus, in A.D. 225.

For more purely historical purposes something is gained by the transference of authorship from Origen to Hippolytus:—

"For Hippolytus, as a disciple of Irenæus, and being about twenty years older than Origen, must have enjoyed, on many important points, still more than he, the living tradition of the Apostolic age: his name and character are not involved in any reproach or suspicion of heresy, as those of the great Alexandrian doctor unfortunately are, and further, as a member of the Roman presbytery, he could speak with the highest authority on the affairs of the Church of Rome. Through his master, Irenæus, the Apostle of the Gauls, and disciple of Polycarp of Ephesus, who had caught the words of the Apostle of Love from St. John's own lips, Hippolytus received the traditions and doctrine of the Apostolic age from an unsuspected source, while, as a Roman, he recollects, and describes from his personal knowledge, the secret history of the Church of Rome under Commodus. In his riper years, he had witnessed successively the important administration of two Roman bishops: the one, Zephyrinus, who succeeded Victor, cotemporary of Irenæus: the other, Calistus, who occupied the see of Rome during a great crisis

of that church in doctrine and discipline, and whose life and character are here for the first time disclosed."

Besides treating of Hippolytus and his work, these volumes treat of his Age. The first applies the principles of historical criticism to the questions of the authenticity, the authorship, and the contents of the work, the second treats of a higher subject—"the philosophical history of the Christian Church." In the third and fourth volumes are given the texts of the Creed, Liturgy, and Ordinances; in short, the Book of Common Prayer and Ecclesiastical Code of the third century, or Ante-Nicene Church.

The book will, no doubt, find its way into the hands of every Christian scholar. The distinguished reputation of the author for varied learning and critical acumen is amply sustained, and we are glad to find him announce that a "Synoptical Text of the Four Gospels," and a "Critical Reconstruction of the Chronological order of the Evangelical Accounts," are ready for the press, and will be followed by a "Life of Jesus." "This is the work," he says, "which, for twenty years, I have considered as the final object of my thoughts and researches, if I should be found worthy to realize the idea which I have conceived of this sublime problem." This is, no doubt, intended to furnish a reply to Strauss, which, notwithstanding the many attempts that have been made, is still felt to be a desideratum. We notice Hippolytus and his age thus briefly now, as we hope ere long to devote an article to the work.

That England is not deficient in critical learning, so much as in a scientific method, is illustrated in another work which is entitled to notice here; and which, like the preceding, may be designated a theological biography: this is no other than "The Life and Epistles of St. Paul,"² so far secularized by the adoption of a superfine literary garb, that, though an old friend, we had nearly mistaken him for a new acquaintance. The letters, retranslated, are inserted in chronological order, in the course of the Life. "The object to be sought is, that they may really represent in English what they were to their Greek readers when first written." This design is carried out with remarkable ability. Doctrinal comment is omitted; but whatever light can be thrown upon the Apostle's opinions, labours, and position, by history, geography, archæology, &c., is worked into the narrative. The general object aimed at is a restoration of St. Paul's writings, and a reconstruction of his life; but the editors have not been governed in their labours by what scientific men call a

² "The Life and Epistles of St. Paul." By Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A. and Rev. J. S. Howson, M.A. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1852.

method: they have merely followed an ingenious *plan*, and exhibited a fresh *style*. At the same time, with the above merits, and the attraction of beautiful pictorial illustrations, it is a praiseworthy effort towards presenting the records of the Christian faith, in a shape commensurate with the esteem in which they are held by the community. The plan should embrace all the Biblical writers, who, instead of having their individuality recognised like the writers of Greece and Rome, seem to constitute a species of sacred chain-gang, never to be trusted but when in each other's company. If, on the contrary, they could be sent out, each on his own account, to present his own credentials, and make his own individual impression, it would be a wonderful means of disabusing the public mind of some "popular errors" on the literary history of the Bible.

The real value of old books, sacred or secular, is Education. now becoming a topic of *ex cathedra* discourse in the universities. Professor Blackie, who has been recently elected to the Greek chair at Edinburgh, in his Inaugural Discourse,³ delivered in presence of the clergy and Senatus Academicus, has had the boldness to "read them a lecture" on *Bibliolatry*! This is progress, to have Rabbinism attacked in Scotland—to have the idols assailed in their own temples—and amidst the applause of their very worshippers! It is done, however, with rather more discretion than our representation would indicate. He first of all tells his audience that they have greater skill in swelling the "babblement of an ecclesiastical assembly than in editing a Greek play or in dissecting a Greek Gospel." But, though magnifying his office, he recognises the great facts of an English literature, a German literature, and other literatures, competing with those of Greece and Rome. The general public may have its choice; but for the Christian divine there is still nothing like Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, inasmuch as "Christian Theology" is based upon "historical tradition," (which is, being interpreted, "the Holy Bible.") He then seems to turn in another direction, and points to the geologist who explores for himself in the quarries and mines, and the botanist who learns his science in "the green fields and flushing crags." They go to Nature—not to Tradition—to the living volume, which presents living facts, in preference to the artificial volume, which merely represents them. So it is in Natural Science: how should it be in Religious Science? Here the student may, in like manner, generalize from the facts presented in his own religious con-

³ "Classical Literature in its Relation to the Nineteenth Century and Scottish University Education: an Inaugural Lecture delivered in the University of Edinburgh, Nov. 2, 1852." By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1852.

sciousness, and from the facts re-presented in the history of the religious consciousness of humanity, either in the whole or in parts. But, we must explain: this is *our* prosecution of the analogy between the science of geology and the science of religion—not that of our Professor, who advances to the edge of the precipice, trembles, and retreats! In the crisis of his discourse he breaks down, and instead of sending the theologian to follow the geologist, turns round, forgets his analogy altogether, and forbids him to go “*anywhere else than to the New Testament.*” Presently he relaxes this restriction, and bethinks him that for “a comprehensive and truly catholic theology” he must commend them to—“*The Fathers.*” Surely Rabbinism has now felt itself avenged for the insult it received at the outset. The Professor evidently had it in his heart to say something more liberal, but he was injudicious in descending to particulars. In the upper region of general principles, he might have let the lightning of Nature flash against the dark cloud of tradition without danger. He recovers himself before he concludes, and atones for his previous stammering, by letting such sentences as the following ring in the ears of the preachers and pedagogues of “Auld Reekie:”—

“We live in an age that is justly proud of its physical science, and will not allow the mere wielders of an old grammar and dictionary to assume an oracular tone, or dictate a monopolizing tuition to the men who have had their eyes opened to the great mundane mysteries written in the stars and in the rocks, through the teaching of a Lyell and a Herschell, a Faraday and a Brewster. . . . Do you, on the contrary, always know and feel, that the profoundest study of the dead past never can be anything more than, as Richter beautifully says, the ‘unswathing of a bandaged mummy,’ except in so far as the student brings along with him the heart that beats and the eye that speculates from the living fulness of the present. Mere learning, as Falstaff says, ‘is a hoard of gold kept by a devil,’ or we may add, an ass. Beware, therefore, above all things, ye who teach from ancient books, of this lean worship of the dead letter. . . . Seek, therefore, for the inspiration of your school exercises in the living depths of your own soul; seek for it in the green trees and in the golden stars; seek for it before God on your knees, and before men, in whatever work your hand shall find to do, vigorously; but seek it not in the grey book merely, or in the pale parchment. Like is the father of like in this world, not among the doves only and the eagles, as Horace says, but everywhere. Mere paper never yet begot muscle. If you wish to be strong men in the world, and workers of strong work, remember that.”

These are wise words, and if their significance was recognised, must have had a novel sound in a Scotch university. Honour to the man who uttered them, and who has thereby inaugurated

a new educational era in that stronghold of parchment, piety, and sectarian intolerance!

Professor Blackie will find it a difficult task to reform the teaching of theology; but he has determined, at all events, to reform the teaching of Greek. He has kicked out the grammar, to begin with—a measure which should have been adopted long ago—and he is teaching his students to pronounce Greek as they do in Greece, insisting that it is not a dead but a living language—as anyone may see by looking at a Greek newspaper. In the work⁴ which he has published in defence of his opinion and practice, he gives an extract from a newspaper printed last year at Athens, giving an account of Kossuth's visit to America; “from which the fact will be abundantly evident that the language of Homer is not dead, but lives, and that in a state of purity to which, considering the extraordinary duration of its literary existence—2500 years at least—there is no parallel perhaps on the face of the globe—in Europe, certainly not.” After noticing a few trifling modifications which distinguish modern from ancient Greek, he states, as a fact, that “in three columns of a Greek newspaper of the year 1852, there do not certainly occur three words that are not pure native Greek,” so very slightly has it been corrupted from foreign sources. In addition to the authority of a living tradition, he adduces many other grounds for his conclusions as to the original pronunciation of the language. The work is both able and interesting. It indicates a rare faculty for clear exposition, which is one of the prime qualifications of a successful teacher. Clear thought and consistent utterance are Mr. Blackie's natural characteristics; and if, on any particular occasion, we have to complain of their absence, it only shows that genius cannot compensate for the lack of mental freedom.

On the other hand, freedom sometimes compensates for the lack of genius. The accomplished scholar glances at the relation of Religion, Theology, and Education, only to add perplexity to the problem. The intelligent working man understands the problem clearly, and expounds his thoughts on “Religion and Education in relation to the People,”⁵ with that charm of unaffected simplicity which truth never fails to lend to all who are truth-seekers. The plan which Mr. Langford pursues in this little work is “to see in what religion and education con-

⁴ “The Pronunciation of Greek; Accent and Quantity; a Philological Inquiry.” By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo.

⁵ “Religion and Education in relation to the People.” By John Alfred Langford, author of “Religious Scepticism,” &c. London: John Chapman. 1852.

sist, what necessary connexion there is between them, and how far they are independent of each other; to look into the causes which have prevented a clear understanding of their relative powers and places, and why it is that so little progress has been made in settling their respective claims, so as to have produced a joint and harmonious, or a free and unrestricted, working out of the great mission which belongs to them; and finally, to offer some suggestions which may aid in removing some of the difficulties, and softening some of the prejudices, which now overload the questions with contention and strife." It is a work singularly adapted by its precision of thought, aptness of illustration, and gentleness of tone, to promote the purpose which its author has aimed at. That purpose is not to effect a compromise between conflicting parties, but to show them where the truth lies, and to invite co-operation upon that basis. It does not say, let us agree to sink our differences upon the relations of religion, theology, and education; it asks, what *are* our differences? What is religion? What is theology? What is education? May we not be more united in our principles than we suppose? May we not *become* sufficiently so for all social purposes? It is in this way that it deals with the question. The author, therefore, instead of withholding his sentiments, on the distinction between religion and theology as irrelevant in a case which demands universal toleration, frankly states them; because, if thereby he may convince his neighbour he establishes a positive basis of sympathy and action between them, instead of a merely negative one. And it is easy to see that these questions are necessarily raised by the educational controversy, and must be discussed before a common educational system can be agreed upon. All our controversies are of a complex character, and indirectly settle more questions than come to the surface. The cholera gave birth to the sanitary movement; sanitary investigations raised the cry for national education; the educational struggle will teach the act of defining and distinguishing things that differ to men who were accustomed to take a very concrete and conventional view of matters before. Mr. Langford has done well, consequently, in penetrating to the root of the matter, and in candidly showing the religious protectionists what they have to make up their minds to abandon, and what to embrace. Like their political friends of the same school, they will perhaps be compelled by the force of circumstances to come round *practically* before they will concede the demand *theoretically*; but both stages will be reached, and without any long interval between them.

Almost every child capable of thinking, after it has entered on its school career and experienced the difficulties of acquiring

knowledge, the tedium of confinement, and the irksomeness of discipline, is impelled to ask—"What is the use of all this toil and suffering? What good will it do me? Why should I submit to it?" In the little work named at the bottom of the page,⁶ the author of "*Outlines of Social Economy*," &c. has furnished plain, yet instructive answers to these questions. By a simple exposition of familiar truths, he informs the pupil "What he is," namely, a digesting, breathing, locomotive, emotional, intellectual, and social being; and points out what course of instruction such a creature requires. He tells him, "Where he is,"—on a planet revolving round the sun, and composed of matter having various qualities, under some conditions and combinations of which health, strength, and enjoyment are the results; under others—disease, weakness, and suffering; and he gives illustrations quite within the child's comprehension. He shows him "What he ought to do,"—namely, that to obtain food, clothing, and shelter, and to be loved, he must work skillfully, honestly, and industriously, act courteously, benevolently, gratefully, generously, and practise economy. He proves to him that, in order "to become qualified and disposed to do what he ought," the pupil must have the opportunity afforded him of acquiring knowledge; and this can be supplied only by those who have learned it by instruction and experience. The answer to the concluding question, "Why should children go to school?" evolves itself in the clearest manner from the considerations that precede it. The object and advantages of school-instruction cannot remain a mystery to any average child, after the elucidation here given of his own nature, position, interests, and duties. One characteristic of the work is, that the information supplied is drawn from objects, occurrences, feelings, and thoughts, which may fairly be held to be within the sphere of the child's observation and experience.

In the preface, the author grapples with the question, whether religion should be taught in the secular school?

"My reasons for omitting it," he says, "are numerous. In the first place, the consideration of man as a religious being is so mighty, so serious a task, that to shrink from the responsibility of engaging in it, *on behalf of others*, ought scarcely to incur censure, although to shrink from it as regards oneself is a sad dereliction of duty. I may be in error; but to my mind religious teaching ought not be undertaken by those who mistrust their own competency. Some works had better be undone than ill-done. In the second place, had I felt confidence in my own ability, what success could I have looked for educationally?

⁶ "What am I? Where am I? What ought I to do? How am I to become qualified and disposed to do what I ought?" London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1852. 12mo. Pp. 66.

Had I pleased the members of the Church Establishment, how should I have fared with Catholics and Dissenters? Besides, could I have hoped to give universal satisfaction to all who communicate with the Church? Are there no educational feuds within her bosom—feuds of some bitterness too? . . . Nor are these the whole of my difficulties. I should regret to be banished by my Jewish fellow-citizens: my personal intercourse with them has shown me that they are at least on a par with the age in the zeal and intelligence with which they are pushing the education of their poorer co-religionists. If they are quite prepared to receive the secular knowledge which I present to them, why should I defile it in their eyes, or make it unpalatable to their tongues? To those who contend that to separate the secular from the religious is to repudiate the latter, I would observe that it is much easier to make a charge than to substantiate it. So long as the secular and religious are apart, religion is sheltered from contamination, at all events, from secular perverseness, ignorance, and triviality. These, when condemned, suffer by themselves, endangering nothing that is holy. . . . The gain to religion itself has never been fairly considered by those who are so free in casting imputations upon others who cannot agree with them. It will, I think, be admitted on all hands that secular conduct and secular doctrine ought never to be screened from the most fearless scrutiny. But are they not screened when, without regard to the goodness and truth that are in them, they are sanctified by religion, or, more properly, by the ministers of religion?"

American slavery is adduced, as an example of an institution which Christian clergymen, in the United States of North America, defend on the authority of the Bible; and the recent political revolutions in France, with all their broken oaths and perjured infraction of solemn covenants, are alluded to, as sanctioned by the ministers of religion. The argument is maintained with great vigour and telling illustration throughout, but we cannot further pursue it. We recommend the work to the practical schoolmaster, to parents, and to all interested in education, who are disposed to teach religion undesecrated by school tasks and penal inflictions. It will enable them to supply a want which they must all have felt.

History. Sir Archibald Alison's new work,⁷ like the large one, of which it is the continuation, comes very opportunely; and to this circumstance, more than to its intrinsic merits, will its reputation be attributable. Moreover, it states so many topics of discussion of an interesting and important nature, that it cannot fail to command attention. Its author may not display great historical genius, but he exhibits tact in

⁷ "History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon, in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, in 1852." By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1852.

book-making. He writes what will serve his own party and the public convenience at the same time. He hits upon a work that is specially wanted: he executes it in a style that is at least readable; and, though ostensibly dealing with the history of the past, he gives it immediate interest by lugging in the party-politics of the present, and by making it a medium of propagandian attack, as if he were writing an article in "Blackwood." It is, in fact, a *hash* of his essays in that magazine, solidified with the old bones of Parliamentary Debates, cut down, from "Hansard" and the *Moniteur*. It required an extra quantity of rhetorical pepper to render such a dish palatable, and it will give extra work to the digestive powers to turn it into nutriment.

Sir Archibald is not a philosophical historian, but merely an *opinionative* one. He has many crude "notions," which, with prophetic complacency, he believes to be in advance of the age, and he is always obtruding them. He has no perception of the vital forces at work in society, affecting alike growth and decay; but all the good and ill in the history of humanity are traced respectively to the adoption or rejection of what he considers sound views of commerce and the currency! This piece of quackery may give an air of profound sagacity to his speculations in the eyes of the unreflecting, and his incessant repetition of his nostrums, in the loose, declamatory style of the platform, is well adapted to produce a popular impression, but it will never constitute him a philosophical historian, if it even leave him title to the rank of historian at all.

The leap from Modern Europe to Ancient Egypt need hardly be apologized for as a violent transition in these days of electric telegraphs. Mr. A. C. Harris, of Alexandria, well known to our Egyptian travellers, lately published some Fragments of Greek Orations against Demosthenes, concerning the memory of Harpalus. He has since printed a small volume, called "Hieroglyphical Standards," in which he gives the result of an interesting discovery in Egyptian history. He finds sculptured on some of the temples a series of figures—some men, some women—following the king, and, like him, each presenting an offering to the god of that temple. On the head of each is a standard, which is symbolical of the person; and Mr. Harris has most ingeniously proved that they are the figures of so many Egyptian cities walking in procession after their monarch. They are arranged geographically down the Nile, from Ethiopia to the Delta; and they were sculptured on the temple by the priests, in grateful acknowledgment of the help in money which those several cities sent to them when they were building their

temple. They are, in fact, the subscription lists of the places that sent their contributions and pious donations towards the undertaking.

On the Temple of Dendera, built under Tiberias, are forty cities presenting their voluntary offerings. On the temple of Kalabshe, in Nubia, also built in Roman times, are twenty-six such contributing cities. On the temple of Edfou, built a few centuries earlier, under the Ptolemies, are one hundred and seventy-six cities and villages bringing their gifts. Thus this discovery by Mr. Harris explains the manner in which the earnest zeal of this eminently religious nation exerted itself in raising its massive temples. It is also of some little geographical use to us, as we can in some cases determine the name of a city from its place in the series.

Mr. Gilfillan has been essaying a history of the Covenanters,⁸ chiefly, it would appear, for a polemical purpose. That purpose is to show the blessings of "voluntaryism," and the evils of an ecclesiastical establishment, which he considers "the great question of the present day." It is difficult to see what countenance the Covenanters can lend to such an object, when, so far from being the advocates of anti-State-Churchism, they contend for a thorough identification of Church and State, after the model of the Hebrew Theocracy. Their position is but dimly recognised from the point of view, either of Erastianism or modern dissent; and it is ridiculous for Mr. Gilfillan to append to his history a "practical improvement" divided in due homiletic order into twelve "heads," showing "the evils of Erastianism," "the power of the voluntary principle," and such like. "It was that principle which, like the ravens of Elijah, fed the ministers in the desert. It was it which, in that full developement of its power, 'turned the stones into bread.'" Certainly, if the voluntary principle can accomplish this, it is infinitely preferable to any endowment whatever.

A history of the Covenanters is a fine subject for an artistic historian capable of apprehending the real significance of that movement. But, perhaps Scotland is the last place in which to look for such a man. A prophet is said to have no honour in his own country; and, paradoxical as it may appear, it may be said with truth of the Covenanters, that they have been little understood in Scotland, and least of all in the orthodox churches. There is no lack of traditional veneration for them as martyrs and national heroes. They are called *par excellence*, the "Scottish Worthies." The truth is, however, that though the Covenant

⁸ "The Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards of the Scottish Covenant." By George Gilfillan, M.A. London: Cockshaw. 1852.

had at one time found acceptance with the dominant party in the State, it never was accepted by more than a fraction of the people. It was originally a political manifesto, not a social one. And when, afterwards, the Covenanters became what would now be called the Opposition, and took to agitation, they dwindled into a *sect*, which would have been speedily extinguished, had not the theocratic idea, on which the movement was based, burst out into a flame, accompanied with "signs and wonders." Their position thenceforth became one of antagonism to all existing institutions, and necessarily isolated them from the mass of society, which never sympathizes with anything violently deviating from the beaten track, and has always a mortal horror of epidemics, spiritual as well as physical. From being non-conformists, they became essentially *heretics*. Deeply rooted as they were in the soil of the past, they took leave to grow up in the free atmosphere of the present. If they did not discard the Bible, they believed, without figure of speech, that the Word of the Lord came from the living lips of their own preachers, as well as through the dry channel of the ancient Scriptures. They knew nothing of the theological restriction of inspiration to a bygone age and a particular nation. They were "all taught of God."* They had the power to prophesy, and to work miracles. They had authority to "bind and loose." As the "chosen vessels" of the Most High, they were superior to all earthly principalities and powers, and authorized to sit in judgment upon them, though themselves privileged to be "judged of no man." And it was in this capacity of God's vicegerent that Cargill proceeded to "deliver unto Satan" King Charles and all his counsellors. This, of course, was imputed to fanaticism; but he had only followed Scripture precedent, even had he not been "moved by the Holy Ghost" himself. God had verily "visited and redeemed his people;" and the theocracy which had disappeared from Palestine had dawned upon the hills and valleys of Scotland. This they believed, and no historian can do them justice who has not penetrated to the ground of this belief, and who does not in some measure sympathize with it. The historians of the period, at least on the covenanting side, believed in it as a "time of visitation;" but that day has gone by. The Age of Faith has been succeeded in Scotland by the Age of Sober Orthodoxy, which repairs the sepulchres of the prophets, but ridicules their pretensions. Young Scotland spoke through "Old Mortality," and made mirth of its own martyrs. The reaction was complete, and the credulity of Woodrow hides its

* Some of them "gave up Christianity, burned their Bibles, and became a species of Mormonites."

face before the "Niebuhr criticism" of Gilfillan. The original records of the Covenant weave together warriors and miracles into as compact a specimen of theological solidarity as can be found in the original records of Christianity; but what is that to our historian, who, in language unknown to his forefathers, says of the "majority" of these miracles, that they appear to his "*logical understanding*, PALPABLE FALSEHOODS." (Be it remembered, that the sceptical side on this question is the orthodox one.) And with regard to the exceptional cases, he simply resolves "prophecy" into "presentiment," and "miracle" into "wonder,"—a most felicitous translation, which only requires to be sanctioned (as it ought to be) by the dictionary, and by general usage, to settle the whole controversy about supernaturalism. But Mr. Gilfillan's "*logical understanding*" does not betray him into heresy; and these etymological equivalents are used by him with the discrimination of a divine.

Mr. Gilfillan does not seem to be actuated in his literary labours by a lofty purpose, and is consequently satisfied with showing off his rare gift of mixing up whatever he has in hand with bits of criticism and clerical gossip in a pedantic plum-pudding style, stamped with vulgarity in every line. There is no topic of the day which is not introduced into this volume, which concludes with a "presentiment" of the approaching advent (bodily!) of the Lord Jesus Christ, and with a penultimate malediction on Emerson and Carlyle, who are accused of doing away with Christ! Carlyle is doubly damned, being, in addition to his other torments, consigned to the bottomless pit of literary ruin!—Carlyle, the only man capable of doing well the very work which this book does exceedingly ill.

We should have applied the same remark to the life Biography. of Robert Burns, had not this work been undertaken, and, at length, worthily completed, by Robert Chambers,⁹ who had earned a certain right, as he had collected full materials, and possessed no mean qualification, to become *the* biographer of Burns. No preceding attempt is either so copious in information, or accurate in its facts and figures,—qualities in which it cannot be excelled by any future effort, however the picture may be improved in brilliancy of colouring, and in that delicate radiance of ideality, which throws an indescribable charm over the work of an accomplished artist. The plan of the present work is peculiar, though by no means novel. There are only very few cases—and this is one of them—in which it could be adopted with advantage, or with propriety. When poems are so circum-

⁹ "The Life and Works of Robert Burns." Edited by Robert Chambers. 4 vols. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. 1851-52.

stantial in their original, and lyrical in character, as those of Burns, they may be said, with truth, to be part of the poet's life. And with such truth, as cannot be said of a contemplative poet like Wordsworth, whose love for *Nature* was entirely different from Burns's attachment to *Locality*. What *scenes* were to the one, *places* were to the other. We are familiar with the "Land of Burns," but we never hear of the "Land of Wordsworth." Hence Burns requires more circumstantial *explanation*. In this respect, he is like a Greek or Roman classic; and you can never understand him so well, as by reading his life, letters, and poems together. Never did anything, in the shape of literature, more fitly deserve the title of "*Remains*:" it is only in keeping with their character, therefore, to have them arranged in a form apparently miscellaneous, but well adapted to serve the purpose of mutual illustration. Such was the object contemplated by the editor. In the preface, he remarks:—

"It occurred to me—and I find that the same idea had latterly occurred to Allan Cunningham—that if the various compositions were strung in strict chronological order upon the memoir, they might be made to render up the whole light which they are qualified to throw upon the history of the life and mental progress of Burns, at the same time that a new significancy was given to them by their being read in connexion with the current of events and emotions which led to their production. Such is the plan here adopted, and the result is not merely a great amount of new biographical detail, but a new sense, efficacy, and feeling in what many would perhaps describe as hackneyed, the writings of the poet himself."

The great textual accuracy attained, is the result of the editor's long experience in textual criticism, combined with a degree of labour "which seems surprising in regard to a poet who flourished only sixty years ago." The tone of *moral* criticism adopted, meets with our hearty sympathy. The editor views the subject in the following light:—

"As to the tone adopted regarding the *morale* of Burns, my wish has been, in a word, to write the truth with tenderness. To say that Burns was a man, is to say that he was not without infirmities. On this subject, there has been much error on both sides, and the very prominence given to the subject has involved an injustice. I feel, for my own part, no hesitation in showing Burns as the being of impulse and passion, subject, like other men, to occasional aberrations, which he actually was, but this in due subordination to the many admirable traits of character which shone in his life and writings. Regarding one whose brief career was one long hardship, relieved by little besides an ungainful excitement—who, during this singularly hapless career, did, on the whole, well maintain the grand battle of Will against Circumstance—who, strange to say, in the midst of his own poverty, conferred an inestimable and imperishable gift upon mankind—an Undying Voice

for their finest sympathies—stamping at the same time more deeply the divine doctrine of the fundamental equality of consideration due to all men—regarding such a one, justice might perhaps be contented with less, but it could not well demand more.”

Next to Robert Burns, the most popular character in Scotland is Mary Queen of Scots. The peasant and the princess possessed the common characteristic of rendering themselves obnoxious to the bigotry and conventionalism of their country, only to secure a reaction in their favour of deep and wide-spread sympathy from a people who were proud of the genius of the one and the beauty of the other, and who, in spite of their reputation for dogmatic piety, manifested such an intense interest in the distinctive virtues and vices of both, as could only proceed from kindred qualities, rendering unconscious homage to the genuine representatives of the national character. To this ill-fated queen, Miss Strickland devotes the new volume of the *Royal Biographies*.¹⁰ It would have been well had the same moral tone been adopted in this work as in the preceding “*Life of Burns*,” and it would have been sufficient for every honest purpose which the work can serve; but the author’s admiration of the “*beauteous majesty*” of Scotland is incompatible with a qualified milk-and-water sympathy. It is a religion with her—a sentiment of pure and undefiled *Mariolatry*.

Genius inspired by such a sentiment cannot fail to produce a striking work. We exceedingly admire Miss Strickland’s tact. There is no digressive argumentation addressed to the judgment of her readers, but she gives throughout such a shape and colour to the narrative as will infallibly secure their *sympathy*. She promises to make her vindication clear and conclusive: she calls for an absolute acquittal, and will hear of no compromise. She gives vent to her womanly indignation against those writers who, believing in Mary’s guilt, find an excuse for her in “the errors of a French education, the levity of youth, the misfortune of being linked to an ill-conditioned boy-husband, the frailty of human nature, and the infatuation of a resistless passion for a bad man.” Confident that she has the verdict now in her own power, she presses it to an extreme. In all her actions it is “*Innocent or guilty*”—saint or sinner—angel or devil! On such finely edged principles it is impossible to write history, especially the history of Mary Stuart. An old Puritan defined a Christian to be a person who had in him a little of Christ, and a great deal of the devil. We suspect that this is the key to many an ambiguous character—the Queen

¹⁰ “*Lives of the Queens of Scotland*.” By Agnes Strickland. Vol. III. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1852.

of Scots included, and that the rejected apology is more appropriate than the attempted vindication on the special question. It will ever be a sad and sorrowful tale, this destiny of a young, inexperienced gentlewoman, to struggle with the angry passions, bitter feuds, and dark intrigues, which had descended to her as a legacy from a former generation. Her traitorous nobles conspiring to sell her to her enemies, and fanatical sectaries cursing her by their gods,—she was but the mockery of a queen, as she felt when she asked “Maister” John Knox whether he or she were sovereign of Scotland. The author is not particularly partial to that cankered old gospeller, and introduces with great effect the interviews which he had with Mary. There was little to choose between Pope and Presbyter, so long as “Maister John” stood sentry at the palace, and dealt out damnation in the pulpit. He had an unprincipled aristocracy to sustain him, and it served their purposes to let him bark so loudly. As in England, so in Scotland, church spoliation was the most substantial motive for church reform, and the example set by the crown in the one kingdom, was followed by the Lord James and his colleagues in the other. The ordinary historians of the Reformation have generally been ecclesiastics, who could hardly be expected to give a view of the subject unfavourable to their own order and to the interests of religion. But the old varnish is wearing off, and the original pictures, when cleaned and retouched by such skilful artists as Miss Strickland, will present things in a new aspect.

It is a work which (according to the John Cassell style of advertisement in which it is announced) “may be placed without hesitation in the hands of readers of all ages.” “It contains,” according to the same authority, “a body of hitherto inedited facts, the most curious, as well as the most important, that have ever been condensed into a biographical narrative.” Miss Strickland’s popularity is too well established to require any puffing from her publishers. This is not the best book that ever was written, nor can its author take the first rank as an historian; but she has the art of collecting what is most picturesque in the old chroniclers, and of working up her “notes and extracts” in a very graceful manner into a fresh and lively narrative, in a style plain and unaffected.

In the volume just dismissed, there is an awkward attempt made to exhibit Queen Mary as a philanthropist and social reformer, because she introduced into Scotland a new branch of industry, which furnished support for some poor families. This was a peculiar kind of straw-plaiting which she had observed in France; and Mary, with her poor straw-plaiters, becomes a prototype of Mr. Sidney Herbert and his “distressed needle-

women." Miss Strickland makes sadly too much of this interesting circumstance. When philanthropy is connected with a crown or a coronet, it is soon recognised; but when it appears in a homely, every-day form, in the services of a lady like Mrs. Chisholm, destitute alike of the wealth or the poverty which might associate those services with chivalry or religion, it is hardly romantic enough to be consecrated by Literature, at least till Time has lent "enchantment to the view." It gives us the greater pleasure, therefore, to call attention to the "*Memoirs of Mrs. Chisholm*,"¹¹ and to commend the work to every friend of progress and every lover of humanity. Seldom, within the same space, have we met with so many facts throwing light upon human character, political ethics, and social and criminal reform. We have small respect for professional philanthropists in general, or for ladies of Mrs. Jellaby's type in particular, but we should lay down no absolute rule upon the subject. There are circumstances which warrant a deviation from one's usual and legitimate path, and the best justification of a well-meant but hazardous enterprise is its ultimate success. The perusal of this little book will show that Mrs. Chisholm has done more for the moral regeneration of the Australian colonies than *all their clergy, with their four or five bishops to boot*. She did, moreover, what they could not do—what you feel no one could have done but herself. Like other moral heroines, she seemed born just for that work which she did, and which waited for her to do it. Like others, too, whose work grew upon their hands, the beginning of her career was "a day of small things." It may be said, indeed, to have begun early, for she played at colonization when a child, and she established a school of industry when in India—not for the blacks, but for the *barracks*—but this was only a preliminary training for her career in the colonies. The pursuit of health led her husband, who was an officer in the Indian army, to Sydney; and an incident in the life of an "unprotected female" ere long opened her eyes to the frightful state of colonial society, and to the still more appalling condition of the poor immigrants, especially the females. It was estimated that, at the time Mrs. Chisholm commenced her labours in Sydney, there were in that city *six hundred females* wandering about unprotected and unprovided for! This, along with the evils which it involved, and the mismanagement which it revealed, she determined to remedy—a state of things which no other person deemed it possible, or expedient to try to remedy. She proposed a "Female Emigrant's Home," or, rather, she established it, and

¹¹ "*Memoirs of Mrs. Caroline Chisholm*." By Eneas Mackenzie. London: Webb, Millington, and Co. 1852.

struggled with it, unaided, and under the most desponding circumstances. The clergy doubted, the press hesitated, and the Governor regarded her as a "lady labouring under amiable delusions." But she persevered, overcame all obstacles, and won universal respect. The work she so earnestly coveted she got all to do. It devolved upon her to "well govern, well feed, and well place," thousands of immigrants. She became matrimonial agent for the entire colony. She undertook journeys of hundreds of miles into the interior, with the families under her charge. And such was the hospitality everywhere shown to her, that her personal expences, during seven years' service in this kind of work, amounted to only 1*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* Since her return to England, she has devoted herself to the promotion of Family Colonization in a manner which has commanded the confidence of all parties, while it has developed her extraordinary faculties for organization and government. A true, queenly woman, and by divine right, too!

Biography is never so true to its noble function as when thus employed in portraying the heroism of humble life, and in elevating the aristocracy of Nature into permanent power and enduring influence over mankind. An author whose sympathies move in this direction may be always sure of producing an interesting and useful work, when he selects for his subject the man of struggling genius and moral worth. Such a man was "Palissy the Potter,"¹² whom Mr. Morley, in the true spirit of hero-worship, has introduced to the familiar acquaintance of the English reader. The work belongs to what may be termed the New School of pictorial composition. The style is lively, but diffuse. Too much attention is paid to contemporary characters and circumstances. Palissy's writings are quoted too copiously. It is only Palissy the *man*—not Palissy the *author*—that is of any consequence to us now. It was an error, also, to eke out the deficiency of information about his early life, by mingling fiction with fact through several entire chapters! Poor Palissy may have more fathered upon him than he was ever accountable for. Fictitious biography is not objectionable in itself, but it should always be in the shape of a *bond fide* romance. The fictionist has a right of trespass upon the domain of the historian, but the law does not permit the latter to return the compliment. The privilege is as one-sided as the law of Yankee copyright. A violation of the rule may be allowable, in a slight degree, in the case of a Representative man, whose life is the reflection of his age; but Palissy was not

¹² "The Life of Bernard Palissy, of Saintes." By Henry Morley. London: Chapman and Hall.

such a man: he was remarkable rather for his individuality. Besides, a full-length portrait is not necessary to the completeness and harmony of art; and this picture of Palissy would have gained, rather than lost in effect, had he been represented emerging from the shade of obscurity in which his youth was spent, to the full lustre of that heroic struggle with adversity which glorified his manhood and immortalized his life. But the picture is an excellent one, nevertheless. For a first effort in this line, it indicates surprising maturity, and gives promise of greater achievements in this favourite branch of literature. There is a quiet modesty and quaint thoughtfulness of expression about Mr. Morley's writing which gains upon the reader. His remarks never swell into sermons, but fall like dewdrops, in fit season, and with fine effect. He does not make a text of his hero, and preach himself into a perspiration over it, like some of his contemporaries. Let him aim at greater compression, and his other good qualities will appear to more decided advantage.

Were it of any use, we should tender the same advice to Mr. Jerdan, whose lazy, lumbering loquacity has filled up the measure of his infirmities to the third volume.¹³ Compression of one kind is resolved upon: either he or his readers have tired of the work, for instead of the promised six volumes, we are now to have only four. He has turned Turk at his reception by the Press, and takes refuge in the self-complacent belief, that the *Literary Gazette*, while in his hands, reached the perfection of journalism, and cannot be equalled by anything of the kind now! It ought to have been something good with such a brilliant band of contributors as are here said to have been attached to it. It is all the more surprising that this autobiography has so little to show for advantages so precious. Either Mr. Jerdan's memory has failed him, or his friendships were not of a nature to yield pleasant and profitable reminiscences. A courteous flatterer may secure extensive recognition even from great and gifted individuals; but the record of such connexions cannot be otherwise than heartless and insipid, lacking every element which can render it vitally interesting and morally impressive.

The gold-mania, and the interest excited in Australian emigration, besides giving birth to numerous guide-books, have occasioned the appearance of some large and important works. Such is Mr. Lancelott's new work,¹⁴ which, like most other works on Australia, containing a topical

¹³ "Autobiography of William Jerdan." Vol. III. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1852.

¹⁴ "Australia as it is: its Settlements, Farms, and Gold Fields." By F. Lancelott, Mineralogical Surveyor of the Colonies. 2 vols. Colburn and Co. 1852.

digest of information rather than diurnal memoranda, commences with a brief glance at the country generally, and at the progress of discovery round the coast, and within the interior of the great island-continent. Without much regard to order, there follow chapters on the aborigines, the zoology, the botany, the climate, agriculture, horticulture, vine-culture, topography, geology, and mineralogy of the three principal colonies. The diggings occupy a prominent place in its pages; and, in addition to much scientific information, the reader will be able to gather a very clear idea of social life among the colonists, in the towns as well as in the bush, and at the mines.

Suffering from bad health himself, the author carefully investigated the subject of climate; and, after comparing notes with the principal medical men in the country, he has arrived at the following results:—Immigrants arriving in the heyday of life may expect to die ten years sooner than they would in England. Persons, on the other hand, who have passed the meridian of life, will, in all probability, add ten or twenty years to their existence. The young arrive at maturity earlier than in England, especially the females. The climate cures dyspepsia, checks a tendency to consumption, increases nervous debility, and apparently developes the latent seeds of insanity. On diseases of the kidneys it exercises a curative effect, renders those of the skin more virulent than in Britain, occasionally induces derangement of the liver, is baneful to the scrofulous, and beneficial to the gouty. During summer, ophthalmia, sore lips and mouths, and bilious and intermittent fevers occur. The frequent and sudden changes of temperature often induce diarrhoea and dysentery. Considering their exposed life, the colonists are not much troubled with coughs or colds. With the exception of influenza, no cases of pestilential epidemic have occurred. A few cases of *coup de soleil*, or sun-stroke, occur every year during the hot weather; and sometimes a person dies from the bite of a poisonous serpent. Of the climate generally he remarks:—

“Many settlers, on first arriving in Australia, find the clearness of the air, the dazzling brightness of daylight, and the daily round of unceasing sunshine, monotonous and disagreeable, while the heat produces more or less lassitude. These impressions and feelings are usually of short duration; the eye adapts itself to the clear bright air, and, after the lapse of a few months, the body becomes inured to the high temperature, and henceforth suffers more from cold than heat. It is, however, by no means advisable for those who enjoy buoyant health in the cold, moist winter and spring of England, and suffer lassitude in the height of summer, to settle in Australia; for the climate, although highly salubrious in a general sense, is an extreme one—great dryness

and heat being its characteristics; and as the hot winds turn green leaves yellow, so they shrivel up those individuals whose physical conformation only fits them to dwell in more temperate climes. Persons who are not scrofulous, who suffer from cold and moisture, and are most healthful in hot weather, have nothing to fear from the climate of Australia. I know instances of such individuals, after a few years' residence in the colonies, becoming quite robust and much invigorated."

Colonial life is diversified occasionally with bits of romance :

"Many, at holiday times, form pic-nic parties. They leave the city early in the morning, in a cart or chaise, retire to some mountain gully, perhaps twenty miles from Melbourne; and there, by the side of a rippling creek, where the laughing jacquar wakes the wilderness with his wild ha, ha! and the glistening plumage of chattering, many-coloured parrots, sparkles in the sun like precious stones, take their homely but relished repast. They sit among these mountain wilds without fear of harm from man or beast, and surrounded by all the grandeur, the awful sublimity of uncultivated Nature, to breathe the pure invigorating air, that has never been contaminated by plague, cholera, or pestilence; and listen to the thousand wild harmonies, from the wild screech of the cockatoo to the loud flump, flump! of the hidden frog, or the numerous strange sounds emitted by the many curiously-formed, richly-dyed insects, flitting by; all so new, so wild, so curious, that you fancy yourself in a land of sprites and fairies!

"And then the journey home by moonlight, among those mountain gullies, is most imposing, awakening, as it does, all the feelings of awe and devotion experienced on visiting a cathedral, or the ruins of an old castle; the bright moon lighting up the perpendicular rocky mass on one side, gives it the appearance of a mighty battlement touching the sky, all in ruins; while the mountains on the opposite side resemble wild, scowling entrances to unearthly caverns; and it requires no stretch of the imagination to convert the shadows around into monsters and fiends from another world."

But Sidney's "*Three Colonies of Australia*,"¹⁵ is the book of books for the emigrant, and for all who feel interested in Antipodal affairs. We have read many—we may say, nearly all the books that have been published, from first to last, on that country—but for a clear, comprehensive, succinct narrative of its political progress—for fulness of information about its various products and resources—and for graphic sketches of social life, we know of no work equal to this. Mr. Sidney has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the minutest details of its physical and industrial history, and seems ignorant of nothing which could render his book useful to the emigrant, or instructive

¹⁵ "*The Three Colonies of Australia*." By Samuel Sidney. With numerous Engravings. London: Ingram, Cooke, and Co. 1852.

to the general reader. It is divided into three parts: the *Historical*, the *Descriptive*, and the *Practical*—relating respectively to the past, the present, and the future. The first part is the most important, and the most carefully executed. It is not a mere chronological retrospect, but what we may call a sociological review, informed with a philosophical grasp of thought which strings together its vast body of facts in such a way as to constitute it, what it claims to be, “a review of the Art of Colonization.”

Throughout this survey, he loses no opportunity of “showing up” Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield and his theories. The truest description, indeed, of Mr. Sidney’s own views would be summed up in the term anti-Wakefieldism. His opposition is, in the main, just; but it leads him not only to ignore many excellencies in that gentleman’s plans, but to depreciate his genius, and, we may add, his services in the great cause with which his name is indelibly associated. Mr. Sydney allows his prejudice to depreciate in the same way “the notorious Dr. Lang,” who must be admitted (we know nothing of his private character or motives) to deserve well of his adopted country, for his strenuous advocacy of its rights, and for his zealous endeavours to further its industrial development. And, should Australia become—as there is every likelihood of its becoming—a land of cotton, as well as of wool and of gold, it will be his destiny to rank with Mr. M’Arthur and Mrs. Chisholm, as one of the greatest benefactors of the colony. To the individuals just named ample justice is done; but the principle of “honour to whom honour is due,” should have been applied with more impartiality.

Apropos of emigration, there is a very amusing description of the state of feeling in Germany on this subject, in an interesting little work on the historical topography of Franconia.¹⁶ Not remembering to have seen any similar allusion to the subject by continental travellers, we quote it:—

“Halting to partake of a noon-day meal at Gefrees, a caricature sheet was brought to us, ‘The Village Barber,’ a paper published in Saxony, in imitation of ‘Punch’ and the ‘Charivari.’ The jests were coarse and irreverent, two characteristics of German free-thinking; but one of them may be retailed as a good specimen of German wit, and but too true in its signification. A peasant comes into the presence of a government official, with his hat under his arm, and a book in his hand. ‘So,’ says the official, ‘he will forsake his fatherland, and be off to America; what has induced him to think of such a thing?’ ‘A

¹⁶ “A Historical Tour in Franconia, in the Summer of 1852.” By Charles Tylor. Brighton: Folthorp. 1852.

book, Mr. Steward,' replies the husbandman. 'A book,' cries the steward; 'what book?' 'One that has cost me a great deal of money,' answers the farmer. 'Let me see it,' is the reply; and the husbandman hands up to the officer the TAX Book!"

The tour described in this volume was made through a part of Germany anciently called Franconia, but now composing part of the kingdom of Bavaria. As it includes such places as Würzburg and Nuremberg, "it contains relics of early German characters and events of singular interest, which have been hitherto somewhat neglected by travellers and topographers."

However desirous we may be of making our bibliographical survey as comprehensive as possible, we cannot pretend to universality in the department of Fiction, and as, with the exception of Thackeray's "Esmond," which we reserve for notice in a future number, there is no instance of pre-eminent merit among the new novels of the quarter, we could hardly make a selection on any fair ground of discrimination. Hence we prefer the alternative of total omission, and await the harvest of the coming months, in which we are promised a new work by the authoress of "Jane Eyre."

The "Poet's Corner" has always occupied a place Poetry. in our private programme of the quarter's literature, but the difficulty is to find poets to fill it. The poets of sorrow, however, have lately been giving musical utterance to the national mourning for the late Duke of Wellington, and foremost among them is the Poet Laureate with his beautiful Ode.¹⁷ Critics differ in their opinion upon this production, and there is some difficulty in dealing with it on objective principles of criticism. It may be a fancy on our part, but it seems to us that its construction and *movement* are strikingly in unison with a funeral pageant. Line after line seems to correspond to the successive steps in the procession—now regular, then irregular; now a pause, then an advance. Others, again, re-echo the tolling bell, and "the roll of muffled drums." The difference between this dirge and "In Memoriam" is noticeable. The quiet monotony of the latter, such as befits individual grief, is changed here into the loud *polytony* (to coin a corresponding term), which symbolizes the "pomp and circumstance" of a public funeral, and the tumultuous outburst of a national lamentation. Its tone is eminently national and noble. Nelson's apostrophe is very striking. It is a Biblical imitation (see Isaiah, xiv. 12, and lxiii. 1.), but it is a very happy one, and appro-

¹⁷ "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." By Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate. London: Moxon. 1852.

priately introduces "the greatest soldier" to his last resting-place beside "the greatest sailor," in England or the world.

A little volume of Poems by Miss B. R. Parkes,¹⁸ contains some genuine poetry. The pieces are of a miscellaneous character, but they are characterized by a spiritual vein of sentiment, which seeks to penetrate the symbolisms of nature, and to interpret its living voice, in language graceful and melodious. She belongs to the contemplative school, and in some of her pieces reminds us of Emerson.



ART. X.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

Theology. **A**MONG recent importations there are only two works that can with propriety find a place under this head, viz., "Brownson's Essays,"¹ and the third volume of the "Great Harmonia,"² representing the two extremes of theological opinion in America, Brownson being the great champion of Rome, and Davis the leading "medium" of Nature's new "Revelation."

Brownson is better known to us as the author of "Charles Elwood; or, the Infidel Converted;" a little work written while its author was a disciple or professor of New England Transcendentalism, but characterised rather by that logical dogmatism which leads a man to become indifferently an atheist or a papist, than by that intuitive sagacity and calm reflection which constitutes him a votary of truth. Referring to his past history, he informs us that he was born in a Protestant community, of Protestant parents, and was brought up a Presbyterian. He then became successively a Universalist and a Unitarian, circumnavigating the ecclesiastical world, and finally, casting anchor within the haven of the Catholic Church. He expresses himself satisfied with his present position, and has "no desire to change it." "Conviction," he says, "not desperation, led me into the Church, and I have found a thousand times more than I expected." But, whatever he may have found in the Church, the reader will hardly experience the same agreeable disappointment as to what he will find in these "Essays." And of this he is duly warned. "From first to last I think and write as a man

¹⁸ "Poems." By B. R. Parkes. London: John Chapman. 1852.

¹ "Essays and Reviews, chiefly on Theology, Politics, and Socialism." By O. A. Brownson, LL.D. 1852.

² "The Great Harmonia." Vol. III. The Seer. 1852.

many centuries behind his age." We admire the *naïveté* of this confession as well as the submissive humility which prompts a man who "asserts his liberty in his practice," to submit his articles before being printed in his Review to the censorship of the priesthood, and who will be "most happy to correct any error of any sort they may contain the moment it is brought authoritatively to his notice." "It is not my province to teach; all that I am free to do is to reproduce with scrupulous fidelity what I am taught." Such thorough abdication of manhood must be flattering to Catholic authority, but it is only possible where there is an absence of manly qualities, and can only be true in the author's case, as a literary man, in proportion to his lack of genius. For it is a necessity with every one endowed with this divine gift, to be "a law unto himself," or (to use another Biblical expression) to be "under the law" to Nature. Men of literary genius are often welcomed as the defenders, but they generally prove the ruin, of any system of an arbitrary or artificial nature. Gioberti and Lammenais were no friends of the papacy. Father Newman, though apparently more docile, is not in reality less swayed by his own individuality. Authority, when speaking through him, speaks *philosophically*: in other words, he accepts it on *his own terms*. Disraeli stands in the same relation to Conservatism. Such men are nothing if not original. In their hands Romanism becomes rational, and Conservatism a synonym for progress. Professing to obey their respective parties, they in fact appropriate them, and, by staking their existence upon a theory, surrender them to public opinion. The parties under such leadership may retain their former names, but they have *changed their former character*. The literary leader of the American Catholics, Dr. Brownson, has not equal ability to the men we have named, and this alone prevents him from doing equal damage to his own cause. This literary championship of superannuated systems is one of the signs of the times—very cheering to the lover of progress. To defend old opinions by new methods is in itself a mighty innovation, and to reconcile the dogmas of authority to the dictates of reason is equivalent to making them change places; traditionalism is shifting its position, and virtually giving up the contest. This will appear in good time. Dr. Newman's "Theory of Development" aimed a mortal blow at Catholicism, and "Butler's Analogy" will yet prove the weakness of orthodoxy. In an evil hour, the one appealed to the law of progress, and the other to the analogy of nature. On such fertile fields it was easy to have a choice of flowers, but there are plenty left for others to pluck.

The "Great Harmonia" is an instance at hand. The ana-

logy of nature is the source whence its teachings are derived, and the foundation on which they rest. And the more closely it harmonizes with nature, the more powerfully it testifies against tradition. Identifying the natural and the human with the divine, it resolves the *super*-natural into the *anti*-natural, and soon makes an end of both. It is not a work which is likely to find unqualified acceptance in any quarter, for the author's analogical faculty is so fertile, and preponderates so greatly, that you must take the crop as it grows—the chaff with the wheat—and let your understanding winnow it for yourself. Its peculiar principles were explained in a previous number of this "Review,"* to which we beg to refer the reader who may be curious on the subject, and it is for such only that the work is intended. Like all works of a similar character, it contains much that will excite a smile or even a sneer; but no person whose mind is at once curious and cautious, speculative and reverent, can fail to read it with benefit. "Standing in the vestibule of creation," says the author, "we are capable of comprehending but a small amount of the truths connected with our present and future existence. But it is truly believed, that the volume here presented will extend the reader's survey of life, and add many rainbow tints to those familiar thoughts which every age has done something toward developing."

The present volume is intended to throw light on "the entire phenomena of Psychology, Clairvoyance, and Inspiration." It is in the form of lectures, and is less oracular in tone, and more logical in its general texture than its predecessors. The author is making marked progress as a thinker and as a teacher. He is throwing off much of his former obscurity and affectation, and speaks more in the every-day language of the world, and gives evidence of a widening experience of its affairs. There is, consequently, a greater degree of self-consciousness about him, exercising a subduing influence over all his utterances. In his Lecture on "The Authority of the Harmonial Philosophy," he endeavours to define his position. It is "peculiar," but "mainly misinterpreted." Authority rests only in Truth, and Truth is to be found only in Nature, and Nature is to be interpreted only by Reason. "God lives in Nature; therefore, when we study Nature, we study God; therefore, too, in proportion as we comprehend Nature, in the same proportion we comprehend God. The terms Revelation and Development are synonymous. Hence, when we examine the *Developments of Nature*, we examine the *Revelations of Nature*." In another Lecture on a cognate topic, he defines and illustrates the various standards of autho-

* No. I. January, 1852.

rity in different ages. In the Savage Age, the authorities are Desire and Fear. In the Barbarian Age, they become Strength and Mystery. In the Patriarchal Age, they are Position and Title. In the Present Age, which is the age of Civilism, Authority springs from Doctrine and Wealth. In the Coming Age, there will be no Authority but Nature and Reason—Nature the great exponent of God, and Reason the great exponent of Nature—these will constitute the supreme authority upon all things which pertain to man and his maker.

Ethics.] Though America is not deficient in theological authors, and can boast of at least one metaphysical genius in Jonathan Edwards, she has not as yet produced any distinguished writer in ethical philosophy. Dr. Wayland and Dr. Lieber are the only names that occur to us in this department, but, though both are eminently qualified for this kind of work, the former has merely attempted an improved edition of Paley, and the latter has restricted himself to a particular branch of the subject—viz., that of *Political Ethics*. A posthumous little work by Dr. Alexander, of Princeton,³ has recently been added to this meagre list, which, though not aspiring to the dignity of a treatise, forms a most compact and convenient text-book. It is similar in origin and design, though inferior in analytical and expository ability to Dr. Wayland's "Elements." It is, however, more elementary in its character, confining itself to the elucidation of fundamental principles, without entering into the discussion of practical duties. It is also more strictly scientific in its form. The author has had a clear perception of the limits of his subject, and has not aimed at making it a manual of "the whole duty of man." Regarding it, moreover, as a *science*, he does not eke out the conclusions of reason by the "light of revelation!" It is a calm, clear stream of abstract reasoning, flowing from a thoughtful, well-instructed mind, without any parade of logic, but with an intuitive simplicity and directness which gives an almost axiomatic force. From this characteristic we could almost have conjectured what is stated in the Preface, that the study of Ethical Philosophy was the author's favourite pursuit for at least threescore years, and that for forty years it formed a branch of academic instruction in connexion with his theological course. As the work is didactic, and not polemical, there is seldom any reference to the opinions of others, though there is no affected avoidance of controversy, and, on the other hand, nothing but fairness towards an opponent. "Amidst a life of perpetual reading, of which he held the spoils in his memory

³ "Outlines of Moral Science." By Archibald Alexander, D.D., Late Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. 1852.

with singular exactness and tenacity, he persevered in seeking and presenting truth with the minimum of quoted aid. This quality of his thinking will be all the rather obvious in a treatise like the present, which, as an epitome of extended results, necessarily leaves out a thousand particulars of the process and all the lighter play of illustration."

History. An elaborate history of the revolutionary movement in the Austrian dominions in 1848, characterized by the fulness and accuracy of its information, as well as by the impartiality of its judgment, from the pen of an American citizen,⁴ whose official position at Vienna, during that eventful period, gave him unequalled opportunities both for observation and research; commends itself at once as a work of some interest and importance. Mr. Stiles has turned his advantages to good account, and shows himself in every way qualified for such an undertaking. Careful and conscientious in his statements, he writes with the sober solemnity of a witness upon oath. He does not betray the slightest prejudice against monarchy; nor, on the other hand, can it be said that he is hostile to republicanism. This may appear strange language to employ in reference to one who is himself a republican; but it is the only language that can appropriately describe the attitude, not of personal indifference, but of official neutrality, which is assumed and maintained throughout the work. Mr. Stiles, at the solicitation of Kossuth, offered to mediate between Hungary and Austria; and the attitude of courtesy of the Prince, and of condescension to his *protégé*, assumed on that occasion in the presence of Schwarzenberg, seems to have been stereotyped on the spot, and to have stamped its impression upon the history before us. For its impartiality often degenerates into a tone of cold, dignified diplomacy, which takes the spirit out of the narrative. In order to secure accuracy, a historian is not called upon to suppress his personal sympathy.

He recognises three distinct parties in the revolutionary struggle, viz., "the government party, or monarchists; the radicals, or reckless agitators; and the intelligent or moderate reformers." As to the sentiments and designs entertained by the "radicals," one of the "most talented" of their leaders in Vienna said to the author, "we wish no such republic as you have in the United States; we wish something original; we wish a government where there shall not only be an equality of rights and of rank, but an equality of property and an equality of everything." Another leading radical, "one of the cele-

⁴ "Austria in 1848-49: being a History of the late Political Movements in Vienna, Milan, Venice, and Prague; with details of the Campaigns of Lombardy and Novara; a Full Account of the Revolution in Hungary, &c." By William H. Stiles, late Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at Vienna. 2 vols. 1852.

brated council of Fifty-two, to whom for a season was committed all the affairs of the German Confederation," remarked to him: "Sir, the only course left to us is to raise the *guillotine*, and to keep it in constant and active operation; our only watchword should be, '*Blood, blood, blood!*' and the more blood that flows, the sooner shall we attain our liberties!" The great lesson, he thinks, which the Revolution has taught Europe is, "that constitutional freedom must be gained by degrees, not by one desperate and sudden effort." This is cold comfort to our democratic heroes, and a strange conclusion for one to come to whose own country gained its freedom only by "a desperate effort," but, nevertheless, it is probably the wisest lesson for the people to learn, if they would only learn it. With nations as with individuals, physical development is the basis of mental growth, and material prosperity is the pathway to independence. In other words, social progress must precede political reform; national regeneration is the only safe and legitimate means of accomplishing a national revolution. No class in society ever acquired influence by the soundness of its abstract principles until it claimed consideration by the weight of its material interests. Every additional mill in Lancashire has increased its political power in England. And from first to last, the growth of English liberty has kept pace with the growth of certain interests, which no government could dare to trifle with. Absolutism can exist only in an impoverished country. In a great commercial country like our own, or like America, the government must be the servant, and not the master, of its commercial interests. Nicholas himself could only govern England by conforming to the necessities of his position, overcome by the mightier magnetism of the contending mass. The inventions of Watt and Arkwright have secured us against despotism or conquest more effectually than the victories of Nelson or Wellington. And Count Széchényi was doing more to revolutionize and emancipate Hungary by making roads, building bridges, and introducing manufactures, than Kossuth, by making speeches, organizing armies, and winning battles. This harmonizes with that process of "levelling upwards" which should henceforth be the watchword of all wise and earnest reformers.

Mr. Stiles reviews, with high appreciation, the conduct and "Herculean labours" of Kossuth during the struggle with Austria, but blames him severely for the closing act of his administration. "What explanation," he asks, "can be given of the act, by which, at this essential climax of his country's fortunes, he abandoned his post, and without any guarantee whatever, intrusted a power which was not his to bestow, to a soldier whom he had repeatedly declared unworthy of confi-

dence, and then sought his personal safety among the hereditary enemies of his country? Is there any new light to be thrown on this wretched termination; or is it to be inferred that the orator, the statesman, the man of genius, was unequal to the fierce conflict of arms; and that, overawed, subdued and stunned by the storm he had himself aroused, he shrunk from the blast, and was as unable to protect his own fame as to defend the fortunes of his country?" The case is here presented in its most unfavourable aspect. If Kossuth acted illegally in conferring supreme power upon Görgey, there are emergencies which enthrone *moral* right above *legal* sanction, and which call upon a man to act simply because it so happens that he *can* act. Kossuth may on that occasion have looked upon himself as placed in such an emergency. If, as we cannot however suppose, he foresaw that Görgey would betray his country, it was perhaps the best policy to permit what he felt it impossible to prevent; and if it was an unfortunate termination of the struggle for Hungary, it was an ignoble one for Austria. To the share of the invaders and traitors combined there would fall only the execration of mankind, while the betrayed would be saved the discouragement of defeat, and be regarded with sympathy if not with admiration. But it is more probable that Kossuth gave way to Görgey, and retired from the scene in the full hope (and not an ungrounded one either), that, as Görgey was bent on achieving undivided glory, he would now, when every competitor was removed, even if he had already meditated treachery, change his purpose, and do of his own will and pleasure, and for his own glory, what he would never have done in obedience to authority, or under the impulse of patriotism. This appeal to Görgey's vanity failed, probably because too late, and not because he was proof against its power. The circumstances admit of such an explanation; and, at all events, the problem cannot be solved by imputing absolute cowardice to Kossuth, on the one hand, or absolute villany to Görgey, on the other.

Biography. The recent death of the venerable Professor Popkin, of Harvard University, has been followed by "A Memorial,"^s containing selections from his Academic Lectures and Pulpit discourses, with a Biographical sketch by his successor in office, Professor Felton. Dr. Popkin, or "Old Pop," as he was familiarly called, was a *character*. He belonged to the "old school" of teachers, now an extinct species in

^s "A Memorial of the Rev. John Snelling Popkin, D.D., late Elist Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University." Edited by C. C. Felton, his Successor in Office. 1852.

America, as they nearly are in Britain. In his youth he had an old-fashioned education himself. We smile at the recollection of our own initiation into classical studies, as we read of him "committing to memory Cheever's *Accidence*, with the list of irregular verbs at the end; a nomenclator in Latin and English; then the *Syntax* of Ward's *Grammar* in Latin." "These were dry morsels," he remarks, "but haply wholesome and nutritive." His father, seeing him to be "a lad of parts," sent him to Harvard to study for the ministry. There he distinguished himself by his diligence in study, and radicalism in politics. On becoming a clergyman, he continued to drill himself in Greek—frightening his landlord by his habit of walking his chamber, and reading aloud, or repeating *ore rotundo*, long passages from his beloved Homer. His zeal for the classics at length procured him the appointment to the Greek chair at Harvard, which suited him better than the pulpit. He filled this office from 1815 to 1833, spending his declining years in retirement, till his death in January last, at the advanced age of eighty.

As one of the old school, Dr. Popkin was a thorough pedagogue—a grammar and dictionary man, in whose eyes a good memory was of more importance than a strong understanding or warm imagination. He was more memorable for his eccentricities than for his endowments as a teacher. He was shy in his manner, curt in his speech, and methodical in his actions. He was a capital subject for caricature, and, at the same time, an object of universal respect. He was a man of keen humour himself; though his temperament was also tinged with melancholy, owing to his nervous excitability and solitary life. He was never married. There was a tradition that, while a student, there was one to whose attractions he was not insensible. "Half a century afterwards, on the death of an estimable and venerable lady, Dr. Popkin, contrary to the long fixed habits of his life, attended her funeral, and followed her, in his carriage, to the grave. Perhaps some lingering memory of an early dream of romance, untold at the time, but unforgotten afterwards, may still have dwelt in that lonely heart." As happens with regard to all similar characters, the law of mythical development was at work in giving circulation to abundance of anecdotes, some of which are here related, though admitted to be apocryphal. As we wish to extract one good anecdote of him, we select the following, as both good and true, resting upon the authority of his biographer:—

"I was in the habit of calling to see him in his study, and never without receiving amusement, delight, and instruction; and I now regret that I made no effort to preserve a record of the rare peculiarities

of his genial conversation. I will mention, however, one incident of the olden time, that occurred in a visit of mine to the doctor, which will be understood and relished by those who knew him. Some friend had sent me a few bottles of Greek wine, labelled, Ἑλληνικὸς οἶνος. Thinking the doctor might be pleased to see and taste the long-descended offspring of the grape of Anacreon, I took one of them with me, and called at his house, telling him what I had brought. He examined the label curiously, repeated the Greek words several times, walking all the while rapidly round the room, as if he almost fancied himself transported back to the Heroic Age; then went to a closet, and brought out a rusty cork-screw, with two old-fashioned wine-glasses. Having drawn the cork, with considerable difficulty, he filled the glasses, handed one to me across the table, on which lay an open volume of the *Iliad*, and, standing at his full height, gravely proposed, 'The memory of Homer.' The toast to the old Ionian was drunk standing, with a hearty good-will in the presence of his portrait, and many editions of his works—perhaps the only time such a ceremony has ever taken place this side the classical ages."

Hawthorne's "Life of General Pierce,"* belongs to that mongrel species of literature called "political biography." It does its author no credit. We should not deem it worthy of notice did we not wish to give emphatic expression to our regret that Hawthorne should have written it. Not that we object to him using his pen in political discussion, for he is an American citizen as well as an author. He is, moreover, one of the General's former fellow-students at college, and might have been prompted by a noble and magnanimous desire to do justice to an old friend, whose sudden celebrity exposed him to the risk of crucifixion between hostile abuse and partisan praise. But we discover nothing noble in the work itself—nothing to indicate that it is not the production of a partisan who has been paid for the job. The writer is clearly out of his element; his genius forsakes him; and his usual thoughtfulness is replaced by declamatory panegyric. Franklin Pierce may deserve all the compliments here paid to him; but what excites our surprise is, that a writer so discriminating as Hawthorne usually is, should deal in compliments at all.

"We wish to know what time she got up in the morning, and what sort of stockings she wore,"—so Carlyle is reported to have said in reference to Margaret Fuller to one of that lady's friends; and in that wish Carlyle was only expressing what nearly every one feels respecting celebrated characters with whom they have no personal acquaintance. Catering to this latent curiosity, Mr. Putnam has produced (instead of another volume of "Home Beauties") a handsomely illustrated work on the "Homes of

* "Life of Franklin Pierce." By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1852.

American Authors.”⁷ The idea has apparently been suggested by William Howitt’s “Homes and Haunts of the British Poets:” at any rate, it forms a beautiful counterpart to that work. Besides the engravings of the Authors’ Homes, there are fac-similes of their handwriting, with anecdotes touching their manner of life. The authors he has housed, autographed, and anecdoted, in this volume, are—Audubon, Paulding, Irving, Bryant, Bancroft, Dana, Prescott, Miss Sedgwick, Cooper, Edward Everett, Emerson, Simms, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Webster, Kennedy, and Lowell. The anecdoters are Curtis (The Howadji), Tuckerman, Bryant, Griswold, and others.

The first impression made by glancing through this work is, that American authors are a very prosperous race, and that literature, like everything else, must be a thriving business in the New World. These homes, though some of them are constructed of wood, have a substantial and picturesque appearance, generally “embowered amid elms and oaks” in the quiet country, or pleasant suburb. Washington Irving lives on the banks of his favourite Hudson, on a spot which his own pen had rendered classic ground. His house commands a fine panoramic view of the noble river and surrounding country. Bryant, on the other hand, has chosen a residence more strictly rural, embosomed among trees, and standing on a gentle elevation, at the foot of which there is a miniature lake, with a basket-work bridge over the strait, and boats here and there rippling its calm surface. Dana, again, prefers the open sea, with the ocean spray of the Atlantic dashing upon his windows. Prescott’s summer retreat is similarly situated on the furthest headland on the coast. “It is the coldest spot,” he says, “in New England,” and has a most dismal aspect, but he has two other houses besides to pick and choose from. Emerson and Hawthorne, as is well known, live at Concord, near Boston. It is a quiet New England town, with a few white houses, and two or three spires shooting up amid the trees. Emerson has himself described the character of the scenery in his Essay on “Nature.” His house is a plain, square, white building, on the road-side. To this was attached a small estate of two acres—now increased to nine. The land, originally bare, is now shaded with trees; but the poet, it seems, is no farmer, notwithstanding the agricultural enthusiasm which characterized the Boston literati a few years ago. Mr. Emerson’s library is “a simple square room, not walled with books like the den of a literary grub, nor merely elegant like the ornamental retreat of a *dilettante*. The books are arranged upon

⁷ “Homes of American Authors: comprising Anecdotal, Personal, and Descriptive Sketches.” By Various Writers. 1853.

plain shelves, not in architectural book-cases, and the room is hung with a few choice engravings of the greatest men."

Emerson has many visitors, and "there have even been attempts at something more formal and club-like than the chance conversations of occasional guests, one of which will certainly be recorded nowhere but upon these pages." It was a complete failure, and the writer's account of it is very amusing:—

"I went, the first Monday evening, very much as Ixion may have gone to his banquet. The philosophers sat dignified and erect. There was a constrained, but very amiable silence, which had the impertinence of a tacit inquiry, seeming to ask, 'Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?' It was quite involuntary and unavoidable, for the members lacked that fluent social genius without which a club is impossible. It was a congress of oracles on the one hand, and of curious listeners upon the other. I vaguely remember that the Orphic Alcott invaded the Sahara of silence with a solemn 'saying,' to which, after due pause, the honourable member for blackberry pastimes responded by some keen and graphic observation, while the Olympian host, anxious that so much good material should be spun into something, beamed smiling encouragement upon all parties. But the conversation became more and more staccato. Miles Coverdale, a statue of night and silence, sat, a little removed, under a portrait of Dante, gazing imperturbably upon the group; and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair, and eyes, and suit of sables, made him, in that society, the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories, while the shifting presence of the Brook Farmer played like heat-lightning around the room. I recall little else but a grave eating of russet apples by the erect philosophers, and a solemn disappearance into night. The club struggled through three Monday evenings."

Miles Coverdale's home, for three years, was the "Old Manse," though it seems to be a disputed point in Concord whether, during those years, it was inhabited at all. He was never seen in the village, but bent his course direct to the river, where he was sure of solitude. In this river, it was his favourite habit to bathe every evening, after night-fall. His love of solitude and silence would befit an Indian Yogi. The writer says that the first time he met him (at a tea-party at Emerson's) not a word passed his lips during the whole evening! He has been with him for hours on the river, enjoying his silence as something "most social." He knows of only one "call" in which Hawthorne was involved, and that was from Emerson and a friend. "It was a vague ghost of the Monday evening club." The two visitors sat upright in their chairs—each like "a Roman Senator." The host is compared to "a Dacian king," and "sat perfectly still," while "the call went on!"

Hawthorne was absent for six years from Concord (having

been appointed Collector of Customs at Salem during the Presidency of Mr. Polk) but has now returned—not to the old Manse, but to a romantic-looking house, formerly occupied by Alcott. He calls it “the Wayside;” and already it has secured for itself a name among the high places of the earth, by being the house in which he wrote the “Blithedale Romance.”

A second volume to complete this American Valhalla is promised next year.

Criticism. It may be proper to notice here a work on “Anglo-American Literature and Manners,”⁸ written by a Frenchman, and translated and published in America. It does for the literary and social characteristics of America what the elaborate work of M. De Tocqueville did for its political institutions. He does not appear to have visited America himself, but he is familiar with their “two or three thousand men of genius in prose and verse,” and seems to know the names at least of their “three hundred best poets.” He has also read the “sixty odd volumes” of Dickens, Marryatt, and other travellers (English and European) in the States, by means of which “one can see America without going there.” “How,” he adds, “can any phase of North America escape you, helped as you are by a German doctor, a Swedish diplomatist, an American novelist, a priest, a historian, a writer of statistics, not to mention a lady novelist, a sailor, a cavalry captain, a writer on manners, and a playwright?” There is, certainly, no lack of materials; and it is due to our author to say, that he has thoroughly mastered them. He understands his subject—feels thoroughly interested in it—and dashes along in a light and lively style, scintillating wit and wisdom on the wide range of topics passed in review.

Fiction. Slave tales continue to be the literary staple among the products of the American press. Uncle-Tomism has had its day; and now comes anti-Uncle-Tomism. There are two sides to every story: and most assuredly, in fiction, at least, there are two sides to slavery. No wonder the ladies of England are so interested in “those dear blacks,”—they are indeed interesting creatures, living in “peace and affection,” precisely as Mr. Hawthorne describes them. It was exceedingly naughty of Mrs. Stowe to represent them differently. It never was her privilege to live at the South, and how could she know? If she had seen “Uncle Tom’s Cabin as it is,”⁹ she would have

⁸ “Anglo-American Literature and Manners.” From the French of Philarete Chasles, Professor in the College of France. 1852.

⁹ “Uncle Tom’s Cabin as it is; or, Life at the South: being Narratives, Scenes, and Incidents, in the Real ‘Life of the Lowly.’” By W. L. G. Smith. 1852.

seen the "Real life of the Lowly," and neither betrayed her ignorance nor her uncharitableness. The real Uncle Tom, though deceived by the Abolitionists, and induced to make his escape, finds, after suffering many hardships at the North, that there is no place like home, and is glad to come "back to Old Virginia." If you are not satisfied with this, you may accompany Mrs. Eastman to "Aunt Phillis's Cabin,"¹⁰ where you will also see "Southern Life as it is." Philanthropists will weep over the picture here presented. Not over the slaves, for they are happy and comfortable, but over the miseries of their masters. The poor planters, in addition to their own sorrows, have to bear the vicarious burden of the whole sufferings and sorrows of the South. It is a great affliction, but it is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in their eyes. Mrs. Eastman, besides being a writer of some reputation, is a lady of shining piety, and would have nothing to do with slavery were it not a divine institution. "However inexplicable may be the fact that God would appoint the curse of continual servitude on a portion of his creatures, will any one *dare*, with the Bible open in his hands, to say the fact does not exist?" She can find nothing against slavery in the Bible, but everything in favour of it. The Abolitionists would unchristianize slaveholders, but how was it of old? "The Lord has called himself the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob. These holy men were slaveholders!" Again: "Christ alludes to slavery, but does not forbid it." As to St. Paul, "he was not a fanatic, and, therefore, *could not be* an Abolitionist." Paul "knew that God had made Onesimus a slave," and, therefore, required him to return to his master. Clearly, Paul would have voted for the Fugitive Slave Bill. The conclusion of the whole matter is this: "Slavery, authorized by God, permitted by Jesus Christ, sanctioned by the Apostles, maintained by good men of all ages, is still existing in a portion of our beloved country. How long it will continue, or whether it will ever cease, the Almighty Ruler of the universe can alone determine." Slavery stands well, by this account of it, while "Abolition" is denounced as "turning aside the institutions and commands of God, treading under foot the love of country, *despising the laws of nature*," &c. She is getting upon wrong ground here: she should stick to the Scriptures, and Mrs. Stowe should meet her there—if she can!

"Uncle Tom" is not the universal cognomen for negroes; for in the "Cabin and Parlour,"¹¹ we have one christened "Uncle

¹⁰ "Aunt Phillis's Cabin; or, Southern Life as it is." By Mrs. Mary H. Eastman. 1852.

¹¹ "The Cabin and Parlour; or, Slaves and Masters." By J. Thornton Randolph. 1852.

Peter." As the Pope has only nephews, the little niggers have only uncles and aunts. So many of them, and all so exemplary—they begin to be stale. Some second-cousins should be introduced by way of variety. "The Cabin and Parlour," however, is a good tale, and worth reading. The Courtenays are a noble Virginian family, reduced to ruin, on the death of their father, by the dishonesty of a Yankee house at the North. Isabella, the eldest daughter, opens a school, and Horace becomes an errand-boy in the store of a pious Abolitionist called Sharpe, in one of the free States. The little fellow sinks under the hard work imposed upon him by his avaricious master, and his Irish landlady is reciting his sufferings one day at Mr. Sharpe's door, when overheard by Mr. Walworth, a Southern planter, whose compassion is so touched that he visits Horace in his humble abode, and makes an unavailing effort to restore him to health. Having learnt his history, and heard him talk about his lovely sister, he feels so much interest in her that he pays her a visit, and ultimately marries her. The "old place" is re-purchased, together with the old slaves, and Uncle Peter is once more the happiest man in Virginia. On this thread of fiction, the author strings his views on the main question involved in it. Slavery, in its practical working, appears to great advantage when contrasted with the misery endured by the free blacks and poor whites in the Northern cities, while its abstract merits are discussed by Walworth in a debate with Mr. Brawler, an English anti-slavery lecturer, over whom he gains a triumphant victory.

Besides these, we have "Northwood,"¹² and "The White Slave," both re-publications of works of older date. "Northwood" was the first literary effort of Mrs. Hale, in her early widowhood, five-and-twenty years ago. "It was written," she says, "literally with my baby in my arms—'the youngling of the flock,' whose eyes did not open on the world till his father's were closed in death!" It was favourably received, and procured her the editorship (which she still retains) of the "Ladies' Magazine," which was then about to be started in Boston, and which was "the first literary work, exclusively devoted to women, ever published in America." Mrs. Hale's planters are philanthropists of the Shaftesbury school. Sidney Romilly has a family of 149 slaves left him by his godly father, whose dying advice to his son was, "Be sure, when you marry, that your wife is a real believer in the Word of God." And Sidney finds such a wife—one who "shakes hands with all her negroes, old and young," who has week-day schools and Sunday-schools, with

¹² "Northwood; or, Life North and South: showing the true character of both." By Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale. 1852.

teachers and chaplains to Christianize their black skins. It would have been a sanctifying sight to see them "all together, form a congregation, and kneel in worship of that holy God who is Lord over bond and free," and to hear the "servant of Christ announce to both, on equal terms, the Great Salvation." The Christian slave "should bless God for the *privileges* that American slavery has conferred on himself and on his race." This is sickening stuff; but Mrs. Hale admits that slavery "injures the white race more than it benefits the coloured," and she gives an illustration:—"The negro is imitative and capable of speaking the English language correctly; as a *slave*, he will never be taught to do so, but allowed to go on in his own idiomatic jargon. This he communicates to the children of his master, and thus our noble tongue is vulgarized, and rendered disgusting to the scholar and people of refined taste. I have met Southern ladies, elegant-looking women, whose manner of speech and intonation were so 'niggerish,' that it required a knowledge of this peculiar dialect fully to understand them."

"The White Slave"¹³ written by Mr. Hildreth, the historian, uncompromisingly advocates abolition. As a practical protest against slavery, it is more pointed and forcible than Mrs. Stowe's far-famed romance, though much inferior in breadth, humour, and artistic finish. "Wild Tom," however, is truer to human nature, and better fitted for a novel than "Uncle Tom." Altogether, it is a work of decided merit, though not likely to acquire extensive popularity.

If industrial science does not keep pace with industrial progress in the United States, it is not from any want of interest in the subject, or from want of data on which to build conclusions. The American economists are diligent collectors of facts, as works like De Bow's "Industrial Resources of the Southern and Western States"¹⁴ amply testify. The multifarious information contained in this work "has been collected during many years of active researches in the editorial conduct of one of the most widely-circulated journals in the Union." The articles are arranged in alphabetical order, and some of them, such as those on Cotton and Slavery, are very copious, and furnish materials not elsewhere to be met with for a full view of the subjects discussed. To the American

¹³ "The White Slave." (By Richard Hildreth.) 1852.

¹⁴ "The Industrial Resources, &c., of the Southern and Western States: embracing a View of their Commerce, Agriculture, Internal Improvements; Slave and Free Labour, Slavery Institutions, Products, &c., of the South; together with Historical and Statistical Sketches of the different States and Cities of the Union, &c. &c." By J. D. B. De Bow, Professor of Political Economy, &c., in the University of Louisiana. 3 vols. 1852.

planter, manufacturer, and merchant, such an industrial cyclopædia must be invaluable; nor, looking at it as a contribution to comparative statistology, is it less important to the economists, statesmen, and merchants of other countries. Political Economy is best studied in the history of trade and commerce, and the future progress of industry will throw light on many problems in the science which now perplex the inquirer. Guided by this conviction, Mr. Seaman, in his "Essays on the Progress of Nations,"¹⁵ has endeavoured to present the principles of political economy in a historical and statistical shape. The work comprises, says the Preface, "the leading principles of political economy and social philosophy, and the facts from which they are deduced, united in a systematic series of essays, logically arranged, showing the connexion of the whole, and the bearing of each upon the development of the faculties of man, upon productive industry, civilization, and the progress of nations."

Mr. Seaman, however, does not perform so well as he promises. His reading has been limited, his manner is old-fashioned, and, though he takes a wide survey, his views are superficial. He closely follows Mr. Carey in his opinions on native industry and commercial legislation.



ART. XI.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF GERMANY.*

Study of
the Classics. **T**HE change which has recently taken place in Germany with respect to the classical literature of the ancient Greeks and Romans, is one of the most striking characteristics of the present time. Germany came late into the field as a worshipper of classical antiquity, the great scholars of Holland, whose works now rather encumber than adorn our shelves, having finished their labours before hers had begun; but her love though late appeared lasting, and in no other country has there been such a direct influence of ancient upon modern literature. In other lands, the study of the classics, even where carried to great perfection, has stood more or less apart from the work of production in the vernacular. We find, indeed, a result of the "revival of letters," as it is called, not only in the literature of such professedly classical periods as those of Queen Anne in England, and of Louis XIV. in France,

¹⁵ "Essays on the Progress of Nations in Civilization, Productive Industry, Wealth, and Population." By Ezra C. Seaman. 1852.

* The works named in this article have been furnished by Messrs. Williams and Norgate and Mr. David Nutt.

but also in the romantic poems that preceded them. But this indirect influence of the classics, which made Pope satirize after the manner of Horace, and Racine dramatize as he thought after the manner of the Greeks, is so widely different in degree from that zealous worship of the ancients which marked the writers of the German "golden age," that the difference in fact, became also a difference in kind. To whatever sources they turn, Pope remains a man of fashion of the last century, and Racine the court poet of a modern king. In Goethe and Schiller, on the other hand, we find, at a certain epoch in their lives, an actual tendency to become Greeks themselves, and not merely to regard the ancient mythology as a source whence the poet without much expenditure of invention, and without any great amount of sympathy, may draw an abundant store of elegant images. We should in vain search the poets who flourished in England and France, during the so-called classic period, for poems which showed such a deep veneration for antiquity, as Schiller's "Gods of Greece," and Goethe's second part of "Faust," in point of feeling, and Goethe's "Elegies," in point of both feeling and form.

Nevertheless the interest in the ancients who, eighty years ago, when the labours of Winckelmann in expounding antique art, gave a sudden impulse to the cultivation of antique literature, were regarded as almost the sole sources of beauty and of wisdom, has now sensibly declined;—and the decline is not only shown by the decreased influence of the Greek and Roman poets upon the vernacular literature; but also in the doubts which are felt in Germany, as well as in other nations, respecting the propriety of allowing the study of the ancient languages to occupy that prominent position in general education which it has hitherto held without dispute. There is an utilitarian party, which discovers that proficiency in classical learning is but a slight qualification for the practical business of life; a national party which finds out that the Greeks and Romans were not Germans, and a religious party which is shocked to perceive that they were not Christians, reminding us of the pious horror which was inspired in Dean Swift, by Horace's ignorance of the Thirty-nine Articles. Altogether, these several classes make up a formidable body, and though the classical scholar may eye them with contempt, he is nevertheless compelled to acknowledge their existence.

Under these circumstances, the dissertation of Dr. W. Herbst,¹ on the position of classical literature, in the present day, will be

¹ "Das Classische Alterthum in der Gegenwart." Von D. W. Herbst. Leipzig. 1852.

highly acceptable to the higher literary public. Dr. Herbst is on the classical side, but he is a very moderate man, and does every justice to his adversaries, while he aims to secure victory for his own cause. In fact, he rather steps in as a *mediator, with a leaning*, than as a decided partisan, and while he laments—not very pathetically—the growing indifference of the public to the objects of his sober predilections, he is willing to admit that the classical professors themselves have of late done all in their power to strengthen the case of their antagonists. The fact is, that since the time of Niebuhr, the classical literati of Germany, isolating themselves from the world, have confined their attention to the investigation of archæological and philological details, which are of no interest to the general public, instead of producing comprehensive works, bearing upon them the stamp of universal importance. The antiquities of the Dorians, and the formalities of the Olympian games, though delightful to the special student, will not attach the sympathy of a people engaged in all the political and material interests of the middle of the nineteenth century; and the classical renovator if he would make an impression worthy of comparison with that made by Winckelmann, Wolf, and Niebuhr, must, according to Dr. Herbst, treat his subject in an historico-political manner. Poetry will no longer be the link connecting the ancient and modern worlds, as in the last century; but the political lessons of ancient Greece are not exhausted, and are possibly still applicable to the movements of the present day.

To confirm this opinion, Dr. Herbst ingeniously draws a parallel between the present state of Germany and the condition of Greece, at the time of the Peloponnesian war, putting Austria in the place of Sparta, as the representative of conservatism, and Prussia in the place of Athens as the representative of movement. That his admonitions may have a practical end, he recommends, in conformity with this parallel, a new history of the Peloponnesian War—as a work that would have claims to the general appreciation of the public. The immortal eight books of Thucydides are, of course, to lie at the foundation of this undertaking, but the “coming man” is to introduce what the ancient historian left out, and the mass of details which his predecessors have accumulated in books hitherto consulted by the classical scholar alone, will serve as materials towards an edifice of essentially human interest.

Those who will not accept the theory of Dr. Herbst may still read him with profit as an historian. His account of the changes which German literature has undergone through the successive influences of classicism, romanticism, and modern politics, is succinct and comprehensive; and the distinction which he draws

between the great scholars who have acted on the public, and those whose dominion has been confined to the academies, places in their right position the learned Germans who have occupied the attention of classical students for the last eighty years.

History. That interest in the ancient national literature, which was awakened by the poets of the romantic school, and which proved so hostile to the supremacy of the pagan classics, is steadily maintained even now. It does not, indeed, show itself in that poetical fervour which marked the days of the Schlegels, Tieck, and Novalis, but in the steady worship of an unwearied scholarship, anxious, by minute and careful investigation, to snatch from oblivion the relics of the German past. Now and then, indeed, we find a complaint that the antiquities of the fatherland do not meet the attention they deserve. Such a complaint, for instance, is made in the preface to a German mythology;² in which J. W. Wolf presents, in a readable form, the results of the valuable researches made in that department by Jacob Grimm, and other antiquaries. Nevertheless, whenever a new parcel of German books arrives, we find in it unmistakable indications that the serious study of the middle ages, their history, and literature, together with the desire to render them acceptable to the general public, is steadily gaining ground. The elaborate history of "Alfred the Great," by Dr. Pauli, which was only published in the course of the present year,—and has been recently translated into English,—is already followed by another history of the same monarch, written by Dr. J. B. Weiss,³ who introduces his subject by a general review of the state of the Anglo-Saxons before Alfred's accession. Dr. Otto Abel has devoted a tolerably large volume to a "Life of King Philip of Germany;"⁴ one of the most amiable, though the least fortunate, of the great Hohenstaufen family. Occupying a place between the enterprising and reckless Henry VI. and the enlightened Frederick II., and engaged in a perpetual contest with the anti-Emperor Otho IV., Philip marks a melancholy period in German history—a period of anarchy, intrigue, and ecclesiastical baseness; to which his own assassination, by Otho of Wittelsbach, appears as the climax. That Dr. Abel should regard Philip, the subject of his biography, and the idol of the noble minnesänger Walther von der Vogelweide, with all respect, is not to be wondered at; but the

² "Die Deutsche Götterlehre." Von J. W. Wolf. Göttingen. 1852.

³ "Geschichte Alfred's des Grossen." Von Dr. J. B. Weiss. Schaffhausen. 1852.

⁴ "König Philipp der Hohenstaufe." Von Dr. H. F. O. Adel. Berlin. 1852.

English reader will probably be startled by a defence of the Emperor Henry VI., who, in spite of the pretty love-song which bears his name in most collections of *minnelieder*, is generally looked upon as a monster of cruelty and rapacity; and is rendered especially unpopular to the romantic reader of English history by the imprisonment of Richard Cœur de Lion.

A little book, by Dr. E. Wietersheim,⁵ on the origin of the German nation, may be mentioned as containing a great deal of information respecting the early migrations, within a small compass. With most other learned men, the author entertains the opinion, that the Germans originally came from Asia; and the warmth with which he maintains an opinion so generally received, is somewhat amusing. The forest and marshes of Germania, he says, were not the cradle, but the school of the Teutons; and it is an insult to humanity to regard its noblest race as the specific product of its present residence. We are quite ready to concede to Dr. von Wietersheim that the Germans are not Autocthones; but why is he so energetic? We are reminded of the zeal with which the Duke of Middlesex, in Sir E. B. Lytton's last comedy, sympathizes with the mailed barons of the time of King John.

From a new work on the German literature of the middle ages, by M. Karl Gödeke,⁶ we are disposed to hope much; although only two books out of twelve have yet appeared complete. M. Gödeke has already established his character as a literary collector by the "eleven books" of German poetry from the year 1500 to the present day, which he published in 1849, and which ought to be on the shelf of every German scholar; and the work before us, if conducted with equal care, will be still more valuable, as containing matter less generally accessible.

The earlier portion (all that has yet appeared) of another work,⁷ professing to be a history of German literature in general, is occupied with matter similar to that collected by M. Gödeke; and the editor, M. Heinrich Kurz, follows the same plan of interspersing literary dissertation with copious extracts. This book, which seems addressed to a more general public than Gödeke's, possesses the additional attraction of some well-executed woodcuts, in which the quaint figures of the middle ages are reproduced.

Even in the school-book form we can find a manifestation of

⁵ "Zur Urgeschichte Deutscher Nation." Von E. v. Wietersheim. Leipzig. 1852.

⁶ "Das Mittelalter, Darstellung der Deutschen Literatur des Mittelaltars." von Karl Gödeke. Hanover. 1852.

⁷ "Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur." Von H. Kurz. Leipzig. 1852.

the mediæval tendency. Dr. W. H. Mönnich⁸ has published a little volume of extracts from the *Nibelungen-lied* and *Gudrun-lied*, with a short grammar and glossary for the use of schools.

Closely connected with the study of early history and literature is the study of popular legends, to which the Germans pay more attention than any nation in the world. In England we seldom publish collections of legends without working them up into an amusing form; but the Germans, from Grimm downwards, venture to give them in all their unadorned dryness, as a source, not of amusement, but of instruction. Two of the most recent collections are those of M. Ernst Meier,⁹ who briefly sets forth the legends and customs of the Swabian peasantry, chiefly from oral tradition; and of M. A. Schöppner,¹⁰ who is commencing a most bulky account of the superstitions of Bavaria.

We may pause for a moment on the first of these two books, which contains a curious revelation of the state of paganism in Swabia at the present day. The name of the old god Woden, or Hustan, is still preserved among the peasantry; his passage through the air attended by music is deemed the harbinger of a fruitful year; the festival of Donar, the Thor of the Scandinavians, is still recorded by the usages on the Ascension-day ("Holy Thor's Day"), when the peasants adorn their houses with garlands as a charm against lightning. The close connexion that exists in the minds of the people between the ancient god of thunder and the Christian Redeemer, is shown by an expression of the children in the south of Wirtemberg, who, when a thunderstorm comes on, say that the Redeemer (*Heiland*) is shooting.

To modern history there are several contributions. M. J. W. Zinkeisen, the historian of the Ottoman Empire, has commenced an elaborate account of the Jacobin Club,¹¹ to be completed in two volumes. The first, which has already appeared, and which contains nearly seven hundred pages, comprises the history of the club to the time of the separation of the *Feuillans*, in 1791. A history of the Catholic literature of Germany,¹² that is to say, of the books written by German Catholics, has been begun by Dr. J. A. M. Brühl, in the number

⁸ "Nibelungen-und-Gudrun-lieder." Von Dr. W. B. Mönnich. Stuttgart. 1852.

⁹ "Deutsche Sagen, Sitten, und Gebräuche aus Schwaben." Von Ernst Meier. Stuttgart. 1852.

¹⁰ "Sagenbuch der Bayerischen Lande." Von A. Schöppner. Munich. 1852.

¹¹ "Der Jakobiner-klub." Von J. W. Zinkeisen. Berlin. 1852.

¹² "Geschichte der Katholischen Literatur." Von Dr. J. A. M. Brühl. Leipzig. 1852.

form; and, as might be expected, Frederick Count Stolberg, the favourite butt of the wits of the golden age, occupies a conspicuous place. The three celebrities of modern Hungarian history, Count Batthyany, Arthur Görgei, and Ludwig Kossuth, are biographically treated in three small unpretending volumes, by M. B. Szemere.¹³ A long history of Schleswig-Holstein,¹⁴ by M. G. Weitz, is in progress. The second book of the second volume, which is published separately, contains the history of the Duchies during the period of their independence in the earlier part of the sixteenth century. Nor should we omit the fact, that the third series of Raumer's historical pocket-book has reached its fourth annual volume.

Of "French History,"¹⁵ by Professor Ranke, whose reputation as a critical historian is, we believe, nearly as well established with cultivated readers in England as in his own country, we have here the first volume, commencing with an inquiry into the constituent elements of the French nation in the earliest period of its history, and following it through the English wars—the wars and politics of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth centuries—and the long course of civil discord arising out of religious differences, to the close of Henry the Fourth's struggle with the League, and his profession of the Catholic faith. On the latter portion of the period here embraced, to which the author has especially directed his attention, there is certainly no deficiency of information; but as the contemporary writings concerning it, though vividly coloured, are also strongly tinged with passion and party-feeling, and stamped with the prejudices of the time, it affords a field in which the labours of the scientific and impartial historian may prove eminently serviceable. He has been enabled, too, to avail himself of many hitherto inaccessible MS. documents, especially official reports found in Rome and Venice, of Spanish and English correspondence during the most important epochs, and of papers and letters of French kings and statesmen, containing evidence always important, and in some instances decisive. The author is far, he says, from sharing in the assertion often made (and echoed) on insufficient ground—that the History of France is the History of Europe,—but he considers that there are certain epochs in which, from the magnitude of events passing there, and the extent to which surrounding nations have become involved in them, it does ascend to the rank of general history—

¹³ "Graf L. Batthyány, &c." Von B. Szemere. Hamburg. 1853.

¹⁴ "Schleswig-Holsteins Geschichte." Von G. Weitz. Leipzig. 1852.

¹⁵ "Französische Geschichte: vornehmlich im Sechzehnten und Siebzehnten Jahrhundert." Von Leopold Ranke. Band I. Cotta. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1852.

and such an epoch is that which forms the principal subject of the present work.

"The Recollections of an Austrian Veteran,"¹⁶ though it has not its author's name on the title-page, is understood to be by Field Marshal Schönhalt, and has been read in Germany, and especially Austria, with immense eagerness. The tone of the writer is perfectly temperate, and his testimony, from the point of view on which he stands, appears to be fairly given. In most instances, he confines himself closely to the detail of military operations, going through the whole course of the Italian war, from the insurrection of Milan, to the fall of Venice; and, as far as his peculiar position will permit, doing ready justice to the Italian character.

In the departments of metaphysics and psychology, Philosophy. there is still manifest a fair amount of activity. The Hegelian system of logic has been reduced into a compact form by Dr. Kuno Fischer,¹⁷ who is also publishing a series of lectures on the "History of Modern Philosophy,"¹⁸ the first volume of which extends from Descartes to Spinoza. An ill-printed "History of Philosophy, Ancient and Modern," by J. P. Uschold,¹⁹ is only remarkable as an undigested mass, cut up into short sections. On the other hand, a "History of German Philosophy, from the Time of Kant," by C. Fortlage,²⁰ is one of the best books of its kind, and contains fuller accounts of the most modern thinkers, such as Trendelenburg, Schopenhauer, and Beneke, than any work of the sort which, to our knowledge, has yet appeared.

Beneke, whom we have just named, may be so far compared with Schopenhauer, that he does not write in the language of the schools, but in a style which may be called popular, in contradistinction from that of the petty professorial despots who have figured in German philosophy since the time of Hegel. His system is completely psychological, and requires a more detailed account than could be given in this general summary. He has now a periodical organ,²¹ which has completed its second

¹⁶ "Erinnerungen eines Oesterreichischen Veteraners aus dem Italienischen Kriege der Jahr 1848—1849. 2 vols. Stuttgart and Tübingen. 1852.

¹⁷ "Logik und Metaphysik." Von Dr. Kuno Fischer. Stuttgart. 1852.

¹⁸ "Vorlesungen über Geschichte der neuen Philosophie." Von Dr. K. Fischer. Stuttgart. 1853.

¹⁹ "Grundriss der Geschichte der Philosophie." Von J. P. Uschold. Amberg. 1852.

²⁰ "Genetische Geschichte der Philosophie seit Kant." Von C. Fortlage. Leipzig. 1852.

²¹ "Archiv für die Pragmatische Psychologie." Herausgegeben von Dr. E. Beneke. Berlin. 1852.

year, and which treats of the most important subjects connected with psychology and its application to practical life.

Political Philosophy. Political philosophy, which has become of late a favourite theme with the Germans, whose politics leave off where those of other nations begin, is represented by a work which Dr. H. F. W. Hinrichs²² has written on "Kings" in general—oriental kings, eastern kings, mediæval kings, modern kings, and even the ideal "prince" of Machiavelli. In short, the development and the history of the world are represented in the form of the kingdom, which, by constant modifications, approaches its highest ideal. Thus, those single kings who occupy distinguished positions in universal history, are made to represent each of them a certain stage of development, and on this is founded their title to live in the memory of mankind. Providence rules the destinies of nations, but its work is carried on by human agents, who, filled with the ideas of their period, act as if they had received a certain mission. Kings are especially called upon to fill this office; and, therefore, the kings of different times and countries are passed in review by Dr. Hinrichs, not, be it understood, as individuals, but as representatives of the idea of a state.

Dr Hinrichs, who was a pupil of Hegel, was no doubt influenced by the historical views of that philosopher in the classification of his subject. Hegel was remarkable for his exaltation of "representative men."

Travels. "A Journey through Sennaar to Mandera"²³ may be regarded as an appendix to the author's account of an Expedition from Sennaar to Taha, which we had occasion to notice about a year ago. The present journey lay through the country between the Albara and the Blue Nile, and this has been seldom or never visited by European travellers. Its description cannot fail to have a certain value, but the harsh and ungoverned temper frequently manifested by Mr. Werne, his apparently rather low standard of moral feeling, and his extreme coarseness of expression, render his writings among the least agreeable that we have ever encountered in the department of general literature. Some of the details into which he enters, we cannot help thinking, are out of place in any but a medical work, though they may be useful in assisting to tear off the veil of mystic sentimentalism which—among certain writers more anxious for effect than for truth—it has sometimes of late been

²² "Die Könige." Von Dr. H. F. W. Hinrichs. Leipzig. 1852.

²³ "Reise durch Sennaar nach Mandera-Nasub-Cheli im Lande zwischen dem blauen Nil und dem Albara." Von Ferdinand Werne. Duncker. Berlin. 1852.

the fashion to throw over the hideous excesses of sensual barbarism in the East.

One of the pleasantest features of the much-beloved Great Exhibition of 1851, was that it put everybody on good behaviour. The reciprocal amenities of the "courteous host and all-approving guest," which we are accustomed to see displayed only in private life, were interchanged between nation and nation. In the *annus mirabilis* above named, when Britannia sent out her cards, and was "at home" to the whole civilized world, she found herself bound to give it a courteous reception; and our guests, consequently, in most instances, departed in high good humour with us.

Among the best pleased and most agreeable of these visitors was M. Ludwig Rellstab, the author of the volumes on which it has pleased him to bestow the appellation of "Summer Fables,"²⁴ though they are neither more nor less than light travelling sketches of fair average quality. Of course, like other continental foreigners of the middle class who visit London, he finds his way by some mysterious law of attraction, to Leicester Square; and, taking up his temporary abode in that attractive locality, labours indefatigably in his vocation of sight-seeing. His volumes form a very agreeable guide-book for strangers, and on many points may afford information concerning Leoni to older residents, who are seldom very familiar with them.

To those acquainted with the antecedents and the present position of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, it would be no difficult matter to divine, before opening them, the contents of these two duodecimo volumes, resembling, in outward form, the profane romances of her unregenerate days. A talent for silence, they will be aware, is not among the many with which this lady has been gifted. From the time when, in her youthful days, she first confided her private sorrows to the breast of a sympathizing public, she has never failed to furnish the world, from time to time, with reports of her mental condition, and of the multifarious phases, impassioned philosophical devoutness, through which she has passed. The present performance²⁵ is not, indeed, professedly in the first person; but the "Lovers of the Cross"—*videlicet*, St. Antony, St. Benedict, and other founders of monastic orders—are only shown to us through a highly-coloured and distorting medium. This is to be regretted, as the lives of these remarkable personages do really exhibit, time and place com-

²⁴ "Sommer Märchen in Reisebildern aus Deutschland, Belgien, Frankreich England, Schottland, im Jahr 1851." Von Ludwig Rellstab. Darmstadt. 1852.

²⁵ "Die Liebhaber des Kreuzes." Von Ida Gräfin von Hahn-Hahn. Mainz. Kirschbein und Schott. 1852.

sidered, many admirable features, and some which are beautiful for all time; but the style in which they are here treated, without any attempt to form a rational estimate of the good and the evil, to sift the wheat from the chaff, can serve no useful purpose. But no one, we presume, will look for anything but a one-sided view of those whom the church has labelled as saints, from a convert like the Countess, in the very honeymoon of her zeal; and after all, they occupy but a small portion of her space, for they merely emerge, now and then, from the wide, washy, everlasting flood of rhapsodical talk, to which we suppose we must give the name of religious contemplation. The passage in which, in a torrent of rather vain-glorious eloquence, she celebrates the praises of the "Catholic virtues" of humility and silence, have rather a comic effect, reminding one of the penitent leper of Chamisso's song—toasting, in repeated enthusiastic bumpers, the cause of temperance.

"Aurora,"²⁶ and "Forget-me-Not,"²⁷ are annuals, of which the printed contents are something better, and the engraving something worse, than is customary in the same confectionary branch of literature in England. The drawing of the illustrations is, however, in general, more correct.

"Demiurgos, a Mystery,"²⁸ is the most remarkable Poetry. appearance in the poetical field that we have met with for a long while. In depth and compass of thought, in richness of fancy, in command of versification, notwithstanding occasional ruggedness, it need fear comparison with no production of recent times, that we are acquainted with. Of course, we can do no more here than briefly indicate its general character and purpose. The first conception has been possibly supplied by "Faust." From some distant region of space we are led to contemplate the new-born earth in the earliest stage of its existence, while Agathodamon and Lucifer, the Good and Evil Principles—or what we may rather, according to the author's view, call Positive and Negative Moral Forces—dispute concerning its future destinies. The contest is decided by Lucifer undertaking to guide them to a prosperous issue, with no more assistance from the Good Principle than has been given in the first act of creation. At the appointed period, the spirits descend to the earth, and the exquisite beauty of the inanimate world almost induces Agathodamon to acknowledge his further interference superfluous. But looking closer into the system, at the spectacle of the various races preying on each other, the infinite varieties

²⁶ "Aurora Taschenbuch für das Jahr 1853." Herausgegeben von J. G. Seidl. Wien: Ignaz Lienhart.

²⁷ "Gedenke Mein, 1853." Wien: Pfaulsch und Voss.

²⁸ "Demiurgos: ein Mysterium." Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1852.

of pain apparently inseparable from it, he is induced to withdraw his acknowledgment. Lucifer, however, maintains that, as the highest enjoyment of life consists in action, the withdrawal of pain and apparent evil, the contest with which forms the great business of the human race, would be the extinction of all that is best and noblest in the world, and nothing would be left behind but an insipid and joyless residuum. The decision of the dispute is therefore deferred till Agathodamon shall have become better acquainted with human life, by himself assuming the garment of mortality.

The spirit of Agathodamon then becomes incarnate in the person of a German Count Heinrich, the heir of a noble house, who lies sick to death, not so much of bodily disease, as from the over-indulgence of a life in which he has been smothered with roses. Even the sweet tones of domestic affection have become hateful to him, and he cries aloud in the instinct of his delirium for all that is harsh and bitter, to restore the necessary balance. He will have a bed of iron, stones to eat, poison to drink—he will be greeted with the fierce abusive epithets which the swine-herd hurls at his bristly charge. Count Heinrich, with Lucifer as his familiar attendant, is then carried through various scenes, in which the spirit of the time, and the moral diseases under which it is suffering, are bodied forth. But, of course, we can do no more, in this brief notice, than indicate the general character and purposes of this remarkable poem. In the moral, as promised by the author, we cannot think he has been altogether successful; but as the problems he proposes to solve involve nothing less than the origin and meaning of moral and physical evil, more was not to be expected than the suggestion of a dim and distant possibility of a solution.

Another volume of poetry, of a very different character, is "The Fruit Garden of Saadi,"²⁹ the renowned moral poet of Persia, whose "Garden of Roses," and other works, have been translated into Latin, as well as various European languages, and recently, we find, into English. Of the merits of this translation—not being acquainted with the original—we can form a very imperfect judgment, but at least the German version seems to have preserved the elegant simplicity of style for which, as we understand, the original is celebrated, no less than for the treasures of practical wisdom contained in his proverbs. Saadi was born in the latter end of the twelfth century, and for whatever wisdom may be gathered from the experience of life, he certainly must have had time enough, as he lived to the age of 116. He

²⁹ "Der Fruchtgarten von Saadi: aus dem Persischen auszugsweise übertragen von Ottokar Maria-Frechem." Von Schlecher-Wssehrd. Wien. 1852.

did not begin writing, it is said, till he had attained the sufficiently ripe age of ninety—having previously spent thirty years of his life in travelling.

The accumulation of "Goethe literature" seems as though it would never reach its conclusion. In the first place we have before us a new and very excellent edition of "The Xenia,"³⁰—those formidable epigrams, by means of which Goethe and Schiller, in the year 1797, struck terror into the small fry of German literature. The "Xenia" are reprinted with an historical introduction, a perpetual comment, and a biographical dictionary of the slaughtered. Then comes an elaborate work by Dr. I. A. O. L. Lehmann,³¹ whose titles are as numerous as his Christian names, and who discourses learnedly on the *language* of Goethe. Those who wish to know how the great poet used the participial construction, and how the relative, and who will be delighted to see lists of the words ending in "*heit*," "*keit*," and "*ung*," which he introduced into his compositions, will here find an ample banquet before them. Thirdly, we have a stout volume of lectures on the "Torquato Tasso" of Goethe,³² delivered at Berne, by Ludwig Eckardt, and enriched with a preface by the respectable Dr. Troxler. It seems, that although academic lectures on Goethe's creations, especially "Faust," have been of late quite the order of the day, this is the first course of lectures that has been on "Torquato Tasso" in particular, and probably many persons have ere this been inclined to hope that it will be the last; for certainly no work is more intelligible and appreciable without the aid of comment than "Torquato Tasso." Most valuable of all the new books, in this department, are the Correspondence and Conversations between Goethe and Councillor Grüner,³³ for here, at any rate, we have new facts relative to a great man. This book has more resemblance to that of Eckermann than any which has yet appeared; and as M. Grüner's acquaintance with Goethe began in 1820, it refers to much the same period of the poet's life.

As a pictorial supplement to the Goethe literature of the day, we should mention a new folio edition of "Faust,"³⁴ splendidly illustrated with steel and wood engravings, after designs by Engelbert Seibertz.

³⁰ "Die Schiller-Göthischen Xenien, erläutert von E. I. Saupé." Leipzig. 1852.

³¹ "Göthe's Sprache und ihr Geist." Von Dr. Lehmann. Berlin. 1852.

³² "Vorlesungen über Göthe's Torquato Tasso." Von L. Eckardt. Bern. 1852.

³³ "Briefwechsel und mündlicher Verkehr zwischen Göthe und dem Rathe Grüner." Berlin. 1853.

³⁴ "Faust: mit Zeichnungen von E. Seibertz." Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1852.

A compendious account of Indian literature³⁵ is contained in some academical lectures, delivered last winter at Berlin, by Dr. A. Weber, teacher (*docent*) of Sanscrit at Berlin, and recently published. As an industrious labourer in this department of literature, Dr. Weber is already well known. The present volume has all the closeness which distinguishes what in university parlance are termed "cram" books, and which arises from a desire to communicate a great deal of knowledge in a small space. We need scarcely add, that the work is suited to the special student only.

The lovers of the good old days of German criticism, will doubtless be glad to hear that the critical works of Ludwig Tieck are now collected.³⁶ The "dramatürgische Blätter" may be had separately from the rest of the collection, and are provided with a separate preface by Edward Devrient, the historian of the German drama, and the brother of Emil Devrient, who played in London last summer.

"The Rough House"³⁷ is about as inappropriate a designation as could have been selected for a benevolent institution in which Christian kindness is the sole motive force—and whose indulgence is carried to what many may think a dangerous excess, and which might really be so but for the admirable management in other respects. The fact is, however, that the name was not selected at all, but happened to be attached to the building, formerly a public-house, in which the undertaking was first commenced. We mention this apparently trivial circumstance, because we happen to know that many persons have experienced a kind of shock at first hearing it in connexion with the objects of the institution, and have figured to themselves some establishment of the nature of the renowned "Charitable Grinders." In its chief purpose the Rough House resembles in a great measure our own Philanthropic Institution—namely, the reception and reformation of juvenile criminals; but it also receives children who, from their neglected condition, are likely to become such, as well as those from various classes of society, whose vicious characters are said to have resisted all ordinary methods of education—the most vicious being the most welcome, as most hopeless of help from any other quarter.

About sixteen years ago, a few persons in Hamburg, mostly of scanty means, and quite unknown to fame, associated themselves into what is called a Visiting Society, to bring relief and

³⁵ "Akademische Vorträge über Indische Literatur." Von A. Weber. 1852.

³⁶ "Kritische Schriften von Ludwig Tieck." Leipzig. 1852.

³⁷ "Das Rauhe Haus—ein Bild aus der Zeit." Von M. von Wedderhop. Oldenburg. 1851.

solace to the homes of the morally and physically destitute of that city. The mass of misery they discovered, however, far exceeded their means of help—far exceeded what they had imagined possible; and in most instances, the excessive poverty and physical suffering proved to be rather the effect than the cause of the moral degradation. Especially the ties of family—partly from the customary operation of vice and ignorance—partly, we believe, though the author of this Report does not say so, from that of certain antiquated institutions of Hamburg, with reference to marriage—were found to be so distorted and degraded, in many cases so rooted in profligacy, that nothing could be hoped for children born under such unhappy circumstances, but in their entire removal from the pestilential atmosphere.

The desideratum was a refuge which should place them under the benign and curative influences of a *home*; for it was, and is, a leading principle with the founders of the Rough House—that in a family circle only can the well-being of a child be truly promoted—that in that soil only can the best and purest affections of human nature spring up. At length the means were furnished by private benevolence for commencing this interesting experiment: and Mr. Wichern, the present head of the Institution, with his mother, and three depraved boys, took up their abode in the Rough House, which is now a wide-spreading establishment, having numerous ramifications in Germany, and branch institutions in France, Switzerland, Sweden, and, even, Russia, and which has been the means of saving thousands of children from a fate far worse than death, though without any other means of support than “bills drawn on the grace of God and the love of man.” In all these establishments, the plan is not to form one great barrack-like building, and subject its inmates to one unvarying discipline like that of an army, but to place the objects of its care in relations as nearly as possible resembling those of a private family.

The groups living under one roof never exceed twelve in number; have separate gardens and playgrounds; and, though enjoying all the benefits of co-operation and association in the numerous workshops, where all ordinary trades are carried on, on an extensive scale, have yet every desirable opportunity of privacy.

The idea of the family life is carried out even to the observance of birthdays, and other little festivals, and these separate groups are knit together in firm and kindly bonds by an admirable system of organization, of which, did our limits permit, we should gladly enter more into detail. For this we must refer our readers to the Report itself; and those who may desire further information, either on this or any similar institution in any part

of the world, may obtain it from the Director's Library, which is a vast repository, and office of correspondence, for books, pamphlets, and reports, in almost all languages of the civilized world, on every question of the day—ecclesiastical, social, or moral—on which the elevation and improvement of humanity can be supposed to depend. The institution has our warmest sympathies, though we have some doubts whether its rather straight-laced piety would admit the "Westminster Review" within the circle of its charities.

"Miscellaneous Sketches, Tales, &c.,"³⁸ by H. E. and M. Marcard, is a publication issuing from the press of the above-mentioned "Rough House,"³⁹ and bears the stamp of its origin in its sincerely religious, but rather narrow and intolerant tone. Some of the tales contain some pretty pictures of the old-fashioned household life among the German peasantry, which, under the influence of revolutionary action and re-action, is fast fading away, and soon to be numbered with the things that have been. The paper on the United States gives a view of society in America, which, though not untrue, is completely one-sided. The writer has correctly catalogued the weeds, but overlooked the flowers that spring up in that teeming soil, and, even in their rankness, afford a proof of its fertility—though, at the same time, it must be owned also, the necessity of more careful gardening, if the garden is not to become a wilderness.

"Modern German Classics"⁴⁰ is a series of biographies and critical essays on German writers of the last thirty years, with selected specimens of their works. As most of the histories of German literature hitherto in existence extend only to the conclusion of the "Goethe and Schiller period," there is room for the present publication; and we may add, that it is issued in most conveniently diminutive numbers.

ART. XII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF FRANCE.*

ALTHOUGH Louis Napoleon may have very successfully saved society, he has not hitherto extended his imperial patronage to literature. Whatever else may flourish in France,

³⁸ "Vermischte Schriften, Erzählungen, Schilderungen und Gedichte." Von H. E. und M. Marcard.

³⁹ "Agentur der Rauhen Hauses." Hamburg. 1852.

⁴⁰ "Moderne Klassiker: Deutsche Literaturgeschichte der neueren Zeit." Cassel. Valde. 1852.

* The works named in the course of this article have been furnished us by Mr. Jeffs, of the Burlington Arcade.

at present literature languishes. The greatest activity is perhaps amongst the exiles. Victor Hugo never worked harder; and he is now on the eve of publishing a poem, as well as a history of the *coup d'état*. As for Dumas—the workman incarnate—he quietly tells us, in a recent letter, that he has written thirty-seven volumes in the last eight months! To be sure, *he* is Alexander Dumas! Within the privileged circle, however, of imperial France, literature is in a languishing condition; and we have fewer books than ever this quarter to speak of to our readers.

Philosophy. Auguste Comte, whose publications have been accelerated by the circumstances of his removal from the “Ecole Polytechnique,” has brought out a little volume of very great interest, entitled “Catéchisme Positiviste ou Sommaire Exposition de la Religion Universelle.” In dialogues between a Woman and a Priest of Humanity, Comte endeavours to give a popular exposition of the leading points in his general doctrine. For it is known to most of our readers, that he has the pretension of following up the career of Aristotle with that of Saint Paul; to found a universal religion on the basis of universal science. Antagonistic as he may be to all orthodoxy, Comte is anything but a *destructive*: he profoundly sees how you “only destroy that which you can replace.” Knocking down is not extirpation; and he believes that the Christian system now merits more and more the reprobation which in early times it met with from the wisest and noblest of heathens, who, only able to judge of the system by its doctrines, did not hesitate to reject, as an enemy to the human race, that provisional religion which placed perfection in celestial isolation; which made this world of no account, and construed piety to be little better than an ecstatic egotism. Our modern instincts still more energetically proclaim that morality false which makes the dignity of labour the curse of God; which makes woman the source of all evil, and which declares that our nature is essentially corrupt! The Christian system, he says, could only cultivate the soul. No religion can be universal which systematically neglects either body or soul. He defines the word Religion as expressing the state of complete *unity* which distinguishes our existence, at once personal and social, when all its parts, moral and physical, habitually converge towards a common destination. Thus the word Religion would be equivalent to the word Synthesis, were not the latter term limited in its use to questions of science; whereas Religion embraces all our human attributes. Religion, he says, consists in “à régler chaque nature individuelle, et à rallier toutes les individualités,” and this is the meaning of the word

Religion (*religare*), for every man differs successively from himself as much as he differs simultaneously from others.

It is not our purpose to enter further into Auguste Comte's religious views, but we may express them in a sentence, if we say, his conception of religion approaches very nearly to what is ordinarily meant by morality. It sets aside all supernatural agency, to consider only our social relation; with this further extension, however, that it does not consider our human life to be made up solely of the relations we bear towards each other; but also of the relations in which we stand to that abstract Humanity, that Collective Life, of which human beings are the individuals. Humanity has a collective existence, apart from human beings; as we may say, man has a collective existence apart from the individual organs of which he is composed. Every cell in the human frame has its independent existence, as well as its collective relation, and thus may man be considered in the ancient sense a *microcosm*.

But it seems to us that in limiting religion to the relations in which we stand towards each other, and towards Humanity, Comte omits one very important consideration. Even upon his own showing, this Humanity can only be the Supreme Being of *our* planet; it cannot be the Supreme Being of the universe. Now, although in this our terrestrial sojourn, all we can distinctly know must be limited to the sphere of our planet, yet, standing on this ball, and looking forth into infinitude, we know that *it* is but an atom in the infinitude, and that the Humanity we worship *here* cannot extend its dominion *there*. If our relations to Humanity may be systematized into a *cultus*, and made a Religion as they have formerly been made a Morality, and if the whole of our practical priesthood be limited to this Religion, there will nevertheless remain for us, outlying this terrestrial sphere, the sphere of the Infinite, in which our thoughts *must* wander, and our emotions will follow our thoughts; so that beside the Religion of Humanity there must ever be a Religion of the Universe. Or, to bring this conception within ordinary language, there must ever remain the old distinction between Religion and Morality, our relations towards God, and our relations towards man; the only difference being that, in the old theology, moral precepts were inculcated with a view to a celestial habitat, in the new the moral precepts are inculcated with a view to the general progress of the race.

Comte, however, discards altogether this outlying region; he confines us to our planet. It is analogous to his discarding from the science of astronomy all researches into other systems than that of our own solar system. His ignoring the universe will

not prevent other men from making it present in their meditations, and it is a serious deficiency in his system. Our province here is not criticism so much as brief indication, therefore we will not dwell on this point. We refer the reader to these eleven dialogues, containing as they do the general theory of religion: the explanation of the dogma—the explanation of the *cultus*—the explanation of the ritual—and the general history of religion. He has chosen a woman as the interlocutor with the priest—partly because woman is the type of the affections, (and in the positive philosophy the heart asks questions which the intellect must answer,) but mainly also in memory of that woman who, taking him from his science, taught him to feel that life had other aspects than those of intellect—taught him that to live *in* others, and *for* others, was the great object of our common existence. How far this volume may be intelligible to those unacquainted with Comte's previous works, we cannot accurately determine; but at any rate its brevity and popular mode of exposition should induce every philosophical reader to go through it.

Perhaps the most important book that has been published this year is the "Traité de Physiologie," par F. A. Longet. Curiously enough, this work, which is to be in two volumes, is published backwards; the second volume appeared first, and the last *fasciculus* of the first volume has also appeared, but the second and first are still to appear! Apart from this inconvenience, which is not very great, seeing that the work is not addressed to tyros, we can recommend it as containing the latest views, the most copious information, exhaustive erudition, admirable illustrations, and that clearness of exposition and co-ordination of materials in which the French are unrivalled. The final book, on reproduction, is by far the clearest, most systematic, the best informed treatise on that vast and intricate subject with which we are acquainted. The chapters on the senses and the nervous system are also extremely valuable—Longet having made a great reputation for himself by his own researches on the nervous system. Indeed, the work throughout manifests independent research to an extent rarely met with accompanying so much erudition; though even in the erudition there are some strange *lacunæ*. To mention one striking instance; in treating of the alternation of generations, he does not seem aware of T. V. Carus's work, "Zur nähern Kenntniss des Generationswechsels," nor of the still more decisive treatise of Owen, "Parthenogenesis."

In History we have nothing but Lamartine's seventh History. volume of the "Histoire de la Restauration," which opens with the death of Napoleon, and concludes with the death of Louis XVIII. The same qualities, but not all the same de-

fects we have previously noticed, distinguish this volume. The expedition to Spain, the insurrection of Greece, and the Bonapartist conspiracies, give interest and animation to the narrative. He shows well how the death of Napoleon, although delivering the house of Bourbon from a rival, terrible because so popular with the army, did not extinguish Bonapartism, but revived it under another form. Fanaticism was fed by recitals of the hero's martyrdom, and even the republican party, who dreaded and hated Napoleon when living, made his name a stalking-horse for their opposition, by contrasting its glory with the insignificance of the reigning princes. They made the name of Napoleon the synonyme of the youth, the greatness, and the glory of their nation. They made the reigning princes the symbols of the age, the decline, and the subjection of their country to the allied armies. An odious injustice, as Lamartine remarks; for the occupation of Paris, and the disasters of two invasions, were the results of Napoleon's reign, and not of the Bourbons: but fanaticism pardons everything in its idols, and thrusts all the blame upon its victims. The memory of Napoleon was a sort of religion, and his death, so far from diminishing the idolatry, had only the effect of rendering it more mythical and intense. When Lamartine talks of the death of Napoleon circulated everywhere, and commented on by reproaches and curses against England and the Bourbons, making the hero of Austerlitz the idol of the cottage, the epic poem of the barracks, he is writing history; but when he says, that they made Napoleon *l'entretien de l'univers*, he writes like a Frenchman who never can persuade himself that what is passing in his own small parish is not occupying the whole universe.

There is a terrible lesson the republicans may now learn from their having employed unworthy arms; having used Napoleon for purposes of opposition, when in their hearts they hated his domination, and rebelled against his ideas. It is the old lesson, that if you sow falsehood, you will reap falsehood; and if you bring the devil to fight in your ranks, you will be sure to be fighting the cause of the devil! The republicans deified Napoleon; they fostered the fanaticism for military glory; they made the name of Bonaparte a symbol, a national feeling, and what is the result? The nephew of his uncle holds up that symbol, and all France bows to it. The republicans are now reaping their reward! Had they fought their own battle gallantly, with the sincerity demanded by truthful activity, they would not in these days have had to groan under *Napoléon le petit*.

The most interesting part of this seventh volume is the narrative of the various conspiracies so rashly entered upon by turbulent restless men, and so foolishly conducted. In the

volume to come we shall have the reign of Charles Dix, (X.) its persistence in the downward course, and the outburst of the Revolution of 1830.

Lamartine has also given us another volume, for which we are not very grateful. It contains three reprints from his "Conseiller du Peuple," in which, for the instruction of the hut and the atelier, the edification of the blouses, he narrates the biographies of Jeanne D'Arc, Homer, and Bernard Pallissy. Of all men of genius, Lamartine strikes us as the most unfitted to write for the people; and the wordy pomp of this volume, its deficiency of substance, and the tardiness of its rhetoric, give us little cause to alter our opinion. So far as grand phrases and hyperbolic enthusiasm can be supposed to instruct the people, there is no deficiency in Lamartine. He tells us, for instance, that "God and art insist upon being vanquished; one by the patience of man, the other by his labour." He tells us also—to excuse his own ignorance—"traditions are the erudition of peoples," and he gives a biography of Homer made up of vague traditions, and narrated in a rose-pink style of his own, which must convey a very strange idea of Homer to the blouses!

Dumas, who, as we said just now, has been writing *Belles Lettres*. ing thirty-seven volumes in eight months, gives us the thirteenth volume of his memoirs, which now become really amusing, though we see no prospect of their being terminated in thirteen more, for he has not yet come down to the revolution of 1830, and there are twenty-two of the most active years of his life still to narrate.

"*Consacrons quelques pages à l'auteur de Marion Delorme*," is the opening sentence of this volume; and every one who knows Dumas, knows that *quelques pages* mean a volume. A very amusing volume it is, nevertheless, and will be particularly so to the English admirers of Victor Hugo, giving, as it does, a biography of the poet, who was born the 26th March, 1803, of a noble family. He has in his veins the blood of Lorraine, and the blood of Brittany, and Dumas tells us that there is a profound meaning in his name, for *Hugo*, in old German, means *spirituous*, breath, soul, spirit. Coupling the surname of Victor with it, you can only translate it as "victorious mind, triumphant soul, conquering spirit!" Dumas is very entertaining in his account of the *fracasseries* which Hugo had to submit to in his dramatic experiments. Every one who has had anything to do with the stage, will read with peculiar sympathy the insults to which even a man of Hugo's reputation had to submit. The poet fancies when he has written his play that the main part of his work is accomplished; strange error! he has taken but half of the first step. Suppose the play accepted, and put in rehearsal;

he is then to go through a series of annoyances which are ludicrously enough illustrated in the following extract, wherein Mademoiselle Mars, who played the heroine of *Hernani*, suggested some improvements to the poet :—

“ ‘ Mademoiselle Mars played *Dona Sol*; Joanny, *Ruy Gomez*; Michelot, *Charles Quint*; and Firmin, *Hernani*.

“ I have before said that our new poetic school was not sympathetic to Mademoiselle Mars; but I must add, or, rather, repeat one thing, namely, that Mademoiselle Mars, who, in the theatre was the most honourable woman in the world, when once the first performance had commenced, when once the fire of applause, or hisses, had saluted the flag—even a strange one—under which she was fighting, she would have been killed sooner than retreat one step; she would have borne martyrdom rather than betray—we will not say her faith,—our school was not her faith—but her oath.

“ But before this was attained, there were some fifty or sixty rehearsals to go through; and the amount of remarks, of grimaces, and pin-pricks inflicted on the author, which these fifty or sixty rehearsals represented, was incalculable.

“ It is needless to say, that these pin-pricks were often daggers in the heart.

“ I have related what I suffered with Mademoiselle Mars during the rehearsals of *Henri III.*; the discussions and even quarrels which I had with her; the outbreaks which I had been unable to restrain, in spite of my insignificance, and the danger of their consequences.

“ ‘ The same thing was likely to happen, and did happen to Hugo.’

“ ‘ But Hugo and I are of diametrically opposite characters: he is cold, calm, polished, severe, full of memory for both good and evil; I am demonstrative, hasty, overflowing, full of fun, forgetful of evil, sometimes of good.’

“ The result was, very different dialogues between Mademoiselle Mars and Hugo, from those between her and me.

“ It must be remembered, that usually at the theatre, the dialogue between the actor and author takes place across the foot-lights—that is, between the proscenium and orchestra; so that not a word escapes the thirty or forty artists, musicians, supernumeraries, call-boys, candle-snuffers and firemen who attend the rehearsal.

“ This audience, always, as may be supposed, disposed to welcome any episode calculated to distract it from the tedium of the chief event, the rehearsal, does not a little contribute to the irritation of the interlocutor’s nerves, and consequently infuses a certain amount of bitterness into the telephonic relations established between the orchestra and theatre.

“ Things passed somewhat in this fashion.

“ In the middle of the rehearsal, Mademoiselle Mars suddenly stopped.

“ ‘ I beg your pardon,’ she said to Firmin, Michelot, or Joanny, ‘ I have a word to say to the author.’

"The actor to whom she addressed herself bowed assent, and remained dumb and motionless in his place.

"Mademoiselle Mars advanced to the foot-lights, put her hand over her eyes, and although she knew very well in what part of the orchestra the author sat, she pretended to look for him.

"That was her little bit of *mise en scène*.

"‘M. Hugo!’ she asked; ‘is M. Hugo there?’

"‘Here I am, madame,’ replied Hugo, rising.

"‘That’s right! thank you—tell me, M. Hugo——’

"‘Madame?’

"‘I have to say this verse?’—

"‘Vous êtes mon lion! superbe et généreux!’”

"‘Just so, madame; *Hernani* says to you:’—

"‘Hélas! j’aime pourtant d’une amour bien profonde!
Ne pleure pas—mourons plutôt! Que n’ai je un monde,
Je te le donnerais! Je suis bien malheureux!’”

"‘And you reply:’—

"‘Vous êtes mon lion! superbe et généreux!’”

"‘Do you like that, M. Hugo?’

"‘What?’

"‘*Vous êtes mon lion!*’

"‘I have written it so, madame; therefore I thought it good.’

"‘Then you care about your *lion*?’

"‘I care and don’t care, madame; find something better, and I will put that something in its place.’

"‘It is not for me to find that; I am not the author.’

"‘Well, then, madame, since it is written so, let us have what is written.’

"‘Only it does seem so odd to call M. Firmin my *lion*!’

"‘That is because, whilst playing the part of Doña Sol, you want to remain Mademoiselle Mars; if you were really the ward of Ruy Gomez de Sylva, that is to say, a noble Castillian woman of the sixteenth century, you would not see M. Firmin in *Hernani*; you would see in him one of those terrible leaders who made Charles Quint tremble in his very capital; then, you would understand that such a woman may call such a man her *lion*, and it would seem less odd to you.’

"‘Very well! since you care about your *lion*, we’ll say no more about it. I am here to say what is written; ‘*Mon lion!*’ is in the manuscript: I will say ‘*mon lion!*’ it is no affair of mine! Let us go on; Firmin!’

"And the rehearsal went on.

"‘Vous êtes mon lion! superbe et généreux!’”

"But the next day, when she came to the same place, Mademoiselle Mars stopped as she had done on the preceding day, walked down to the foot-lights, put her hand over her eyes, and pretended to look for the author, just as she had done on the preceding day.

" 'M. Hugo!' she said, in her hard voice—her own voice; the voice of Mademoiselle Mars, not of Célimène. 'Is M. Hugo there?'

" 'Here I am, madame,' replied Hugo, with his usual placidity.

" 'So much the better; I am glad you are there!'

" 'Madame, I had the honour of paying my respects to you before the rehearsal.'

" 'True; well, have you reflected?'

" 'On what, madame?'

" 'On what I said to you yesterday!'

" 'You did me the honour to say a great many things yesterday.'

" 'Yes, you are right; but I mean that famous hemistich.'

" 'Which one?'

" 'Oh, you know which!'

" 'I assure you I do not, madame; you make so many just and excellent remarks, that I confound one with another.'

" 'I mean the hemistich of the *lion*.'

" 'Oh, yes; "*Vous êtes mon lion!*" I remember.'

" 'Well! have you found another hemistich?'

" 'I must confess to you that I have not even thought of one.'

" 'You do not, then, think that hemistich dangerous?'

" 'What do you mean by dangerous?'

" 'I call dangerous what may be hissed.'

" 'I never had the pretension not to be hissed.'

" 'That may be; but it is well to be hissed as little as possible.'

" 'You think, then, that the hemistich of the *lion* will be hissed?'

" 'I am sure of it!'

" 'Then, madame, it will be because you will not have said it with your usual talent.'

" 'I will do my best . . . but, I should prefer . . .'

" 'What?'

" 'To say something else!'

" 'What?'

" 'Oh! something else!'

" 'What?'

" 'Say.'—And Mademoiselle Mars pretended to meditate the word which had been on the tip of her tongue for the last three days,—'say, for example, hum—hum—hum—hum—'

" 'Vous êtes, *monseigneur*, superbe et généreux!'

" 'Does not *Monseigneur* make out the verse as well as my *lion*?'

" 'Quite, madame; only, *mon lion* is vigorous, and *monseigneur* common-place; I would rather be hissed for a good line than applauded for a bad one.'

" 'Well, well, don't get angry; your *good line* shall be said without alteration. Come, Firmin, let us go on!'

" 'Vous êtes, *mon lion*! superbe et généreux!'

" Needless to say, that on the first night of performance, Mademoiselle

Mars, instead of saying 'Vous êtes, mon lion !' said 'Vous êtes, Monseigneur !'

"The line was neither applauded nor hissed ; it was not worthy of either."

There is more of this agreeable gossip in the volume. We have little more to say. A line or two will be sufficient to recommend the "Romans" of Louis Reybaud, a volume containing reprints of two pleasant novels—"Le Coq du Clocher," and "Marie Bromtin,"—worth reading, but not worth re-reading. Louis Reybaud made an immense success with "Jerôme Paturôt," but he has never since recovered that vein; and although his novel shows literary talent, keen observation, and a sarcastic wit, yet his powers as a novelist, properly speaking, are but mediocre.

The other volume to which we would refer, is the "Théâtre de H. de Balzac," containing the four unfortunate attempts of that profound observer and admirable novelist to achieve a dramatic success, namely, "Vautrim—Les ressources de Quinola—Pamela Giraud," and "La Marâtre;" and by a curious forgetfulness or unexplained principle, "Mercadet," the only comedy of his which *did* succeed, and one which was worthy of even his extraordinary powers—the comedy, in short, of the last twenty years—is omitted; yet the volume is entitled, "Théâtre de H. Balzac"!

George Sand has done little but write plays, which have not been successful; and one novel, which has appeared in the *Feuilleton*—"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—is beginning to absorb the *Feuilleton* there, as it does the railway stalls here; and though rather late in the field, (as is usual with Frenchmen, in spite of their pretension of France being the *cerveau du monde*), they seem determined to recover lost ground.

Altogether, as we said, literature is now in a most dilapidated condition. It never does flourish under despotism; and, until Louis Napoleon considers himself safe enough to permit liberty of thought, we can hardly look to France for the usual supply of literature.

N O T E.

MR. RICHARD HILDRETH, of Boston, United States, who avows himself the author of the "White Slave," has addressed to us a letter, from which it appears that he was not only quite ignorant that his book had been offered here in the manner described in the note appended to our July Number, but that he prefixed to the American edition the following advertisement, which, however, did not accompany the early sheets to England:—

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"The earlier chapters of this book were written on a southern plantation, during that same summer in which the concluding events of the story are supposed to happen, and in the midst of scenes and persons suggestive of those which the book attempts to portray. Some readers may perhaps recognise in them a story with which they have before met. The latter portion is new; a continuation originally intended, and often called for, but never before published."

With whomever the blame of the transaction may rest, we are glad to express our conviction that Mr. Hildreth is entirely exonerated from any share in it.

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THE
WESTMINSTER
AND
FOREIGN QUARTERLY
REVIEW.

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APRIL 1, 1853.  
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ART. I.—BRITISH PHILANTHROPY AND JAMAICA
DISTRESS.

1. *The State and Prospects of Jamaica.* By the Rev. David King, LL.D. Glasgow. 1850.
2. *Jamaica in 1850.* By John Bigelow. New York and London.
3. *The British West Indies in 1850.* By John Candler and G. W. Alexander. (*Anti-Slavery Reporter*, February, March, and April, 1851.)
4. *Sugar Return to Two Orders of the House of Commons*, dated 11th and 17th February, 1852, respectively.
5. *Parliamentary Return. Sugar-growing Colonies* (Part II. Jamaica), 14th December, 1852.

IT is now more than fourteen years since England began her great philanthropic experiment, and, by abolishing in her slave colonies that clumsy modification of slavery known as the Apprenticeship System, substituted in them free for slave labour. It may be well, then, now that it is so common to ask our American cousins to follow our example, to consider to what extent and in what manner this substitution has really been effected, and to compare the productive result of the one kind of labour with that of the other.

The chief product of these colonies is sugar, which is, we [Vol. LIX. No. CXVI.].—NEW SERIES, Vol. III. No. II. Z

suppose, as much their principal product as cotton is that of the Slave States. We find, then, that the import of sugar from the British West Indies, Guiana, and Mauritius into this country (almost their sole market), averaged, for the three years ending with 1838, the year of emancipation, 4,023,341 cwts., while, for the three years ending with 1851, it was 3,804,058.*

These figures do, we believe, prove the commercial result to be much more favourable than is generally supposed; still it is useless to deny that it is a disappointing result, especially when compared with the prophecies of those who provoked the experiment. The philanthropists were accustomed to declare that self-interest would get much more work out of the negro than did coercion—that wages would beat the whip; but if the like prophecies are to meet with no better fulfilment in the States, our cotton merchants and manufacturers, men as well as masters, who all cry out for more cotton every year instead of less, may well, if they would not be ruined by the sure progress of humanity, do their utmost to help India or Africa or any place where there is cotton, and where there is not the whip, to feed the hunger of their mills.

Before, however, we pronounce on the economical success or failure of the experiment, we must ascertain how far its requisite conditions have been fulfilled.

Suppose then we select for this inquiry that colony in which, of all others, the economical failure would seem to be most obvious. Jamaica is by far the most important of our sugar colonies: it contained about half our slaves at the time of emancipation, and if it now produced its share of sugar, or was proportionately as productive as the other colonies, the apparent failure would be replaced by an evident success.

The import of sugar from Jamaica in the three years ending with $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1838 \\ 1851 \end{array} \right\}$ averaged $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1,003,840 \\ 612,109 \end{array} \right\}$ cwts., making a diminution of about 40 per cent.; whereas in the other colonies there was, during the same period, an increase of almost 6 per cent., or, from an average of 3,019,501 cwts.,
to one of 3,191,949 cwts.

No one, therefore, can charge us with partiality to the philanthropists, if among these islands—varying, as they do, in population, soil, and indeed in almost all their circumstances,

* Parliamentary Returns, 1852. The export of 1851 is much larger than either of the two preceding years. The returns for 1853, similar to these here quoted are not yet published, but from the "Trade and Navigation Accounts," just out, we learn that the export of 1852 exceeded that of 1851 by *more than* 400,000 cwts., making the average of the last three years greater than that of the three years ending with 1838.

save that they all grow sugar by help of white capitalists and black labourers—we pick out Jamaica as the *experimentum crucis* of philanthropic principles, and as the test of the superiority of freedom to slavery.

Since emancipation, not only has the export of sugar fallen off 40 per cent., but that of rum has diminished 20 per cent.; and that of coffee little less than 70 per cent.: the export of ginger also has greatly diminished: cotton certainly shows an increase, but the whole growth is trifling: and Mr. Bigelow tells us that pimento has also increased, but then, he adds, that this is a crop for which little labour is needed, the birds being its planters. Nor are these ancient products replaced by new ones; there is talk of working copper-mines, but as yet, we fear, it is little else than talk; all manner of drugs and dye-stuffs, and precious spices and rare woods might, they say, come from Jamaica, but they do not; the whole exportable produce of the island is diminished, we dare say, one-third, if not one-half; and with it what Dr. Johnson would call its potentiality of riches to the exporters.

The Louisiana slaveowner lands at Havannah, and he finds fresh stores being built, ships crowding into the docks, everywhere activity and wealth;—he sails on from Havannah to Kingston, and there he sees no signs of riches, few ships, vacant warehouses, streets silent and unpaved, houses crumbling to pieces, the ruins of the last fire or earthquake unrepaired,—what wonder if he returns to his plantation loving slavery more devotedly than ever, longing, perhaps, somewhat for the slave trade, but certainly more ready than ever to denounce an Abolitionist as a firebrand and an infidel.

To comprehend the causes of this contrast, we must take our readers further back in the history of Jamaica than the abolition of either apprenticeship or slavery, or even of the slave trade, to that golden age when Kingston was an Havannah, with even more wealth and less humanity.

If, as Mr. Carlyle would seem to suppose, the destiny of Jamaica be merely “to give forth sugars, and cinnamons, and all such nobler products,” and if the duty of the white men consisted, first, in killing off the native Indians who did not aid in “bringing out these products,” and then in dragging to the island some 300,000 Africans, and flogging out of them the aid which they were too idle and too weak to give themselves,* then did the Anglo-Saxons in Jamaica indeed do their duty manfully in the last century. Night and day, they kept “Quashee” up to his work, and the boiling-house going, and with “beneficent

* “Occasional Discourse on the Negro Question,” *Fraser’s Magazine*, Dec. 1849.

whip" forced their black soldiers to battle with Nature for her tropical spoils. The soldiers fell—what matter? the work went on; fresh ones from Africa took their place: as many as 70,000 of them being, according to Brydges, brought in during the ten years ending 1760.* Such faithful fulfilment of duty was not forgotten by a grateful country; and in reward for the prowess of her sons, who worked thus valiantly through the sinews of their slaves, England gave to them a monopoly of the British market. These were the halcyon days of West India prosperity. In full possession of the home demand, with no restrictions on his mode of supply; empowered to pay his workmen with the minimum of sustenance, and to get from them the maximum of forced toil, with a cheap supply of fresh toilers, if he preferred buying human tools to rearing them, or keeping them in working order; allowed thus to rob the producer in his pay, and the consumer in his price, no wonder that the slaveowner grew rich. Fortunes were quickly made in those days—too quickly made, indeed, to be safely kept; and the truth of the old proverb, "Light come, light goes," was soon proved by Jamaica experience.

The rich planters, the monied magnates of the last century, escaping from yellow fever and mosquitoes, came home to invest the spoils of the whip in West-end palaces and territorial domains. They bought seats in the Commons, some of them earned them in the Lords; and not a few heiresses bartered their slaves for a title. Thus grew up the great West India interest, so powerful in Parliament and the Press, and in public opinion, to protect its property from free labour and free trade; and thus, at the same time, arose that system of absenteeism, which entailed ruin on this property, by ensuring its mismanagement.

We doubt whether, since the time when the patricians of Rome worked, in like manner, by slave labour, their enormous estates in her distant provinces, there has ever been such an utter disregard of the duties or of the toils of property, as was the case with the West India absentees. Not only did they take no heed of the welfare of their workmen, body, mind, or soul, but they did not even take care that they worked efficiently; all that they did was to send out orders to their agents to do their business for them, and send them the profits. Profits cannot be thus made by proxy, or, if they are made, he who makes them keeps the lion's share. The absentee, thus disappointed of his income by his agent, and yet unwilling to reduce his expenses, mortgaged his plantation to the money-lender and pledged his crop to the merchant; and the final result of all this complication of interests was, that in this business of supplying England with sugar,

* Brydges' "History of Jamaica," vol. i. p. 499.

from the first planting of the canes to the sale of the manufacture to the grocer, every man engaged in it did his work badly, because it was not to his interest to do it well. The slave, of course, shirked his share of work as much as he could—no one expected him to do otherwise; the agent, or manager in the colonies, always expensive, was either lazy or roguish, according as he preferred to imitate the owner in doing nothing, or tried, by making the plantation seem worthless, to get a cheap bargain of it for himself; the merchant or manager in England, supplied the estate with goods which were not wanted, for the sake of the commission on the exports, and cared little about a loss on the imports, which only forced the owner to pledge him the coming crop, and pay him more commission on loans and sales. Sturdy begging from an obedient Parliament could get much power to rob English, and oppress African operatives, but it could not give that which alone could make this robbery and oppression profitable—namely, the master's eye over unwilling labourers, and expensive or inefficient agents.

Hence the severity and frequency of the interruptions to Jamaica prosperity; the sugar-grower lived from hand to mouth, and if the fluctuations of trade caused an unusual drain on his resources, he forthwith went to Government for help, and uttered loud complaints so similar to what we hear now-a-days, that it is hard to believe the Emancipation and Sugar Acts had not been already passed. In 1792, before the abolition of the slave trade, and when the colonists had not only a monopoly of the home market, but large bounties on their surplus produce, we find the Jamaica House of Assembly reporting, that "in the course of twenty years, 177 estates in Jamaica had been sold for the payment of debts, and 80,121 executions, amounting to 22,563,786*l.* sterling, had been lodged in the office of the Provost Marshal." Again, in 1805, another report of the Assembly ends a vivid picture of distress with the statement that "a faithful detail would have the appearance of a frightful caricature;" and though for the five or six years preceding 1807, (the year in which the slave trade was abolished,) the island exported more sugar than it ever did before or since, yet we find from the same authority that even within that period "sixty-five estates had been abandoned, thirty-two sold under decrees of Chancery, and that there were a hundred and fifteen more respecting which suits in Chancery were depending, with many more bills preparing."

These facts are some amongst many which show us that the prosperity of the exporters was not always in proportion to the amount of the exports; and that there was distress among them even before the Home Government inflicted upon them any one

of their "wrongs"—the term by which the memorial of the Assembly to the Queen, in 1846, designated the abolition of the slave trade, Mr. Canning's resolutions, and the other philanthropic measures which resulted in that one great crowning "wrong"—the freedom of their slaves; "to which," says the memorial, "we believe the history of the world would be in vain searched for any parallel case of oppression, perpetrated by a civilized government upon any section of its own subjects."

These words, written eight years after emancipation, may serve to give some idea of the feelings with which the great body of employers met the revolution which it effected in their relation to their labourers; and, indeed, if we look back to their circumstances at that time, we shall see how little likely it was that they would fulfil their share of the conditions necessary for the good working of the new system. The produce of the plantations had for many years been becoming less; either because they had been mismanaged by agents, or exhausted by creditors, or forced by the artificial prices of monopoly to grow crops for which they were not fitted. Many of these estates were mortgaged beyond even the power of the compensation money to redeem; the large majority of their owners were absentees, impoverished, inexperienced, ill-furnished with cash or credit; the resident planters and managing agents were most of them men of luxury, if not licences, grudging to give the unwonted wage, and clinging convulsively to the power which was to them both a pleasure in itself, and the means of pleasure. Such were the circumstances of the master; nor did the condition of the man seem at first sight much more hopeful.

Waiving for the present the question whether the treatment of the negroes was good or bad, this much is certain, that, if good, they did not appreciate it. The history of Jamaica during slavery is one series of servile disturbances. The Spaniards left the Maroon war a legacy to their conquerors, and for many years did a few desperate savages defy British arms and discipline; and even when they had been subdued, or rather bribed to peace by their employment as hunters of run-aways, the predial slaves were themselves constantly revolting, flying to the mountains, and committing fearful atrocities, still more fearfully revenged. Three rebel chiefs were executed in Bryan Edwards' time; one of them was slowly burnt to death, and the two others were killed piecemeal by tortures which were prolonged in one case to the eighth, in the other, to the ninth day; and the historian who witnessed this almost incredible cruelty, though himself naturally a humane man, merely declares that "it was thought necessary to make a few terrible

examples,"* and evidently the only thing which surprised him was the courage of the sufferers.

The declaration of freedom itself was, in fact, almost immediately preceded by the notorious insurrection of 1832, when, in the words of the Jamaica memorial, "The slaves, taught to believe that the parliament and people of England had decreed their freedom, but that their masters withheld it, broke out in open rebellion, which was not put down till after many lives had been lost, many horrible atrocities committed, and the western portion of the island laid desolate by fire." Of the atrocities there can at least be no doubt; for, on reference to the evidence before the select committee of the House of Commons in 1832, we find that in Montego Bay alone, not only from ninety to a hundred slaves were punished capitally, either hung or shot, but that some were flogged to death,—one Baptist, for example, a member of Mr. Burchell's church, "dying under his sentence of five hundred lashes;" and we cannot wonder at the suspicion of the slaves, that their masters stood between them and liberty, when we find that in 1831 open parochial meetings were constantly held, in which, in the very hearing of the negroes, the planters declared, in most violent language, that they would renounce their allegiance to the Home Government rather than allow them to be made free.†

Nor did the masters make any effort to implant more kindly feelings in the slaves, as the day approached on which their good-will must become so important to them. On the contrary, they seemed bent on still further alienating them, as though they hoped to keep them slaves by making every other relation impossible. They increased rather than lessened their sufferings; they reviled their friends in England, and persecuted them in the island; and this the negroes knew: for they heard their speeches, and some of them read their newspapers, and even saw magistrates‡ helping to pull down the chapels of the missionaries. They knew also that the House of Assembly was striving its utmost to thwart the efforts of the Crown in their behalf: for some of them were present on the 3rd of March, 1832, when one member moved that the Order in Council of the 2nd of November, 1831, should be burnt by the hangman, and another said, that if the British Government tried to enforce it, they had 18,000 bayonets with which to meet it. This Order in Council was for the enforcement of ameliorating measures,

* Edwards, "History of West Indies," ii. p. 78.

† See Mr. Duncan's Evidence before Commons' Committee.

‡ See Memorial of Missionaries to Governor, April 18, 1832.

which, though defied and disregarded, the blacks well knew had been passed by the British Parliament in 1823, and one of which, for the prevention of the indecent flogging of their wives and sisters, they had only a year or two before seen disallowed by a large majority of this very Assembly.

Ever since the Emancipation, it has been the cry of the planters and their friends that the change was premature, that the blacks ought to have been prepared for their freedom:—our readers must judge from the way in which the whites *did* prepare them for it, how far any further such preparation would have been an improvement.

But there *was* a preparation—the apprenticeship; a system which was doubtless devised and defended by its projectors in hope that the employers would seize this last opportunity, and gain so much of the respect and regard of the labourers, as would incline them to treat fairly for their labour when they had it to dispose of. To what purpose this probationary period *was* turned, it is most important to observe, and we regret that our space does not permit us to give our readers a *résumé* of its history. As it is, we must content ourselves with referring them to the report of the Commissioners appointed by the Home Government, and to Messrs. Sturge and Harvey's detailed journal of their tour of inspection in 1837;* and omitting all cases of tread-mill tortures, punishments of women, sometimes of pregnant women, excessive night-work, shutting up of men and women in dungeons for deficiency of work, and prevention of the cultivation of provision grounds,—we will confine ourselves to the fact, that one governor, Lord Sligo, himself a planter, showed his appreciation of the advantages of the probation, by freeing from them his own apprentices, and by writing a pamphlet, advising his fellow-planters to follow his example; and that another governor, Sir Lionel Smith, declared in his message to the Jamaica Assembly, Oct. 29, 1837, “the island is subject to the reproach that the negroes, in some respects, are in a worse condition than when they were in slavery.” In a word, the friends of the negro finding that the transition from the whip to wages was through modes of extracting work as torturing as the former, and from their novelty even more irritating, renewed their agitation; and the Home Government being convinced, in spite of itself, that the continuance of such transition was not desirable, the long struggle between the rights of property and of man ceased at last, and on the 1st of August, 1838, two years before the appointed period, the black labourers found themselves masters of their own muscles—lords

* “The West Indies in 1837,” by Joseph Sturge and Thomas Harvey.

of their own labour. Many of us will remember the triumph and joy of that day, rejoicings however not unmingled with fear lest the prophecies of the pro-slavery advocates should prove true, and the first freaks of freedom be riot and revenge: no wonder that revenge was prophesied, for the prophets knew too well how much it had been provoked; but never were ill-bodings so belied.

On the 13th of August, the Governor, Sir Lionel Smith, thus wrote home to Lord Glenelg:—

“The vast population of negroes of this island came into the full enjoyment of freedom on the 1st of August. The day was observed by proclamation, as one of thanksgiving and prayer; and it is quite impossible for me to do justice to the good order, decorum, and gratitude, which the whole of the labouring population manifested on the happy occasion. Not even the irregularity of a drunken individual occurred.”

A few days' holiday was taken—it was needed, to prove that it could be taken—but on the 10th of September, the Governor was able to write—

“The reports (of the stipendiary magistrates) will show your lordship that, although there has been considerable cessation from labour since the 1st of August, *it has nowhere been wanting when encouraged by fair offers of wages*; while their (the free labourers') orderly conduct and obedience to the laws has been most extraordinary, considering their treatment under the recent operation of the apprentice-law in this island, and the many provocations they have had to resentment.”

And now at last the bargain-making had begun: the great question, so long debated in theory, had to be solved in practice—viz., on what terms would the freed man sell his labour, and what kind of labour would it be? Of course, he would get as high a price as he could, and apportion the quality and quantity of the article to the price; but then, again, what price was the buyer disposed to offer? This bargain, so novel to all parties, was a very difficult one: under any circumstances, it must have taken time to make; and what it would have been if left to be settled by the natural laws of supply and demand, it is hard to say; for there is no fact more worthy of note, and yet more indubitably proved, than the fact, that to a settlement by those laws, this bargain was not left.

In the despatch of 10th September, above quoted, Sir Lionel Smith proceeds to say:—

“The planters are, of course, resorting to all the means in their power to procure cheap labour. The third clause of the apprentice abolition law gave the free labourers the use of their houses and grounds for three months; that is, they could only be ejected after a three months’

notice to quit, prescribed by the act. Notices have accordingly been very generally served upon them to quit, and heavy rents demanded in the meantime, as means of inducing the labourer to accept low wages. These unfortunate attempts have a good deal retarded general cultivation by free labour; but their willingness to work on fair terms throughout all the parishes is most satisfactorily established; and where the apprentices may have made unreasonable demands, it has been a good deal owing to the exorbitant value of labour, judicially fixed on parties purchasing their discharge from apprenticeship The planters are disappointed that I do not send troops about the country, and issue proclamations to coerce labour."

This letter, though written so soon after the initiation of the experiment, contains so much of an epitome of its after history, that the subjects it alludes to need some further elucidation.

By a clause of the Abolition Act, any apprentice wishing to buy his immediate and complete emancipation, could compel a valuation of the remainder of his apprenticeship by three magistrates, one of them a stipendiary, but the two others local justices—probably planters. Many thus purchased possession of themselves; and a good price they had to pay. Knibb says, in 1836, "a thousand have already paid down in cash 32,000*l*.* for their freedom, and as many more are in abeyance." The negro bought freedom, which to him was worth any sum; but the planter forgot that what he was selling was labour, and that, by making the negro pay high, he was fixing a high valuation on the article which he would soon have to buy. Accordingly we find that though 2*s*. 6*d*. per diem was an unreasonable wage, yet the workman thought he ought to have it, because it had been the apprenticeship valuation,† and therefore was the only existing estimate of the worth of his work. Thus we see how the master put it into the head and heart of the man to ask too much; next, we learn how he tried to make him take too little.

During the old *régime*, the negroes were expected almost entirely to support themselves out of their provision grounds; and they still clung to these small allotments, and to their cottages, partly from that cat-like attachment which is a characteristic of their race, and also because they were ignorant how else to get food. It was of these local habits and feelings that the employers availed themselves; and both the despatches of the Governor and the reports of the stipendiary magistrates are full of attempts to get back wages by exorbitant rents, or to screw them down by threats of ejectment. On September 24th, 1838, the Governor

* Knibb's Memoir, p. 243.

† Parliamentary Papers, West Indies, 1839, p. 25.

writes—"So far from the labourers resorting to the woods to squat in idleness, they are submitting to the most galling oppression rather than be driven to quit their home." And again, May 13th, 1839, he says, "that they (the labourers) had not had fair play, was fully exemplified in many of the magistrates' reports sent to your lordship's office, where more rent was charged than wages paid; thus endeavouring to extort work for worse than nothing, since the excess of rent brought the labourer in debt;" and he adds, "the charging rent for house and grounds for every individual of a family is still continued."

This last-mentioned extraordinary mode of levying rent caused great complaint, as might be expected. "Rent," writes Mr. Fishbourne, one of the stipendiary magistrates, August 7, 1839, "continues to be the cause of most of the irritation and heart-burnings which prevail throughout this parish. The objection is not to the principle of paying a fair and reasonable sum as rent, but to the amount demanded, and the modes in which it is levied. Coupling the payment of rent with the application of the tenant's labour, is one cause of quarrel; charging it for every member of a family, husbands, wives, and children above ten years of age, and deducting it from the labourer's weekly pay without his or her consent, prevails to a great extent, which provokes the discontent and opposition of the negroes. They feel, and justly, I think, that such exactions are unfair."*

Again, another magistrate writes—"A hue and cry is raised that the labourers will not come into terms, and work for fair wages. I unhesitatingly deny any such assertion; no charge of that nature can be fairly established against them; the blame rests with the planters, in almost nine cases out of ten. What with demanding double rent, mulcting them of their pay, non-payment of wages due, the daily threat of turning them off, and rooting up their grounds, and taunting them that punishment alone is the impetus by which they are to be made to labour."†

We might fill our paper with similar extracts, but we think we have given enough. In fact, every effort which the masters made to evade the operation of the laws of supply and demand resulted in their own loss.

They issued, for example, threats of ejection: they were taken at their word. Knibb, the negroes' pastor and protector, bought estates and parcelled them out in free villages, and the negroes learnt that they could choose whether to work for them-

* Extract from Parliamentary Papers, West Indies, 1839, p. 128. See also Mr. Daly's Report, p. 133; Mr. Kent's, p. 133; Mr. Marlton's, p. 135, &c. &c.

† Ibid., Mr. Hamilton's Report, p. 133.

selves or for "bushu," and they not seldom declared for the former.* Again, the masters induced the labourers to sign contracts, by which they were bound under a fine to give work whenever required, thinking that they could thereby ensure that "continuous labour"† of which we hear so much, but which, upon examination, we not seldom find to mean continuous waiting on the master for work at what time and wages he will: but as it turned out that the times when their work was wanted, were those when it was worth most, the labourers took work above the contract price, paid the fine, and left the masters with their contract, but without the continuous labour. Again, the proprietors advertised for sale the mountain lands heretofore cultivated as provision grounds, thinking that their cultivation "rendered the people independent of estates' labour for sustenance:" some of these lands the best labourers bought, thereby "making themselves more independent of daily hire than before;" and the remainder being thrown out of cultivation, the price of provisions rose—that of yams full one hundred per cent., and the result was, that all the labourers looked for sustenance to provision grounds rather than to plantation work, because provisions were worth more, and wages worth less.‡ Lastly, the planters tried, by help of their legal power as jurymen and justices, to make the law a means of lowering wages; the consequence of which was, that the workmen either refused to work for them at all, or else, getting justice from the stipendiaries, they learnt to despise as well as to hate them,—to think them as powerless as unjust.

In short, the result of these unfair and unscientific attempts to get labour at too low a price, by means contrary alike to the laws of justice and political economy, was simply that not sufficient labour was given at any price at all; and it is in order to impress upon our readers this most important fact—that the diminution of labour, and consequently of produce, was the direct and immediate consequence of this mismanagement of labour, that we have dwelt so long upon this portion of our history.

It would seem to be the opinion of the pro-slavery writers, from Mr. Carlyle to Mrs. Ex-President Tyler, that the Jamaica negro is every year developing his unfitness for self-government; that the more he feels his freedom and forgets his slavery, the less industrious he becomes, the faster he is relapsing

* See Report of Mr. Hill, Secretary of the Stipendiary Justice Department, for account of the origin of the independent villages. Parliamentary Papers, p. 15.

† Ibid. p. 15.

‡ Mr. Lyon's Report, Parliamentary Papers, p. 169.

into barbarism, and the more surely is the island again becoming a waste. If the theory of his unfitness for self-government were true, this would be the case; but, unfortunately for the theory, the fact is precisely opposite. The export of sugar from Jamaica fell from more than 1,000,000 cwts. in 1838, to 765,000 cwts in 1839, and to little more than 500,000 cwts. in 1840; and, spite of droughts, Sugar Bill, and cholera, the average export of the twelve years since 1840 has been more than 600,000 cwts. In those two years the harm was done; and less of the "nobler products" of the island was brought forth by free than by slave labour, not because "Quashee" would "sit up to his ears in pumpkin" regardless of work, but because his "born lords"—those who were "born wiser than him"—were, in their mastership of him, regardless alike of wisdom and of justice. We repeat, that the history of these first two years clearly establishes these three facts: 1st. That the blacks, as a rule, were willing to give a fair day's work for a fair day's wages,—that they actually *did* give the one when they got the other; 2ndly. That, as a rule, the whites did not offer them this fair day's wages; and lastly, that therefore they did not get the fair day's work. And for proof of these facts we refer, not to Exeter Hall speeches or missionary reports—not to prejudiced philanthropists or partial friends of the negro, but to the testimony of men whose position compelled them to know the truth, and whose business, duty, and interest it was to tell it—to the official statements of the Governor, and to the reports for *his* information of his officers.

Would that Mr. Carlyle, while penning that "discourse" to which we cannot help constantly referring, because we believe that through the power of his name it has done, and still does the negro more harm than all the other writings against him—had cast his eyes over the record of this evidence, and checked with it the statements of planters pleading for protection, and striving to make out a case for more compensation, before he helped the strong to trample on the weak, and gave the American slave-driver the only aid which genius has given or ever will give him. For the first time in the sad story of his race, the good name of the negro, his character as a man, had become of value to him,—for the "chattel" has neither name nor character. Was it generous then of the greatest master of sarcasm of his age—of the first portrait painter of any age—to welcome into civilization this its long-excluded guest with nicknames and caricatures? to brand him with the opprobrium of idleness, to give him a bad character as a servant because his master was wanting in the faculty of mastership—was wanting in wisdom and jus-

* "Occasional Discourse on the Negro Question," Fraser's Magazine.

tice—was himself wanting in industry, in the energy needed to work out the difficulties and supply the demands of his changed position?

The change in the position of the employer was simply this. In freedom he could no longer, as he did in slavery, deprive the labourer of his due share of the produce, by keeping back from him the fair reward of his labour: he tried to do so, and the result was a lessening of the whole produce, and therefore a still greater lessening of his own share. Again, he had forced the slave to work for him on his own terms: he tried to do so with the free man, and merely drove him to work for himself. In consequence, he found himself not only with a diminished gross produce, out of which to pay his workmen, but also with a diminished supply of workmen, and therefore with higher wages to pay. Hence, through his own folly, the employer increased his own loss, to the gain—for a time—of the labourer. We say, *for a time*, because in the intimate relations which the employer has to the labourer, it is almost impossible for the one to commit a folly without in the long run injuring the other as well as himself. The loss of the one class may at first appear to be the gain of the other, but ultimately the loss becomes mutual, though perhaps never equal.

In the case in point, we find this result happening in two ways. First, it is true that the emancipated slave was hardly fit to be at once freed from all guidance and direction. Efficient production requires wise mastership fully as much as industrious service, and no one will deny that the mastership needs the greater faculty of the two: no wonder, then, that slavery had left the uneducated black almost as deficient in this faculty as the educated white, and that when the slave suddenly found that he was working for himself on his own provision ground, he set himself to work in a somewhat slavish and slovenly manner. There is, however, no incentive to exertion equal to the full possession of its rewards, and peasant-proprietorship is proverbial for the lessons which it teaches of industry and economy: hence we find the black peasant-proprietor rather charged with accumulating too much, and buying out the white with his savings,* than with letting his small estate become waste through his sloth. This evil then was every day remedying itself, and would soon have ceased altogether, had it not been aggravated by the other and more direct result of the loss of the

* See, for example, Mr. Day's declaration that the negro ought not to be allowed to buy land, because "he cultivates it very carefully," "lives on less than half the produce," and "thus by degrees hems in the large plantations."—"Five Years in the West Indies," vol. I. p. 32.

employer,—we mean, the lowering of the standard of living of his labourers, through his inability from want of capital to guide them with energy and effect, or, in many cases, to employ them at all. Still this evil, though much more deeply seated than the other, contained also in itself its own remedy, for even the Jamaica employer was at length compelled to learn the lesson of adversity. The absentee found himself forced either to manage his estate for himself, or else to sell or lease it to those whose interest it was to manage it well. The resident planters found that their only hope of profit was by increasing their produce by mechanical improvements, by lessening their expenses by skilful arrangement and careful economy, and by conciliating their workmen, rather than by making vain attempts to overreach and coerce them. A more kindly relation sprang up between the two classes, to the increased prosperity of both, and we find the result in the increased produce of the island; the average export of sugar for the three years preceding 1848 (the year in which the effects on production of the Sugar Bill of 1846 begin to be visible) exceeding by fourteen per cent. the average export of the three years after the apprenticeship.

Before, however, we proceed to examine the effects of the Sugar Bill, we must remark briefly on two measures adopted by the ruling class in order to accelerate, but in reality tending to retard, both produce and profit. In the old times the planter of course paid the taxes, but when the negro, by becoming free, became taxable, the Jamaica legislature made him a tax-payer by levying heavy import duties on provisions and other articles of which his class consumed by far the largest proportion. To making the labourer pay his share, there could be no objection; but in the first place these duties made him pay more than his share, as much as—

46 per cent.	on foreign	Beef and Pork,
40	”	” Herrings,
25	”	” Flour, &c., &c. ;*

so that in 1851, the last year for which we have been able to find the particulars of the balance-sheet, the import duties amounted to more than three-fifths of the whole revenue.† Secondly, the mode by which he was made to pay was unwise: for instead of “promoting labour by increasing the demands on the labourer’s means,”—to use the words employed last year by the Jamaica delegates when arguing with Sir John Pakington for the imposition of a poll or house-tax,—these duties, by raising the price of

* Mr. W. Smith’s third letter to *Economist*, May 23, 1846; see, also, Knibb’s Memoir, p. 487, &c.

† Parliamentary Returns (Jamaica), p. 179.

food, and making it both bad to buy and good to sell, were, as Lord Grey states in one of his late despatches, "directly calculated to discourage the labourer from working for hire, and to lead him to prefer working on his own provision ground."

But, if the mode of raising the taxes was unwise, the way in which much of them was spent was still more so.

While the Jamaica planter was finding himself forced to obey the laws of labour, and was reluctantly giving the wages compelled by competition, he was tantalized with the tidings that his fellow-planter in Mauritius was importing labourers from India, whom he worked at little more than slave-cost, and—more tempting still—over whom he held little less than slaveowning power. True, there also came tidings that these imported immigrants needed slave-laws and slave-driving severities to make them fulfil their contracts; that, spite of these laws, vast numbers succeeded in breaking their contracts and becoming vagrants, thieves, and beggars; that, for want of the wives whom they left in India to starve, they were committing the most frightful immoralities; that the effect of their competition and example on the negroes was not to attract them to plantation labour, but to drive them from it; lastly, that, after all, the gain was not so much real as apparent, for that not only did many run away, but many also died from their own misconduct, or from ill-treatment, or while acclimating, before they had worked out the first cost of their import.* Still, the temptation of getting labour under the market price, and of thereby lowering that price, was too strong, especially when, by skilful shuffling of the taxes, the negro could be made to pay the cost of bringing competitors from the other side of the world to underbid him.

And thus began the Jamaica coolie immigration, in which the only redeeming feature was, that its failure was so glaring as quickly to stay it. About 4500 coolies were imported, chiefly in the years 1846 and 7,† and having carefully traced down the history of this importation through Blue Books and extracts from colonial newspapers, we have no hesitation in saying that nothing could be so absurd, were it not for its injustice and iniquity. These men, the offscourings of Indian towns, utterly unfitted for field labour, many of them running away from the estates to which they were assigned, or discharged because, from

* See, among other evidence, Mr. Raymond's evidence before Sugar and Coffee Planting Committee; Despatch of the Governor of Mauritius in 1841, &c. The Report with Blue Books, 1852, gives the number of immigrants into Mauritius, from 1843 to May 1, 1852, as 89,813 males, and only 15,557 females.

† We find, from the ninth report of the Emigration Commissioners (p. 22), that the cost of importing immigrants into Jamaica, from India and elsewhere, for the eleven years ending 1848, was £180,252.

disease or inefficiency, they were not worth keeping, wandered about, half-naked and half-starved, living in wayside ditches or dens in the towns, infecting the negroes with their idleness, profligacy, and paganism, until, in 1851, we find that, out of the whole number imported, there was scarcely one-half alive;* and almost the last that we can learn of this surviving remnant is from Sir C. Grey's Despatch of August 23, 1852, in which he states that the Assembly refused to pay for their return to India, though it was solely on the solemn pledge that, at the expiration of their contract, they should be thus returned, that they had ever consented to immigrate.

Still, the idea of immigration had taken hold of the Jamaica mind; there was no hope in India, still less in Europe, for they had tried Irish and Portuguese from Madeira, and they died faster than coolies. Why, then, not go back to Africa? After all, there is nothing like your African for an apprentice or a slave, or anything as near a slave as philanthropists will allow. So the cry was for Africans, "Give us ships to bring them, lend us money to hire them, give us laws to coerce them." At first, the supply was pretty much confined to the "liberated Africans," to the slaves caught by our cruisers, emancipated by the Mixed Commission Courts, and then assigned, under contracts, to planters. These contracts were, and still are, arranged so as to give far too much power to the planter, and too little protection to the African; yet as—thanks to the agitation of philanthropists, and the regulations of Downing-street—this transition from the hold of the slave-ship to freedom in Jamaica, though unjust and oppressive while it lasts, must end in little more than three years, the captured slave does certainly gain by the exchange, and in this immigration the advantages must be allowed to more than counterbalance the defects. But the number of these immigrants was but few,—only just enough to give the planter a taste for more African apprentices, and to remind him of the good old times when all his workmen were under a life contract. Why not, then, import free immigrants from Africa? Poor miserable heathens, what a good thing it would be to convert them to Christianity, always supposing that they did not first convert back the creoles to Fetichism: and then you might get any number of them, and fill the labour market as full as you pleased. There was only one objection to this plan, and that was, that though Africans might be *bought* to any amount, yet, when free, they would not come. The men settled at Sierra Leone and the other British possessions were too well off to

* See Report of Committee of Jamaica Assembly, *Falmouth Post*, Dec. 30, 1851.

leave, and knew too well what a contract meant; the savage chiefs along the coast were willing to sell their prisoners, or to go to war to catch them; but to buy them was, by British law, piracy, and the interfering philanthropists took care that the law should be kept. The only hope was in the Kroo tribes, a hardy set of fishermen, among whom, it was said, slavery did not exist; and great hope there was of them for awhile, till it was discovered that there were not more than 30,000 of them, and that, "under the most *favourable* circumstances, not more than 1000 Kroo emigrants could be obtained annually for the whole West Indies."^{*}

It was not, then, owing to the competition of immigrants, but in spite of abortive and expensive efforts to obtain them, that the island had, as we observed, become more productive; and all classes were expecting, if not experiencing, better times, when they suddenly found themselves sacrificed at the shrine of Free Trade, or rather to what the Duke of Wellington called, the necessity of carrying on the Queen's Government. The Whigs declared for free trade in slave produce, because free trade was then the one idea with which the nation was possessed, and this was almost the only free trade measure which Peel had left them; and Peel, contrary to his acknowledged convictions, enabled them to pass it, professedly because, if the Whigs went out, there was no party fit to come in.

We are not going to discuss the merits of this measure: it is both useless and hopeless to do so now that the thousands of slaves whom it caused to be imported into Cuba and Brazil are already most of them worked to death, (for it is said that seven years is their average working life,) and now that promises to the West Indians, and professions of humanity, have alike been thrown overboard by the Protectionists, in their vain effort to save a sinking ministry. All that we can do is briefly to state the effects of this measure, and to protest against the attempts, not seldom made, to charge them upon emancipation, and to make the negro and the philanthropist responsible for the consequences of the destruction or desertion of Protection. These effects were not immediately evident either upon the produce or the prosperity of the island. The sugar crop takes a long time in growing—at least fifteen months, according to Mr. Borthwick—which fact, he tells us,[†] explains why the export of 1847, grown from canes planted before the passing of

^{*} Mr. Fisher's Report of Voyage to Kroo Coast, as immigration agent, in 1847.

[†] See Evidence before Sugar and Coffee Plantation Committee.

the Sugar Bill, was 750,000 cwts.—decidedly above the average. Nor was the whole fall in price experienced at once: ships had to be sent from Cuba to Africa, and slaves to be brought back in them, before the Cuban sugar-grower could prove to the British consumer the advantage of the slave-trade. The average price per cwt. of British West India Muscovado sugar, exclusive of duty, in 1846, was 34*s.* 5*d.*; in 1847, it fell to 28*s.* 3*d.*; but in 1848, the slave sugar competition was sufficient to bring it down to 23*s.* 8*d.**—a price which, taking one year with another, has been about the average ever since. The consequences which must ensue from this diminution of 30 per cent. in the gross proceeds of men already struggling with difficulties, are too self-evident to need description. Our readers will find them very clearly depicted in Lord Stanley's letters to Mr. Gladstone, out of which we will content ourselves with quoting one extract exemplifying the enormous depreciation of property, and its result in the abandonment of estates and discharge of labourers. In his second letter, page 52, we find the following statement:—

"A correspondent, the greater part of whose life has been passed in Jamaica, thus addresses me: 'I may state that, within the last few months, I have seen in my own neighbourhood, Little Spring Garden, a sea-side estate, with a cane-field of about 200 acres, which was sold for 6000*l.* in 1827, resold for 500*l.* According to a Report of a Committee of the House of Assembly, 140 sugar, and 165 coffee estates, named in that report, were abandoned since the passing of the Act of Emancipation; but, in point of fact, these properties have nearly all been broken up since the alteration of the Coffee duties in 1844, and the Sugar duties in 1846.'"

Here we find the real meaning of that abandonment of estates so often quoted by Americans as an excuse for the continuance of their slavery, and not seldom alleged by West Indians as a reason why freedom should be restricted. It was the result not of freedom, but of free trade;—of a fall in price, which no vagrant laws or power of coercing contracted emigrants, could prevent; and Lord Stanley, after giving many similar instances, truly tells Mr. Gladstone that, by them, "he will see strikingly illustrated the change which has taken place in the value of property, not, as is sometimes contended, since the passing of the Emancipation Act, but since the anticipated admission of slave-grown sugar, to compete on equal terms."—Page 55.

But it may be said that this change, though not caused by emancipation, does not the less prove that, in sugar growing at least, freedom cannot contend with slavery. If free labour needs pro-

* Parliamentary Returns, February, 1852.

tection at the cost of the consumer, in order to compete with slave labour, what becomes of the boasting prophecy, that, of the two, the free labour would cost the least? Our first reply to this is, that, between Brazil or Cuba, and Jamaica, the comparison is not fair: as much depends on the employer as on the labourer, and in both Brazil and Cuba the employers are resident—in the former, extraordinarily careful and economical,* and in the latter, many of them shrewd, calculating Americans, with abundant capital at command; while in Jamaica, by far the largest proportion are impoverished absentees, at the mercy of mortgagees, merchants, and managers. But moreover, we will also frankly confess that if the friends of freedom expected that freed labour could, without long probation, become a match for slave labour, *backed by the slave trade*, their expectations were unreasonable, and have not been fulfilled. Their hypothesis was, that the hope of gain is a more powerful incitement to labour than the fear of the lash; but there is no motive so powerful as the fear of death; and their mistake was that they did not calculate on that fear. They knew that forced labour takes more out of the life of a man than willing industry, and they said that no slave-owner could keep his human tools in working condition without whipping less work out of them than they would willingly give for wages; but they forgot that, with the slave trade, it would pay him to care less for condition than for work, and to give them tasks which would shorten their lives. What Anglo-Saxon, not to say what negro, would work eighteen hours in the twenty-four, for weeks together, under a tropical sun, if he were not forced to do so?† It will, we fear, need many a mechanical invention, and much more skill in its application and management than Jamaica, as yet, can furnish, before such hand labour as this can be contended with.

Nor, it must be remembered, was the competition only with this slave-trade sugar; there was the large and increasing growth of beet-root sugar in France heavily protected, and driving all foreign sugars, whether free or slave, from the French into the English market; and there were the sugars of Java and the East Indies, raised indeed by free men, but by free men forced by the density of population to take the lowest possible rate of wages, so low, says Mr. Crooke, an English sugar-factor from Bengal, as a penny farthing a-day. True, Mr. Crooke‡ also tells us, that planters in his neighbourhood,

* See Mr. Farrer's Evidence before Sugar and Coffee Planting Committee.

† Mr. Higgins' Evidence before Sugar and Coffee Planting Committee.

‡ Minutes of Evidence before Sugar and Coffee Planting Committee, 1848. First Report, p. 15.

who had lived in the West Indies, said, that any free negro gave as much work as six of these poorly-paid coolies; and we doubt not that Jamaica, in the long run, will prove no exception to the industrial rule, that the worst-paid labour is not the most profitable; but at present she must find competition such as this by no means easy to meet.

If we add to the effects of the Sugar Bill the fearful outbreak of cholera in 1851, sweeping away, according to the Governor, "ten thousand able-bodied labourers,"* and the ravages of the smallpox, which followed in 1852, almost as destructive, and hardly yet stayed,—we shall have noticed all the main features of the history of Jamaica, from the declaration of freedom to the present time. A brief recapitulation of them will enable our readers to judge how far the poverty of the proprietors, or the diminution of produce, can be fairly charged upon the innate idleness of the negro, or upon the follies of his friends.

The Emancipation Act, it is often said, though intrinsically just, was ill-timed, because prematurely passed without the introductory changes which ought to have preceded such a social revolution; but if so, whose fault was that? Canning's resolutions of 1823 were passed at the instigation of the anti-slavery party, and against the most determined opposition of the West India interest, for the sole purpose of preparing the slaves for freedom; but this purpose was altogether frustrated by the resident planters and managers, who threatened rebellion rather than obedience to them. The first of the twenty measures which the ministers of the Crown declared they would introduce into the different slave colonies in order to carry out these resolutions, was one "to provide the means of instruction and religious education to the slaves:" in not one of the colonies was it found possible to give this measure effect, for each school-master would have needed a soldier to protect him, so resolute were the whites that the blacks should not be taught to be free; but had the contrary been the case, yet another measure would have been still more necessary, viz., one to provide the means of instruction to the whites,—to teach them how to manage free men, and to show them that it was not well to prepare the negroes for liberty by inciting them to insurrection, by increasing their punishments, and by persecuting their pastors. Nor can the philanthropists plead guilty to the apprenticeship blunder; for it was a concession to the planters, which they to a man opposed; still less was it their fault that the negroes, as soon as they had their labour to dispose of, asked for it the same high valuation as that which their masters had forced

* Sir C. Grey's Despatch, December 31, 1851.

them to pay; nor that they left the service of their employers, who turned them out of their cottages if they would not take just what wages they chose to offer. It was no cant of Exeter Hall which caused the defeat of the capitalist in his attempt to ignore or to break the laws of capital and labour, or which obliged him to suffer the consequences of his ignorance of the conditions of his new relation or of his unwillingness to fulfil them. The production and preparation of sugar is a difficult and intricate business, needing in both its agricultural and manufacturing operations much skill and attentive economy, and in the latter abundant capital,—but it was not the friends of the black labourer who forced the white employer to conduct his business at a distance of thousands of miles, and without the capital, which, had he not been extravagant, he might have saved. And as to the loss of protection, the anti-slavery party brought that upon the colonies as little as they did the pestilence, for their struggles, as a party to preserve it, were at least as vigorous and as persevering as were those of the planting interest.

So much for philanthropic folly; but now for negro idleness; and granting that it exists, again we ask, whose fault is that? We are not such admirers of the negro race as to suppose, that because a man's father was an African savage and he himself a half-civilized, untaught, degraded slave, he must therefore have energy to conquer circumstances which might well appal a civilized Anglo-Saxon, or innate industry sufficient to resist the influences and disregard the example of those above him. The proud idleness of a slaveowner is proverbial; and though stern necessity is daily teaching the whites of Jamaica how to work, yet, to judge by the reports of almost every traveller, they have, we fear, not yet entirely forgotten their slaveholding habits;* what wonder, then, if the black sometimes imitates them in thinking work disgraceful, and if he does not forget how hateful it was when it was whipped out of him. Again, the negro does not, any more than the Irish or Dorsetshire labourer, give good work for bad pay; and there is no virtue in a tropical sun which should induce men to give continuous and efficient labour with wages at a shilling a day,† and with provisions more highly taxed than ours under the corn laws. While, therefore, we do not deny, but rather most deeply deplore, the deficient industry of many of the emancipated negroes, we yet do assert that this deficient industry is not so much the cause as the effect of colonial distress; and that even

* See Mr. Bigelow, cap. viii; and also Lord Elgin's Despatch, May 6, 1846.

† Sir J. Pakington's speech in Parliament, December 9, 1852; Mr. Bigelow, cap. xiii.

where it is its cause, it is itself in great measure caused not by emancipation but by slavery, or by the mistakes and misconduct of those who could not forget that they had been slaveowners.

In truth, if we come to analyze this oft repeated complaint of idleness, we shall find that it pretty generally reduces itself to the not unnatural reluctance of the workman to work on plantations for a master, when much better pay could be got by toiling on provision grounds for himself. A fair analysis of the evidence given by the planters themselves before Lord George Bentinck's Committee, would, we are convinced, confirm the following noteworthy remark in Sir C. Grey's Despatch of December 31st, 1851. After alluding to the "demoralizing effect" which great pestilences have in Jamaica, as well as everywhere else, and saying that "when nearly the whole inhabitants of hamlets are destroyed," (as was the case in the cholera of that year,) "it must necessarily have a great effect for some time in making the surviving labourers of the district less settled and steady," he adds, "it is unjust to make a general imputation against them of laziness; for although, in common with the inhabitants of all warm climates, they feel more than those of cold ones a liking for repose, and a sense of enjoyment in it, there are few races of men who will work harder or more perseveringly when they are sure of getting for themselves the whole produce of their labour. It is quite true, however, that they regard it as fair, and almost meritorious, to get as much as possible from their employers, and to do as little as possible for them in return; nothing will keep them to the journey-work of the master, if the cultivation of their own ground, or indeed their private interest of any sort, draws them away."

These sentences seem to us very fairly to describe the industrial relations of the colony; and how far this preference by the negro of his own interest to that of his employer has been but following the example of that employer, we will leave to our readers to determine. We can only express our conviction that no fact as yet presented by Jamaica history, not even "the injudicious methods adopted by managers to secure continuous labour on estates,"* lead us to doubt the previous opinion conveyed by Sir C. Grey, in his Report for 1848, viz., "that under a system of perfectly fair dealing and of real justice, they (the negroes) will come to be an admirable peasantry and yeomanry, able-bodied, industrious and hard-working, frank and well-disposed."

But perhaps the best explanation both of the causes which have sometimes made the negro a poor workman, and of the

* Lord Elgin's Despatch, May 6, 1846.

manner in which he might be made a good one, is to be found in a letter to the *Economist* newspaper from Mr. W. Smith, himself a planter, and well known as one of the three delegates sent last year from Jamaica to represent its distress to the British government and country. On his first return from the island, in 1846, he writes as follows:—

“During our recent sojourn in Jamaica, Mr. Dickon and I, either together or separately, visited eighteen out of the twenty-two parishes into which the island is divided. Our avowed object was to make inquiries respecting the system of cultivation and manufacture of the staples, and the all-important question of the supply of labour. Confining myself, for the moment, to the latter topic, we found that although everybody was ready to bear witness to the generally acknowledged want of labour in his district, the cases were exceedingly rare, (so rare, indeed, that I could actually enumerate them,) where our informants spoke from their own personal experience; and in these cases a little inquiry sufficed to show that the unwillingness of the labourers to work upon the estates might be traced to either inability to pay the wages, or some difference of opinion as to the rate. The best evidence which I can adduce of there being no general disinclination on the part of the negroes to work, is the fact, that we met with more than one instance where they had continued to labour on the estate without having received their wages for many months, but were depending on the honour of their employer to pay them out of the first money which came into his hands. We also found that, from some parishes where the circumstances of the planters were the most reduced, the negroes had migrated to others some thirty and forty miles distant, in search of employment,—not so much for increased wages, as for the sake of securing regularity in their payment.

“We are again told that no amount of wages will secure *continuous* labour. This assertion was not borne out by what we saw upon several estates, and certainly it is completely refuted by our experience in the construction of the railway between Kingston and Spanish Town. We employed for upwards of a year an average of 500 men, without experiencing at any time any difficulty from interrupted labour. I shall be told that we paid exorbitant wages, and that the work was such as suited the taste of the negroes, from its nature and novelty. True, we paid 2s. per diem, but we took care to accompany it with strict and constant supervision, and we found our account in substituting the pickaxe, shovel, and the wheel-barrow, for the worn out hoe and little wooden bowl, whereby we secured the removal of ten cubic yards of earth as the daily task, and for which we would have to pay something like 3s. 6d. in England. I cannot well imagine what there was in either the nature or novelty of the work to make it more inviting than the labour on an estate, or on their own provision grounds. The only coercion we used, was the certainty of dismissal for absence, and we found it work well.”

True, this letter was written in 1846, but we know of nothing

which has since happened to alter the capabilities of the negro, or to make it less likely that he would give good work for fair wages; though we *do* know, that the "inability" to pay the latter has been vastly increased by the calamitous results of the Sugar Act. Mr. Smith proved his faith in his own observations by himself investing capital in 1846 in Jamaica estates; and though, in 1852, he declares that this investment has been a loss, he distinctly ascribes this loss to the fall of price consequent on the Sugar Bill. In the statement of facts, signed by himself and his two co-delegates, we find it stated, it is true, that the "free population" of Jamaica "is impelled by none of the ordinary motives to industry;" but, why? because it has to compete with the Cuban planter, whose slave-labour costs what in wages would be equal to 4*d.* or 6*d.* a day; terms on which no free labourer in "Jamaica can be expected to maintain himself and his family decently and honestly, and at the same time labour fairly and righteously for his employer."*

Hitherto, our readers will observe, we have viewed Emancipation almost solely in its commercial aspects, and in trying the philanthropic experiment have confined ourselves to Mr. Carlyle's test of success,—its capability to "aid in bringing forth the nobler products" of the soil. Yet the destiny of man, though he be a negro, may include other objects besides the supply of a grocer's shop; and as even the field-hand has heart, head, and soul, it may be worth while briefly to consider how far *their* products have been made more or less noble by the change.

A very few words will suffice for the social position of the slave. The time is now past when Englishmen required to be convinced that the condition of that man could not be changed for the worse, who by law had neither property, nor citizenship, nor family, nor religion, who could be punished as for a crime for the fulfilment of his religious duties, or the satisfaction of his domestic affections, from whom another man could by law take his wife, or his children, or the fruits of his toil. But if any one now a-days does doubt that what might happen by law was common in fact, we can only refer him to the evidence before the Committees on Slavery of both Houses of Parliament in 1833. We will here merely give one testimony and one fact. The Marquis of Sligo, himself a Jamaica proprietor, and for a time governor of the island, thus writes to Sir Fowell Buxton:—

"In reply to your inquiries, whether my opinions on slavery had undergone any change while I was in Jamaica, I beg to say that when I went out there, I thought that the stories of the cruelties of the slaveowners, disseminated by your society, were merely the emanations

* Parliamentary Return: Sugar Growing Colonies (Jamaica), p. 307.

of enthusiastic and humane persons—rather a caricature, than a faithful representation of what actually did take place. Before, however, I had been very long in Jamaica, I had reason to think that the real state of the case had been far understated, and that I am quite convinced was the fact.”*

Our readers will most of them remember what manner of stories of cruelties the Anti-Slavery Society did disseminate, and will, we think, hardly need further testimony as to the details of the system.

Then, as regards its general result, we have this one damning fact: the slave population of eleven of the West-Indian Colonies was in twelve years diminished full 10 per cent.—in Jamaica, the diminution by death, independent of manumission, was about 13 per cent., or from 346,150 in 1817, to 307,357 in 1832.† This fact, which is proved by the official registry of slaves in both years, is confirmed by the statistics of special estates;‡ and that it was not owing, as is sometimes said, to excess of males in consequence of the previous slave-trade, is clear, for the same statistics prove that while this mortality was going on, the females were generally, as they are now, in excess of the males.§ And bad as was the condition of the slaves physically, morally it was worse; the most degrading licentiousness was the rule, and chastity and marriage the exception. Almost every white man in authority kept a black or a coloured mistress; and it is a fact clearly proved, that marriage when desired by the negroes, was not seldom disallowed by the managers,|| and was almost invariably discouraged by their example. A mass of men and women, herding together like cattle, half savage, more than half heathen, wholly untaught, speaking an almost unintelligible gibberish, wasting away with toil and hardship, hating their masters and watching for a bloody revenge, yet dreading them as a realization of their old Fetich fears, and striving only to imitate their vices,—such was the condition of a large portion of the Jamaica slaves, and would have been that of all, had it not been for the efforts and influence of that small band of devoted missionaries, whom the planters did their utmost, by violence and calumny, to drive from the island.

This missionary influence was the only real preparation for

* “Memoirs of Sir T. F. Buxton,” p. 386.

† See Parliamentary Return in Appendix to Buxton’s Memoirs.

‡ See, for example, Statistics of the Seaford estates, as laid before the Lords’ Committee in 1832.

§ Statistics above quoted. See also Sir T. F. Buxton’s speech, “Memoirs,” p. 260.

|| Dr. King’s “Jamaica,” p. 47.

freedom which the negroes had, but this was enough. Thanks to the power of religion over the consciences of the few, thanks still more to the power of the preachers over the hearts of the many, freedom had a fair chance with the negro, and a fair chance was all it needed. In 1842, four years after the abolition of the apprenticeship, Lord Derby, then as Lord Stanley, Colonial Secretary, replied to a challenge from Spain to prove the advantages of freedom, very similar to that so often made by America now, by enumerating the following as among the "unquestionable facts, on which all men are agreed," viz., "that, since the emancipation, the negroes have been thriving and contented; that they have raised their manner of living, and multiplied their comforts and enjoyments; that their offences against the laws have become more and more light and infrequent; that their morals have improved; that marriage has been more and more substituted for concubinage; and that they are eager for education, rapidly advancing in knowledge, and powerfully influenced by the ministers of religion."

Mr. Philippo, who was a missionary both before and after slavery, after telling us that, "previous to 1823, there were not more than one or two schools in the whole island expressly for the instruction of the black population,"* says, when giving the statistics of negro education in 1841, that "by the published reports there were then belonging to different denominations of Christians throughout the island, as nearly as it could be ascertained from the imperfect data supplied, about 186 day-schools, 100 sabbath-schools, and 20 or 30 evening-schools, the latter chiefly for the instruction of adults.† Again Mr. Philippo, writing in 1843, says, "During slavery the sanctities of marriage were almost unknown;" but adds, "out of a population of 420,000, not fewer than 14,840 marriages, have taken place annually since 1840, being a proportion of 1 in 29; indeed, everywhere marriage is now the rule, and concubinage the exception.‡"

But there are persons with whom the word of a missionary is of no avail; and perhaps Lord Derby may be thought prejudiced in behalf of the measure which he had himself passed. Let us then take the testimony of a Jamaica proprietor. Lord Howard de Walden was examined before the Sugar and Coffee Planting Committee, in Feb. 1848. He had himself gone to Jamaica to see after his estates, and good reason he had to go; for though notoriously three of the finest in the island, their average net income for eight years, he informed the committee, had been only 900*l.*,

* "Jamaica: its Past and Present State," p. 189.

† Ibid. p. 193. ‡ Ibid. p. 232.

whereas, in former years, they used to net above 20,000*l.* per annum ; here, at least, we have a witness not likely to be prejudiced in favour of emancipation. But when asked, "Can you speak to the moral improvement of the negroes in Jamaica, as regards their education, religion, habits, dress, and marriage?" his lordship replied, "I believe they have amazingly improved, in every respect, since emancipation; everybody agrees that the change since emancipation has been very remarkable."

These, however, are descriptions of the state of the negroes before 1848; and since then, it may be said, it has been retrograding. To some extent, this is true: freedom has not put the negro out of the reach of the moral effects of poverty or pestilence; and the energies of the labourer have been stunned by the same fiscal blow which has prostrated the fortunes of the merchant and proprietor. Still, when American slaveowners seize with greedy joy the gloomy reports from Jamaica of a want of progress in civilization, they must remember that no one is comparing the free negroes either with *their* slaves, or with what these negroes were as slaves, but with what they were as free men, at the time when the island was more prosperous. Another reason may perhaps, in a measure, explain this apparent retrogression. Much of the influence of the missionaries, though seemingly religious, was really social and political. The negroes went to chapel, and sent their children to school, and did generally as their pastors bade them, because they looked upon them with respect and love as their political protectors; but when they found that they no longer needed protectors, and when the pastoral relation became reduced to a simply religious one, there followed a not unnatural reaction, and the habits of heathenism and slavery in some measure regained their hold. Again, the different missionary societies, hearing of the prosperity of the negroes, and encouraged by the extraordinary sums raised by them, for religious purposes immediately after emancipation, withdrew pecuniary aid just at the very time when, owing to this reaction, and to the effects of the Sugar Bill, the blacks were both less willing and less able to replace it: and thus the supply of preachers and teachers was diminished with the demand, when, on the contrary, the supply ought to have been increased, in order to maintain the demand. We are glad, however, to learn that both church and school attendance is now again on the increase; and the recent intelligence we have been able to gain from missionaries, gives us ground to believe that the progress in civilization, though less showy than it has been, is more sound, and, in reality, not less hopeful.

A very fair idea of the position and prospects of the negroes may

be gathered from the three works at the head of our paper, all of them the records of observations made during the late years of fiscal depression; one being the careful and detailed journal* of two members of the Anti-Slavery Society—Quaker philanthropists, it is true, but gentlemen whose position and character make it impossible to doubt their statements of fact; another, an impartial *résumé* chiefly of the moral and religious condition of the island in 1849, by a Scotch clergyman;† and the third, a series of vivid and instructive sketches, by a shrewd newspaper editor from the States.‡ Want of space compels us to refrain from giving our readers the analysis of these observations which we had intended: we can only state the general impression left on our minds not only by them, but by a multitude of other evidence, much of it official.

Heathen customs and superstitions are not yet rooted out of Jamaica; the sensuality of slavery lurks among its black population: in that respect their moral standard is still low, much lower than that of the Irish peasant,—we wish we could be sure that it was much lower than that of the English labourer. Crime is said to be frequent, and yet, if we compare the criminal statistics of England with those of Jamaica, this charge, even if true, is one which it ill becomes Englishmen to make.§ True, when fortune turns suddenly in favour of these negroes, we hear stories of absurd and wasteful expenditure; by no means, however, so absurd as those freaks of Anglo-Saxons of which every mail from the Australian diggings brings us tidings. We also hear that, with the depression of the sugar manufacture, poverty and idleness increase in much the same proportion as they do in Lancashire when the mills are running short time; but Dr. King tells us, that, spite of this increase, he met with no beggars.|| Ministers of religion complain, as they do with us, that churches and chapels are not filled, and that the fervour of religious revivals is not lasting; and the official statements of the carelessness of parents about the education of their children, and of their unwillingness to pay for it, remind us very much of the reports of our own school inspectors. The

* "The British West Indies in 1850," by John Candler and G. W. Alexander. (*Anti-Slavery Reporter*, February, March, and April, 1851.)

† "Jamaica: its State and Prospects." By the Rev. David King. Glasgow. 1850.

‡ "Jamaica in 1850." By John Bigelow.

§ See Statistical Tables of the General Penitentiary of Jamaica, (Reports with Blue Books for 1848, p. 138), as compared with the Parliamentary Returns of Criminals in England and Wales for 1848.

|| King's "Jamaica," p. 36.

same charge of penurious selfishness is made against some of the 60,000* peasant proprietors of Jamaica, which we often hear applied to the small landowners of France; but Dr. King, in describing the free mountain villages, contrasts them favourably with those of his own fellow-countrymen in the Scotch Highlands, both as regards the superiority of the cottages, and the greater industry of the inhabitants.†

In a word, we do not say that the history of free Jamaica has proved how far the negro race is capable of the highest exploits of civilization, or how high is to be its rank among the races of the world, for these yet remain open questions, so far as Jamaica is concerned; but this much it has proved, that there has been found no people more quick to learn the lessons of freedom, and to forget those of slavery. Crimes and follies they commit, without doubt; but the question is, not how far they are absolutely vicious, nor even whether, comparatively with others, they are more or less foolish or criminal, but whether they are more or less so as freemen than they were as slaves. And we defy the American slaveowners to find any man who, having known them in both conditions, does not think, or even would not say, that they are now incomparably better husbands, and parents, and neighbours, and citizens, than they were,—more comfortable, more educated, more moral, and more religious,—that the sins which still beset them are sins which, having been originated or aggravated by slavery, are now becoming diminished by freedom. And yet the measure which has thus increased the happiness and exalted the character of nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the island, is denounced as a failure, and sneered at as “unscientific,” because there are fewer bales of sugar exported from its shores, or because there is a diminution in the incomes of some few hundred sugar growers, who either did not understand the business of employing labour, or would not attend to it.

Leaving now the present, one word more on the past, before we touch on the future. In detailing, as we have felt ourselves forced to do, the mistakes and misconduct of the planters, our

* We take the estimate by Mr. Clark, the Baptist missionary. Mr. Bigelow estimates the number at 100,000. p. 116.

† King's “Jamaica,” p. 211. The report, however, of Dr. C. Milroy, the medical inspector during the cholera, proves that there is as much need of sanitary reform in Jamaica as in Skye or Connaught. Many of the “ordinary negro houses” appear to be grievously dirty, over-crowded, and ill ventilated, and “still more wretched than them are the huts provided for the watchmen” on the estates, which Dr. Milroy describes as “kennels, which it is an outrage upon our common nature to require human beings to occupy.”—Returns (Jamaica), p. 35.

purpose has not been a defence of either the philanthropists or the negroes. The reputation of the men who made freedom the law of England, may be safely left to the keeping of Englishmen of future ages, who will take care that it lives long after the cant of imitators and the cavils of objectors are alike forgotten. And the Jamaica negroes, with the title-deeds of their hard-earned freeholds in one pocket, and the wages of their labour in the other, and with representatives of their own colour daily filling more and more the offices of the colony and the seats of its legislature, may well afford to laugh at even Mr. Carlyle's sarcasm, and to ask him to wait till they show him what the island will produce, when blacks and browns guide and direct its work as universally as they now perform it. Still less does the abstract cause of freedom demand for its justification that we should rake up deeds of folly or injustice, the surviving actors of which are almost all of them repentant, and all of whom are punished. More kindly relations are now springing up between both employers and labourers, for which, due honour to both; and therefore, even to tell the truth about what has been, would be unfitting, were it not for two reasons.

First, the American slaveowner makes Jamaica distress almost the principal excuse for his slaveowning. Justice, then, to his slaves demands that it should be shown that, in so far as this distress has not been caused by circumstances which neither employers nor labourers could control, it has arisen, not because the labourers are no longer as *his* are—"chattels;" but because the employers have either imitated him too much as a slaveowner, or too little as a man of business. And secondly, the past needs to be kept in view, because there are even now men connected with the planting interest, or professing to be its advocates, who, regardless of the consequences of former mistakes, are seeking to remedy these consequences by their repetition.

Of these mistakes there has been none so fatal as that which supposes that work can be got from the free man by the same means as those by which it was got from the slave, that when the whip is once abolished, any other coercion can supply the place of wages. Remembering, therefore, how the existing labour-laws had been used by the planters and the planting justices, and what were the fresh laws which the Jamaica legislature had proposed, the friends of the negro might well be alarmed, when they heard the late Colonial Secretary palliate from his place in parliament his desertion of Protection, by declaring that he would "direct his attention to two important subjects—the supply of labour, and the present state of the

labour laws in the West India colonies;”* and when they knew, by his written answer to the Jamaica deputation, that he had left to the planters themselves the initiation of these laws.†

The present Government, however, have no desertion of Protection to atone for, and therefore we trust that we need fear from them no connivance at coercion; but we suppose we must add, that neither can we hope from them any continuance or restoration of Protection. A small differential duty in favour of free-grown sugar would probably check the revival of the slave trade in Cuba, and prevent it in Brazil; would certainly diminish the sufferings of the slaves in both places,—sufferings beyond the power of man to describe or imagine,—and would give to the West Indian sugar producers the breathing time needed to enable them to start fair with all competitors. We believe also that the small sum needed for such protection would be gladly paid by nine out of every ten Englishmen, whether as consumers or tax-payers, provided it was clearly shown to them that it was raised—not in order to protect the planter at the cost of the public, which would be robbery,—but in order to protect the freed man and the slave against the slave-stealer and slave-buyer, which would be refusal to participate in robbery; and yet we suppose that no government will dare to ask the British public to pay this small sum; and why? Not because the principle of free trade is involved, for the highest free trade authorities allow that it does not apply to slave-produce, which is stolen goods, but because the *spirit* of that principle has already become frozen into a formula, from the letter of which hardly any politician dares to dissent.

But if the present Government neither maintain Protection, nor substitute for it coercion, what will they do with regard to that other and yet more attractive compensation for its loss, offered by their predecessors, viz., the supply of cheap immigrant labour? Perhaps they may suggest to Jamaica deputations, that inasmuch as there are many parts of the island where the labourers cannot get work even at the present Jamaica wages of a shilling a-day, it might be as well to establish communication between the places where there are too many labourers and those where there are too few, before they ask for help to pay the cost of bringing them from the other side of the world.‡ At any rate, there are one or two immigration facts, which we trust they will bear in mind.

First, that whenever coercive power has been possessed by planters over apprenticed immigrants, it has, to say the least, been

* Sir J. Pakington's speech, June 8, 1852.

† Parliamentary Returns (Jamaica), p. 314.

‡ See King's "Jamaica," p. 26.

liable to abuse—witness, among a multitude of other evidence, Lord Grey's statement in his Despatch to Lord Harris, April 28, 1848, that in Jamaica, "cases have been discovered in which their labour had been habitually stimulated by whip, in the hand both of employer and overseer:"* secondly, that no number of African immigrants, either men or women, can be obtained without buying them of the chiefs,† *i. e.*, without the encouragement of the slave trade and its accompanying murders: and, lastly, that hitherto it has been, and apparently it ever will be, impossible to import either Coolies or Chinese,‡ without an excess of males so disproportionate as to corrupt the morals, not only of the immigrants but of the creoles.

These two last facts are the acknowledged difficulties of African and eastern immigration; and before entrusting to the planter, or their friends, the task of overcoming these difficulties, there are two other recorded facts, which it may be well for the present Colonial Secretary to consider. First, that in 1847, the Jamaica Chamber of Commerce proposed to meet these difficulties by "providing means of transport, from the African coast, for the thousands of slaves brought down for sale and shipment to the foreign trader," and by "ransoming the prisoners of war of the native chiefs," who would doubtless, in return for such ransom, take care to keep up a constant supply of what the Chamber is pleased to call "*free emigration*:" and, secondly, that in 1848, Lord G. Bentinck, at that time the champion of the West Indian interest, suggested that the great defect in the eastern immigration, *viz.*, the want of what he calls a "breeding population," should be supplied by the purchase of negroes from the southwestern coast of Africa.§

Yet that there is a want of labour in this magnificent island, to force its rich soil to yield its treasures, there can be no doubt; a want not of cheap labour, (is not labour cheap enough at a shilling a-day?) but of educated, skilled labour,—not of mere manual operatives, but of artisans, and tradesmen, and yeomen—of immigrants who already have some little capital, and know how to use it, and have wants which will force them to accumulate yet more. In a word, the great desideratum of Jamaica is a hard-working middle-class, a class such as could not exist under its old *régime*,

* See also report of Mr. Ewart, the Agent-General for Immigration, Parliamentary Returns (Jamaica), p. 37.

† See Captain Denman's evidence before Sugar Planting Committee, p. 149.

‡ See Report of Mr. White, immigration agent, to Governor of British Guiana. June 21, 1851.

§ Lord George Bentinck's Draft Report of Sugar and Coffee Planting Committee, Eighth Report, p. 12.

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and which, though now springing up with remarkable quickness, is still far too small. Captured slaves, or prisoners of war, or Coolies, or Kroomen, cannot furnish recruits to this class; but far nearer than either Africa or India there are men who can.

The free coloured people of the United States might supply this desideratum by sending men who would carry with them their wives and children, many of them possessing no inconsiderable amount of capital, all of them trained under the industrial influence of that energetic example, which their white oppressors, however much they hate or despise them, cannot withhold from them. We can hardly hope that these pages will be read by any of the leaders among this people, or we would earnestly ask them whether self-interest and duty—duty to their race, bond and free—does not suggest to them an exodus from the land of bondage to tropical Jamaica, at least more strongly than to cold Canada. In the States, their very faculties are a torment to them, for the prejudice against colour allows their faculties no exercise. In Jamaica, if in the minds of any men that prejudice still lingers, it is only to be laughed at; how can it be otherwise in a country where coloured men not only may be, but are, legislators, lawyers, physicians, ministers, planters, editors, and merchants, as well as labourers? We are aware that we are treading on tender ground, and that some of the best of the coloured men, and many of their sincerest friends, think that in hope of aiding their enslaved brethren, they ought, under whatever obloquy or persecution, to remain citizens of the Republic. It is not for us to mark out for them their course, and yet we cannot but think that by no possible means could they so effectually aid the American slave, as by teaching energy and industry to the free British negro, and by hastening forward, by their precept and example, that time when from Jamaica and her kindred isles, the voice of a negro community, prosperous, educated, civilized, Christian, shall speak to republican despots and their victims words which both will hear, and which the former will not be able to disregard. And that this time will come, we hold to be no vain prophecy, foolish as to many it may seem. We have faith in it, because we see it written in the page of history, in the experience of the Anglo-Saxon, that he cannot toil in these islands or make a home of them, and of the African that he can; because we see already foreshadowings of its fulfilment, in the progress which,

* We are glad to find that both the Home and Colonial Governments are at last determined to remove the greatest obstacle which has existed to the immigration of free coloured men from the States, viz., their inability as aliens to own freeholds, by enabling them to become naturalized in a year. See Immigration Act passed by Jamaica Assembly, and Sir J. Pakington's Despatch thereon, Parliamentary Returns (Jamaica), pp. 354 and 316.

since his feet have been unshackled, this African has made—a progress which, spite of its occasional tarryings or backward steps, is greater than has ever in like period been made by Anglo-Saxon.

Not but that before this prophecy be fulfilled, there needs much work to be done. First, and most especially, there needs an entire abolition not only of slavery, but of the slaveowning spirit;—there must be a complete emancipation of the whites from slaveowning habits, feelings, and prejudices; all traces of the old régime must be swept from the statute book, and the magistrates must forget that it ever existed. There needs also a fairer arrangement of the taxes, and both a more economical and a more appropriate expenditure of them. We learn from Sir Charles Grey, that the “public debt of Jamaica amounts to about 750,000*l.*,”* and Mr. Smith and his co-delegates inform us, that “its public and parochial institutions are maintained at an annual expense exceeding 350,000*l.*” If the largeness of this sum be inconsistent with the oft-repeated assertions of the poverty of the island, still more absurd are the extravagant official salaries,† compared with the complaints so justly made of the want of measures for sanitary improvement, and of deficiency of roads, of irrigation, and of education. The necessity of an Encumbered Estates Act requires no enforcement, for the arguments which induced its introduction into Ireland apply with far greater force to Jamaica, where so many more of the owners of property are too poor, too ignorant, or too far off to fulfil its duties; and, indeed, until such owners cease to curber the estates, we hardly see how that division of labour in the production of the main staple of the island can be effected, which gives the best hope of its future economical prosperity, viz., the substitution of peasant sugar growers supplying with canes the “central mills” of manufacturers‡ for absentee proprietors managing by bailiffs both an enormous farm and a difficult manufacture. And lastly, there needs a supply of foreign labour, not indeed from Africa or India, nor yet only from America, but from England,—there needs now, and will need for many years, a continuous immigration of English ministers and schoolmasters. The missionary societies have, we believe, felt it right to withdraw some of their labourers from the West Indies, and to send them to break up fresh soil, or to till fields yet more waste; if such has been their decision, no suggestion of ours would change

* Parliamentary Returns (Jamaica), p. 189.

† See Bigelow’s “Jamaica,” cap. v.

‡ See Bigelow, cap. xiv. See also Sir C. Grey’s recommendation of an Encumbered Estates Act, Despatch to Sir J. Pakington, 10th June, 1852.

it, but we believe that every post gives them more and more reason to reconsider it, proves to them more and more plainly that their aid to the negro *has* been effectual and *is* wanted, and reminds them that the debt, owing to him by British Christians, for ills inflicted or connived at, is even yet far from paid. The English Church especially may remember, that if she had done her duty to the slave, if she had even given work in proportion to her hire, the freed men would not need so much of her assistance now. Would that in future she may contend earnestly with the "sectaries," not as to who shall most possess the negro brain with special dogmas—for whatever he be, the negro is no controversialist—but as to who shall most quickly exorcise those fiends of sensuality, sloth, and falsehood, which slavery has left to haunt him.

At the beginning of this paper, we stated that we should confine our remarks to Jamaica, because it was the colony in which the success of emancipation was the least evident. We can only add, that if we have been able to prove that in Jamaica freedom does work better than did slavery, and philanthropy has not been a folly, our task would have been even yet easier in any other of our West India possessions, from Barbadoes, where the population is more dense than in China, to British Guiana, where it is almost as scanty as in Australia. As, owing to this want of population, Guiana has had, next to Jamaica, the greatest difficulties to meet, and has therefore been almost as often quoted against the advocates of negro freedom, we will conclude our remarks by referring an American slave-owner and their English allies to the closing paragraph of the last published despatch of its governor, Mr. Barkly, who says, "that he forwards authentic records," proving that in this colony, where he himself is, and long has been, a large proprietor,—"the revenue has been flourishing, population augmenting, education spreading, crime diminishing, and trade increasing, during the year just passed," and that there "appears no reason to anticipate a less favourable result in any one of these respects in the year now entered upon."

* Despatch to Sir J. Pakington, April 21, 1852. The last intelligence from Guiana fully justifies these favourable anticipations. See *Times*, March 9th, 1853.

ART. II.—THACKERAY'S WORKS.

1. *The Paris Sketch Book.* By Michael Angelo Titmarsh. 2 vols.
2. *Comic Tales and Sketches.* By M. A. Titmarsh. 2 vols. 1841.
3. *The Irish Sketch Book.* By M. A. Titmarsh. 2 vols. 1843.
4. *Vanity Fair.* 2 vols. 1848.
5. *Pendennis.* 2 vols. 1850.
6. *The Book of Snobs.* 1848.
7. *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq. Written by Himself.* 3 vols. 1852.

FIVE years ago, in dedicating the second edition of "Jane Eyre" to the author of "Vanity Fair," Currer Bell spoke of him thus:—"Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognised; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things; because, I think no commentator on his writings has yet found the comparison that suits him, the terms which rightly characterize his talent. They say he is like Fielding; they talk of his wit, humour, comic powers. He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture; Fielding could stoop on carrion, but Thackeray never does. His wit is bright, his humour attractive, but both bear the same relation to his serious genius, that the mere lambent sheet-lightning, playing under the edge of the summer-cloud, does to the electric death-spark hid in its womb." When this was written, Mr. Thackeray was not the popular favourite he has since become. He counts readers now by hundreds, where then he only counted tens. In those days, Currer Bell's panegyric was pronounced extravagant by many who now, if they do not echo, will at least scarcely venture to dispute it; but it may be doubted whether, up to the present time, full justice has been done by any of Mr. Thackeray's critics to the peculiar genius of the man, or to the purpose with which his later books have been written. It is not, indeed, to the Press that he owes the appreciation which it is probable he values most. Its praise has generally been coupled with censure for what has occupied his most deliberate thought, and been con-

ceived with the most earnest purpose. While it has extolled his wit, his keen eye, his graphic style, his trenchant sarcasm, his power of exposing cant and Pharisaism in all its phases, it has, at the same time, been loud in its outcry against the writer's cynicism and want of faith, the absence of heroism and elevation in his characters—the foibles of all his women, the vices of all his men. Enough, and more than enough, has been said and written upon these points; but among a large section of his readers it has long been felt, that it may not have been without a purpose that Mr. Thackeray has never endowed his characters with ostentatious heroic virtues, or dwelt much on the brighter aspects of humanity; that his most unsparing ridicule, and his most pungent delineations of human folly or vice, are not tinged by the sour humours of the cynic or misanthrope, but that, through his harshest tones, there may be heard the sweet undertones of a nature kindly and loving, and a heart warm and unspoiled, full of sympathy for goodness and all simple worth, and of reverence for all unaffected greatness.

Not many years ago, when reputations which are now effete were at their zenith, a pen was busy in our periodical literature, in which the presence of a power was felt by those who watched that literature, which seemed only to want happier circumstances to develop into forms worthy of a permanent place among English classics. Under many patronymics, its graphic sketches and original views were ushered into the world. The immortal *Yellowplush*, the *James de-la-Pluche* of a later date, the vivacious *George Fitzboodle*, the versatile *Michael Angelo Titmarsh*, were names well known and prized within a limited circle. In Mr. Thackeray's lucubrations under all these pseudonyms, there was a freshness and force, a truthfulness of touch, a shrewdness of perception, and a freedom from conventionalism, whether in thought or expression, which argued in their originator something more akin to genius than to mere talent. Here was a man who looked below the surface of things, taking nothing for granted, and shrinking from no scrutiny of human motives, however painful; who saw clearly and felt deeply, and who spoke out his thought manfully and well. In an age of pretence, he had the courage to be simple. To strip sentimentalism of its frippery, pretension of its tinsel, vanity of its masks, and humbug literary and social of its disguises, appeared to be the vocation of this graphic satirist. The time gave him work to do in abundance; and manifestly neither skill nor will were wanting in him for the task. Best of all, he did not look down upon his fellow-men from those heights of contempt and scorn, which make satirists commonly the most hateful as well as the most profitless of writers. The hand that was mailed to

snobs had an inward side soft to caress. He claimed no superiority, arrogated for himself no peculiar exemption from the vices and follies he satirized; he had his own mind to clear of cant as well as his neighbours', and professed to know their weak side only through a consciousness of his own. Just as he proclaimed himself as Mr. Snob, *par excellence*, when writing of the universal snobbishness of society at a later date, so in the "Confessions of Fitzboodle," or "The Yellowplush Papers," he made no parade of being one whit wiser, purer, or more disinterested than other people. Relentless to foppery, falsehood, and rascality, however ingeniously smoothed over or concealed, he was not prone to sneer at frailty, where it laid no claim to strength, or folly where it made no pretence of wisdom. The vices of our modern social life were the standing marks for the shafts of his ridicule, but here and there, across his pages, there shot gleams of a more pleasing light, which showed how eagerly the lynx-eyed observer hailed the presence of goodness, and candour, and generosity, whenever they crossed his path.

That he may, in those days, have thought them rarer than his subsequent experience has proved, is more than probable; and, indeed, this circumstance gave to many of his earlier sketches a depth of shade, which leaves an impression on the mind all the more painful from the terrible force with which the tints are dashed in. No man ever sketched the varieties of scoundrelism or folly with more force than Yellowplush or Fitzboodle, but we cannot move long among fools and scoundrels without disgust. In these sketches, the shadows of life are too little relieved for them to be either altogether true to nature, or tolerable as works of art. We use them as studies of character, but, this purpose served, are fain to put them aside for ever after. Hence, no doubt, it was that these vigorous sketches, at the time they appeared, missed the popularity which was being won by far inferior works; and hence, too, they will never become popular even among those whom Mr. Thackeray's subsequent writings have made his warmest admirers. Bring them to the touchstone whose test all delineations of life must bear, to be worthy of lasting repute,—the approval of a woman's mind and taste,—and they are at once found to fail. Men will read them, and smile or ponder as they read, and, it may be, reap lessons useful for after needs; but a woman lays down the book, feeling that it deals with characters and situations real perhaps, but which she can gain nothing by contemplating. No word, image, or suggestion, indeed, is there to offend her modesty—for, in this respect, Mr. Thackeray in all his writings has shown that reverence for womanhood and youth, which satirists have not often maintained;—but just as there are many things in life which it is

best not to know, so in these pictures of tainted humanity there is much to startle the faith, and to disquiet the fancy, without being atoned for by any commensurate advantage. With what admirable force, for example, are all the characters etched in Yellowplush's "Amours of Mr. Deuceace"? The Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace himself, his amiable father, the Earl of Crabs, — Mr. Blewitt, — where in literature shall we find such a trio of scoundrels, so distinct in their outlines, so unmistakably true in all their tints? How perfect, too, as portraits, are Dawkins, the pigeon, of whom Deuceace and Blewitt, well-trained hawks, make so summary a meal, and Lady Griffin, the young widow of Sir George Griffin, K. C. B., and her ugly step-daughter, Matilda! No one can question the probability of all the incidents of the story. Such things are happening every day. Young fools like Dawkins fall among thieves like Deuceace and Blewitt, and the same game of matrimonial speculation is being played daily, which is played with such notable results by Deuceace and Miss Matilda Griffin. The accomplished swindler is ever and anon caught like him, the fond silly woman as constantly awakened, like her, out of an insane dream, to find herself the slave of cowardice and brutality. Villany so cold, so polished, so armed at all points, as that of the Earl of Crabs, is more rare, but men learn by bitter experience, that there are in society rascals equally agreeable and equally unredeemed. There is no vulgar daubing in the portraiture of all these worthies; — the lines are all true as life itself, and bitten into the page as it were with vitriol. Every touch bears the traces of a master's hand, and yet what man ever cared to return to the book, what woman ever got through it without a sensation of humiliation and disgust? Both would wish to believe the writer untrue to nature, if they could; both would willingly forego the exhibition of what, under the aspect in which it is here shown, is truly "that hideous sight, a naked human heart."

Of all Mr. Thackeray's books this is, perhaps, the most open to the charge of sneering cynicism, and yet even here glimpses of that stern but deep pathos are to be found, of which Mr. Thackeray has since proved himself so great a master. We can even now remember the mingled sensation of shuddering pity and horror with which the conclusion of this story years ago impressed us. Deuceace, expecting an immense fortune with Miss Matilda Griffin, who, on her part, believes him to be in possession of a fine income, marries her; — the marriage having been managed by his father, the Earl of Crabs, in order that he may secure Lady Griffin for himself, with all Miss Griffin's fortune, which falls to her ladyship in the event of Matilda marrying without her consent. Lady Griffin has previously

revenge herself for the Honourable Algernon's slight of her own attachment to him, by involving him in a duel with a Frenchman, in which he loses his right hand. The marriage once concluded, Deuceace and his wife find their mutual mistake, and the penniless pair, on appealing for aid to the Earl of Crabs and his new-made wife, are spurned with remorseless contempt. What ensues, let Mr. Yellowplush tell in his own peculiar style:

"About three months after, when the season was beginning at Paris, and the autumn leaf was on the ground, my lord, my lady, me and Mortimer, were taking a stroll on the Boudy Balong, the carriage driving on slowly ahead, and us as happy as possibill, admiring the pleasant woods, and the golden sunset.

"My lord was expaysiating to my lady upon the exquiset beauty of the sear, and pouring forth a host of butifle and virtuous sentiment sootable to the hour. It was dalitessle to hear him. 'Ah!' said he, 'black must be the heart, my love, which does not feel the influence of a scene like this, gathering, as it were, from those sunlit skies a portion of their celestial gold, and gaining somewhat of heaven with each pure draught of this delicious air!'

"Lady Crabs did not speak, but prest his arm, and looked upwards. Mortimer and I too, felt some of the infliwents of the sear, and lent on our goold sticks in sitende. The carriage drew up close to us, and my lord and my lady sauntered slowly towards it. Just at the place was a bench, and on the bench sat a poorly-drest woman, and by her leaning against a tree, was a man, whom I thought I'd seen befor. He was drest in a shabby blew coat, with white seams and oppper buttons; a torn hat was on his head, and great quantaties of matted hair and whiskers disfigured his countnints. He was not shayed and as pale as stone.

"My lord and lady didn't take the slightest notice of him, but past on to the carriage. Me and Mortimer lickwise took our places. As we past, the man had got a grip of the woman's shoulder, who was holding down her head, sobbing bitterly.

"No sooner were my lord and lady seated, than they both, with istrantie delixy and good natur, bust into a roo of lafter, peal upon peal, whooping and scredeching enough to frighten the evening silents.

"Deuceace turned round. I see his face now—the face of a devvle of hell! First, he lookt towards the carriage, and pointed to it with his maimed arm; then he raised the other, and struck the woman by his side. She fell screaming.

"Poor thing! Poor thing!"

There is a frightful truthfulness in this picture, that makes the heart sick. We turn from it, as we do from the hideous realities of an old Flemish painter, or from some dismal revelation in a police report. Still, the author's power burns into the memory the image of that miserable woman, and his simple exelamation

at the close tells of a heart that has bled at the monstrous brutalities to the sex, of which the secret records are awfully prolific; but which the romance writer rarely ventures to approach. If we have smiled at the miserable vanity and weakness of poor Matilda Griffin before, we remember them no more after that woful scene.

"The Luck of Barry Lyndon," which followed soon after the appearance of "The Yellowplush Papers," was a little relieved by brighter aspects of humanity, but so little, that it can never be referred to with pleasure, despite the sparkling brilliancy of the narrative, and abundant traces of the most delightful humour. How completely, in a sentence, does Barry convey to us a picture of his mother!

"Often and often has she talked to me and the neighbours regarding her own humility and piety, pointing them out in such a way, that I would defy the most obstinate to disbelieve her."

The same vein of delicate sarcasm runs throughout the tale, where every page is marked by that matchless expressiveness and ease of style for which Mr. Thackeray is the envy of his contemporaries. The hero is as worthless a scoundrel as ever swindled at *carté*, or earthed his man in a duel. He narrates his own adventures and rascalities with the artless *naïveté* of a man troubled by no scruples of conscience or misgivings of the moral sense,—a conception as daring as the execution is admirable. For a time the reader is carried along, with a smiling admiration of the author's humour, and quiet way of bringing into view the seamy side of a number of respectable shams; but when he finds that he is passed along from rake to swindler, from gambler to ruffian,—that the men lie, cheat, and cog the dice, and that the women intrigue, or drink brandy in their tea, or are fatuous fools, the atmosphere becomes oppressive, and even the brilliancy of the wit begins to pall. Yet there are passages in this story, and sketches of character, which Mr. Thackeray has never surpassed. Had these been only mingled with some pictures of people not either hateful for wickedness or despicable for weakness, and in whom we could have felt a cordial interest, the tale might have won for its author much of the popularity which he must have seen, with no small chagrin, carried off by men altogether unfit to cope with him in originality or power.

There is always apparent in Mr. Thackeray's works, so much natural kindness, so true a sympathy with goodness, that only some bitter and unfortunate experiences can explain, as it seems to us, the tendency of his mind at this period to present human nature in its least ennobling aspects. Whenever the man himself speaks out in the first person, as in his pleasant books of travel,—

his "Irish Sketch Book," and his "Journey from Corshill to Gairo?"—he shows so little of the cynic, or the melancholy Jacques. He finds so hearty a delight in the contemplation of all simple pleasures, and so cordially recognises all social worth and all elevation of character, as to create surprise that he should have taken so little pains in his fictions to delineate good or lofty natures. That this arose from no want of love for his fellow-men, or of admiration for the power which, by depicting goodness, self-sacrifice, and greatness, inspires men with something of these qualities, is obvious,—for even at the time when he was writing these sketches to which we have adverted, Mr. Thackeray's pen was recording, with delightful cordiality, the praises of his great rival, Dickens, for these very excellences, the absence of which in his own writings is their greatest drawback. It is thus he wrote in February, 1844, of Dickens's "Christmas Carol." We quote from "Fraser's Magazine."

"And now there is but one book left in the box, the smallest one, but oh! how much the best of all. It is the work of the master of all the English humourists now alive; the young man who came and took his place calmly at the head of the whole tribe, and who has kept it. Think of all we owe Mr. Dickens since those half dozen years, the store of happy hours that he has made us pass, the kindly and pleasant companions whom he has introduced to us; the harmless laughter, the generous wit, the frank, manly, human love which he has taught us to feel! Every month of those years has brought us some kind token from this delightful genius. His books may have lost in art, perhaps, but could we afford to wait? Since the days when the *Spectator* was produced by a man of kindred mind and temper, what books have appeared that have taken so affectionate a hold of the English public as these? They have made millions of rich and poor happy; they might have been locked up for nine years, doubtless, and pruned here and there, and improved (which I doubt), but where would have been the reader's benefit all this time, while the author was elaborating his performance? Would the communion between the writer and the public have been what it is now,—something continual, confidential, something like personal affection?"

"Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness. The last two people I heard speak of it were women; neither knows the other or the author, and both said, by way of criticism, 'God bless him!' . . . As for TINY TIM, there is a certain passage in the book regarding that young gentleman about which a man should hardly venture to speak in print or in public, any more than he would of any other affections of his private heart. There is not a reader in England but that little creature will be a bond of union between the author and him; and he will say of Charles Dickens, as the woman just now, 'God bless him!' What a feeling is this for a writer to be able to inspire, and what a reward to reap!"

In a writer who felt and wrote thus, it was most strange to find no effort made to link himself to the affections of his readers by some portraiture, calculated to take hold of their hearts, and to be remembered with a feeling of gratitude and love. Whatever Mr. Thackeray's previous experiences may have been, however his faith in human goodness may have been shaken, the very influences which he here recognises of such a writer as Dickens must have taught him how much there is in his fellow-men that is neither weak nor wicked, and how many sunny and hopeful aspects our common life presents to lighten even the saddest heart.

The salutary influence of Dickens's spirit may, indeed, be traced in the writings of Mr. Thackeray about this period, tempering the bitterness of his sarcasm, and suggesting more pleasing views of human nature. The genius of the men is, however, as diverse as can well be conceived. The mind of the one is as hopeful as it is loving. That of the other, not less loving, though less expansive in its love, is constitutionally unhopeful. We smile at folly with the one; the other makes us smile, indeed, but he makes us think too. The one sketches humours and eccentricities which are the casualties of character; the other paints characters in their essence, and with a living truth which will be recognised a hundred years hence as much as now. Dickens's serious characters, for the most part, relish of melodramatic extravagance; there is no mistake about Thackeray's being from the life. Dickens's sentiment, which, when good, is good in the first class, is frequently far-fetched and pitched in an unnatural key—his pathos elaborated by the artifices of the practised writer. Thackeray's sentiment, rarely indulged, is never otherwise than genuine; his pathos is unforced, and goes to the roots of the heart. The style of Dickens, originally lucid, and departing from directness and simplicity only to be amusingly quaint, soon became vicious, affected, and obscure; that of Thackeray has always been manly and transparent, presenting his idea in the very fittest garb. Dickens's excellence springs from his heart, to whose promptings he trusts himself with an unshrinking faith that kindles a reciprocal enthusiasm in his readers: there is no want of heart in Thackeray, but its utterances are timorous and few, and held in check by the predominance of intellectual energy and the habit of reflection. Thackeray keeps the realities of life always before his eyes: Dickens wanders frequently into the realms of imagination, and, if at times he only brings back, especially of late, fantastic and unnatural beings, we must not forget, that he has added to literature some of its most beautiful ideals. When he moves us

to laughter, the laughter is broad and joyous; when he bathes the cheek in tears, he leaves in the heart the sunshine of a bright after-hope. The mirth which Thackeray moves rarely passes beyond a smile, and his pathos, while it leaves the eye unmoistened, too often makes the heart sad to the core, and leaves it so. Both are satirists of the vices of the social system; but the one would rally us into amendment, the other takes us straight up to the flaw, and compels us to admit it. Our fancy merely is amused by Dickens, and this often when he means to satirize some grave vice of character or the defects of a tyrannous system. It is never so with Thackeray: he forces the mind to acknowledge the truth of his picture, and to take the lesson home. Dickens seeks to amend the heart by depicting virtue; Thackeray seeks to achieve the same end by exposing vice. Both are great moralists; but it is absurd to class them as belonging to one school. In matter and in manner they are so thoroughly unlike, that when we find this done, as by Sir Archibald Alison, in the review of the literature of the present century in his "History of Europe," we can only attribute the mistake to a limited acquaintance with their works. Of Dickens, Sir Archibald apparently knows something, but he can know little of Mr. Thackeray's writings; to limit his merits, as he does, to "talent and graphic powers," and the ridicule of ephemeral vices. On the contrary, the very qualities are to be found in them which in the same paragraph he defines as essential to the writer for lasting fame—"profound insight into the human heart, condensed power of expression," "the power of diving deep into the inmost recesses of the soul, and reaching failings universal in mankind," like Juvenal, Cervantes, Le Sage, or Molière.

Sir Archibald comes nearer to the truth when he ascribes to Mr. Thackeray the want of imaginative power and elevation of thought. But what right have we to expect to find the qualities of a Raphael in a Hogarth, or of a Milton in a Fielding? If genius exercises its peculiar gifts to pure ends, we are surely not entitled to ask for more, or to measure it by an inapplicable standard. It cannot be denied that Mr. Thackeray's ideas of excellence, as they appear in his books, are low, and that there is little in them to elevate the imagination, or to fire the heart with noble impulses. His vocation does not lie peculiarly in this direction; and he would have been false to himself had he simulated an exaltation of sentiment which was foreign to his nature. It has always seemed to us, however, that he has scarcely done himself justice in this particular. Traces may be seen in his writings of a latent enthusiasm, and a fervent admiration for beauty and worth, overlaid by a crust of cold distrustfulness,

which we hope to see give way before happier experiences, and a more extended range of observation. To find the good and true in life, one must believe heartily in both. Men who shut up their own hearts in scepticism are apt to freeze the fountains of human love and generosity in others. Mr. Thackeray must, ere now, have learned, by the most pleasing of all proofs, that there is a world of nobleness, loving-kindness, purity, and self-denial in daily exercise under the surface of that society whose distempers he has so skilfully probed. The best movements of his own nature, in his works, have brought back to him, we doubt not, many a cordial response, calculated to inspire him with a more cheerful hope, and a warmer faith in our common humanity. Indeed, his writings already bear the marks of this salutary influence; and it is not always in depicting wickedness or weakness that he has latterly shown his greatest power.

The unpretending character of Mr. Thackeray's fictions has not doubt arisen in a great degree from a desire to avoid the vices into which the great throng of recent novelists had fallen. While professing to depict the manners and events of every-day life, their works were, for the most part, essentially untrue to nature. The men and women were shadows, the motives wide of the springs of action by which life is actually governed, the sentiments false and exaggerated, the manners deficient in local colouring. Imaginative power was not wanting, but it revelled so wildly, that it merely stimulated the nerves, and left no permanent impression on the heart or understanding. Elevation of sentiment abounded in excess, but the conduct of the heroes and heroines was frequently hard to square with the rules of morality, or the precepts of religion. Bulwer's genius had run wild in pseudo-philosophy and spurious sentimentalism. James was reeling off interminable yarns of florid verbiage. Mrs. Gore's facile pen was reiterating the sickening conventionalisms of so-called fashionable life; and Ainsworth had exalted the scum of Newgate and Hounslow into heroic beings of generous impulses and passionate souls. Things had ceased to be called by their right names; the principles of right and wrong were becoming more and more confounded; sham sentiment, sham morality, sham heroism, were everywhere rampant; and romance-writers every day wandering farther and farther from nature and truth. Their characters were either paragons of excellence, or monsters of iniquity—grotesque caricatures, or impossible contradictions; and the laws of nature, and the courses of heaven, were turned aside, to enable the authors to round off their tales according to their own low standard of morality or ambition, and narrow conceptions of the working of God's providence. In criticism and in parody, Mr. Thackeray did his utmost to demolish this vicious

state of things. The main object of his "Luck of Barry Lyndon," and his "Catharine Hayes," was to show in their true colours the class of rogues, ruffians, and demireps, towards whom the sympathies of the public had been directed by Bulwer, Ainsworth, and Dickens. Mr. Thackeray felt deeply the injury to public morals, and the disgrace to literature, inflicted by the perverted exercise of these writers' powers upon subjects which had hitherto been wisely confined to such recondite chronicles as "The Tertific Register," and the "Newgate Calendar." Næver was antidote more required; and the instinct of truth, which uniformly guides Mr. Thackeray's pen, stamped his pictures with the hues of a ghastly reality. Public taste, however, rejected the genuine article, and rejoiced in the counterfeit. The philosophical cut-throat, or the sentimental Magdalene, were more piquant than the low-browed ruffian of the condemned cell, or the vulgar Circe of Shire-lane; and until the mad fit had spent itself in the exhaustion of a false excitement, the public ear was deaf to the remonstrances of its caustic monitor.

Nor was it only in the literature of Newgate, as it was well named, that he found matter for reproof and reformation. He had looked too earnestly and closely at life, and its issues, not to see that the old and easy manner of the novelist in distributing what is called poetical justice, and lodging his favourites in a haven of common-place comfort at the close of some improbable game of cross-purposes, had little in common with the actual course of things in the world, and could convey little either to instruct the understanding, to school the affections, or to strengthen the will. At the close of his "Barry Lyndon," we find his views on this matter expressed in the following words:—

"There is something *naïve* and simple in that time-honoured style of novel writing, by which Prince Prettyman, at the end of his adventures, is put in possession of every worldly prosperity, as he has been endowed with every mental and bodily excellence previously. The novelist thinks that he can do no more for his darling hero than to make him a lord. Is it not a poor standard that of the *summum bonum*? The greatest good in life is not to be a lord, *perhaps not even to be happy*. Poverty, illness, a humpback, may be rewards and conditions of good, as well as that bodily prosperity which all of us unconsciously set up for worship."

With these views, it was natural that in his first work of magnitude, "Vanity Fair," Mr. Thackeray should strike out a course which might well startle those who had been accustomed to the old routine of caterers for the circulating libraries. The press had already teemed with so many heroes of unexceptionable attractions, personal and mental,—so many heroines, in whom the existence of human frailty had been altogether ignored; we had

been so drenched with fine writing and poetical sensibility, that he probably thought a little wholesome substance in all these respects might not be unprofitable. He plainly had the ambition to go on feeding the public complacency with pictures of life, from which nothing was to be learned, which merely amused the fancy, or inflated the mind with windy speculations and false conceptions of human destiny and duty. To place before us the men and women who compose the sum of that life in the midst of which we are moving,—to show them to us in such situations as we might see them in any day of our lives,—to probe the principles upon which the framework of society in the nineteenth century is based,—to bring his characters to the test of trial and temptation, such as all may experience, to force us to recognise goodness and worth, however unattractive the guise in which they may appear,—in a word, to paint life as it is, coloured as little as may be with the hues of the imagination, and to teach wholesome truths for every-day necessities, was the higher task to which Mr. Thackeray now addressed himself. He could not carry out this purpose without disappointing those who think a novel that which does not centre its interest on a handsome and faultless hero, with a comfortable balance at his banker's, or a heroine of good family and high imaginative qualities. Life does not abound in such. Its greatest virtues are most frequently hid in the humblest and least attractive shapes; its greatest vices most commonly veiled under a fascinating exterior, and a carriage of unquestionable respectability. It would have cost a writer of Mr. Thackeray's practised skill little effort to have thrown into his picture figures which would have satisfied the demands of those who insist upon delineations of ideal excellence in works of fiction; but we apprehend, these would not have been consistent with his design of holding up, as in a mirror, the strange chaos of that "Vanity Fair," on which his own meditative eye had so earnestly rested.

That Mr. Thackeray may have pushed his views to excess, we do not deny. He might, we think, have accomplished his object quite as effectually by letting in a little more sunshine on his picture, and by lightening the shadows in some of his characters. Without any compromise of truth, he might have given us somebody to admire and esteem, without qualifications or humiliating reserves. That no human being is exempt from frailties, we need not be reminded. The "divine Imogen" herself, we daresay, had her faults, if the whole truth were told; and we will not undertake to say, that Juliet may not have cost old Capulet a good deal of excusable anxiety. But why dash our admiration by needlessly reminding us of such facts? There is a wantonness in fixing the eye upon some merely casual flaw, after you have filled the heart

and imagination with a beautiful image. It is a sorry morality which evermore places the death's-head among the flowers and garlands of the banquet. In "*Vanity Fair*," Mr. Thackeray has frequently fallen into this error; and he has further marred it by wilfully injuring our interest in the only characters which he puts forward for our regard. Anxious to avoid the propensity of novelists to make Apollos of their heroes, and paragons of their heroines, he has run into the opposite extreme and made Dobbin, —the only thoroughly excellent and loveable character in the book,—so ungainly as to be all but objectionable, and his pet heroine, Amelia, so foolishly weak as to wear out our patience.

This is all the more vexatious, seeing that the love of Dobbin for Amelia is the finest delineation of pure and unselfish devotion within the whole range of fiction. Such love in woman has often been depicted, but Mr. Thackeray is the first who has had the courage to essay, and the delicacy of touch to perfect, a portrait of this lifelong devotion in the opposite sex. It is a favourite theory of his, that men who love best are prone to be most mistaken in their choice. We doubt the truth of the position; and we question the accuracy of the illustration in Dobbin. He would have got off his knees, we think, and gone away long before he did; at all events, having once gone, the very strength of character which attached him to Amelia so long would have kept him away. Why come back to mate with one whom he had proved unable to reach to the height of the attachment which he bore her? Admirable as are the concluding scenes between Amelia and the Major, we wish Mr. Thackeray could have wound up his story in some other way, for nothing is, to our minds, sadder among the grave impressions left by this saddening book, than the thought that even Dobbin has found his ennobling dream of devotion to be a weariness and a vanity. It is as though one had ruthlessly trodden down some single solitary flower in a desert place.

Mr. Thackeray has inflicted a similar shock upon his readers' feelings in handing over Laura Bell, with her fresh, frank heart, and fine understanding, to Arthur Pendennis, that aged youth, who is just as unworthy of her as Amelia is of Dobbin. If such things do occur in life—and who has been so fortunate in his experiences as to say they do not!—is the novelist, whose vocation it is to cheer as well as to instruct, only to give us the unhappy issues of feelings the highest and purest, and never to gladden us with the hope that all is not disappointment, and our utmost bliss not merely a putting up with something which might have been worse? With all the latitude of life to choose from, why be evermore reminding us of the limitations of our happiness,—the compromise of our fairest hopes? It was a

poor and false conception of human happiness which placed it always in worldly prosperity; but is it not also wide of truth, to make the good and noble always suffer, and to teach that all high desires are vain—that they must either be baffled, or, if achieved, dissolve in disappointment? This is a cheerless creed, and false as cheerless; and it is by bringing it too prominently forward, that Mr. Thackeray has exposed himself to a charge of cynicism and want of heart.

Of these defects, however, no thoughtful reader will accuse him. His writings abound in passages of tenderness, which bespeak a heart gentle as a woman's, a sensitiveness only less fine;—a depth of pity and charity, which writers of more pretence to these qualities never approach. "The still, sad music of humanity" reverberates through all his writings. He has painted so much of the bad qualities of mankind, and painted them so well, that this power has been very generally mistaken for that delight in the contemplation of wickedness or frailty, and that distrust of human goodness, which constitute the cynic. But this is to judge him unfairly. If his pen be most graphic in such characters as Becky Sharp, the Marquis of Steyne, Miss Crawley, or Major Pendennis, it is so because such characters present stronger lines than the quiet charities or homely chivalry in which alone it is possible for excellence to express itself in the kind of life with which his writings deal. Such men and women strike the eye more than the Dobbins, the Helen Pendennises, and Warringtons of society. These must be followed with a loving heart and open understanding, before their worth will blossom into view; and it is, to our mind, one of Mr. Thackeray's finest characteristics, that he makes personages of this class so subordinate as he does to the wickedly amusing and amusingly wicked characters which crowd his pages. This, indeed, is one of those features which help to give to his pictures the air of reality in which lies their peculiar charm, and make us feel while we read them as though we were moving among the experiences of our own very life. Here and there amid the straggle, and swagger, and hypocrisy, and time-serving, and vanity, and falsehood of the world, we come upon some true soul, some trait of shrinking goodness, of brave endurance, of noble sacrifice. So is it in Mr. Thackeray's books. In the midst of his most brilliant satire, or his most crowded scenes, some simple suggestion of love and goodness occurs, some sweet touch of pathos, that reveals to us how kind is the nature, how loving and simple the soul, from which they spring.

It is not cynicism, we believe, but a constitutional proneness to a melancholy view of life, which gives that unpleasing colour to many of Mr. Thackeray's books which most readers resent.

He will not let his eye rest upon a fair face, without thinking of the ugly skull beneath, and reminding himself and us "that beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes." In his heartiest mirth he seems to have in view the headache, or the labours of to-morrow. Because all humanity is frail, and all joys are fleeting, he will not hope the best of the one, nor permit us to taste heartily of the other. He insists on dashing his brightest fancies with needless shadows, and will not let us be comfortable, after he has done his best to make us so. There is a perversity in this, which Mr. Thackeray, in justice to himself and kindness to his readers, should subdue. Let him not diminish his efforts to make them honester, and simpler, and wiser; but let him feed them more with cheerful images, and the contemplation of beauty without its flaws and worth without its drawbacks. No writer of the day has the same power of doing this, if he pleases. We could cite many passages in proof of this, but can it be doubted by any one who reads the following essay, from the series which appeared in *Punch* some years ago, as from the pen of Dr. Solomon Pacifico?

ON A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG LADY.

"Some time ago I had the fortune to witness at the house of Erminia's brother a rather pretty and affecting scene: whereupon, as my custom is, I would like to make a few moral remarks. I must premise that I knew Erminia's family long before the young lady was born. Victorina her mother, Boa her aunt, Chinchilla her grandmother—I have been intimate with every one of these ladies: and at the table of Sabilla, her married sister, with whom Erminia lives, have a cover laid for me whenever I choose to ask for it.

"Everybody who has once seen Erminia remembers her. Fate is beneficent to a man before whose eyes at the parks, or churches, or theatres, or public or private assemblies it throws Erminia. To see her face is a personal kindness for which one ought to be thankful to Fortune; who might have shown you Caprella, with her whiskers, or Felissa, with her savage eyes, instead of the calm and graceful, the tender and beautiful Erminia. When she comes into the room, it is like a beautiful air of Mozart breaking upon you: when she passes through a ball-room, everybody turns and asks who is that Princess, that fairy lady? Even the women, especially those who are the most beautiful themselves, admire her. By one of those kind freaks of favouritism which Nature takes, she has endowed this young lady with almost every kind of perfection: has given her a charming face, a perfect form, a pure heart, a fine perception and wit, a pretty sense of humour, a laugh and a voice that are as sweet as music to hear, for innocence and tenderness ring in every accent, and a grace of movement which is a curiosity to watch, for in every attitude of motion or repose her form moves or settles into beauty, so that a perpetual grace accompanies her. I have before said that I am an old fogy. On the day when I leave off

admiring, I hope I shall die. To see Erminia is not to fall in love with her: there are some women too handsome, as it were, for that; and I would as soon think of making myself miserable because I could not marry the moon, and make the silver-bowed Goddess Diana Mrs. Pacifico, as I should think of having any personal aspirations towards Miss Erminia.

"Well then, it happened the other day that this almost peerless creature, on a visit to the country, met that great poet, Timotheus, whose habitation is not far from the country house of Erminia's friend, and who, upon seeing the young lady, felt for her that admiration which every man of taste experiences upon beholding her, and which, if Mrs. Timotheus had not been an exceedingly sensible person, would have caused a great jealousy between her and the great bard her husband. But, charming and beautiful herself, Mrs. Timotheus can even pardon another woman for being so; nay, with perfect good sense, though possibly with a *little* factitious enthusiasm, she professes to share to its fullest extent the admiration of the illustrious Timotheus for the young beauty.

"After having made himself well acquainted with Erminia's perfections, the famous votary of Apollo and leader of the tuneful choir did what might be expected from such a poet under such circumstances, and began to sing. This is the way in which Nature has provided that poets should express their emotions. When they see a beautiful creature they straightway fall to work with their ten syllables and eight syllables, with duty rhyming to beauty, vernal to eternal, riddle to fiddle, or what you please, and turn out to the best of their ability, and with great pains and neatness on their own part, a copy of verses in praise of the adorable object. I myself may have a doubt about the genuineness of the article produced, or of the passion which vents itself in this way, for how can a man who has to assort carefully his tens and eights, to make his epithets neat and melodious, to hunt here and there for rhymes, and to bite the tip of his pen, or pace the gravel walk in front of his house searching for ideas—I doubt, I say, how a man who must go through the above process before turning out a decent set of verses, can be actuated by such strong feelings as you and I, when, in the days of our youth, with no particular preparation, but with our hearts full of manly ardour, and tender and respectful admiration, we went to the Saceharissa for the time being, and poured out our souls at her feet. That sort of eloquence comes spontaneously; that poetry doesn't require rhyme-jingling and metre-sorting, but rolls out of you you don't know how, as much, perhaps, to your own surprise as to that of the beloved object whom you address. In my time, I know whenever I began to make verses about a woman, it was when my heart was no longer very violently smitten about her, and the verses were a sort of mental drain and artificial stimulus with which a man worked himself up to represent enthusiasm and perform passion. Well, well; I see what you mean; I am jealous of him, Timotheus's verses were beautiful, that's the fact—confound him!—and I wish I could write as well, or half as well indeed, or do anything to give

Erminia's pleasure. Like an honest man and faithful servant, he went and made the best thing he could, and laid this offering at Beauty's feet. 'What can a gentleman do more?' My dear Mrs. Pacífico here remarks that I never made *her* a copy of verses. Of course not, my love. I am not a verse-making man, nor are you that sort of object—that sort of target, I may say—at which, were I a poet, I would choose to discharge those winged shafts of Apollo.

“When Erminia got the verses and read them, she laid them down, and with one of the prettiest and most affecting emotions which I ever saw in my life, she began to cry a little. The verses of course were full of praises of her beauty. ‘They all tell me that,’ she said; ‘nobody cares for anything but that,’ cried the gentle and sensitive creature, feeling within that she had a thousand accomplishments, attractions, charms, which her hundred thousand lovers would not see, whilst they were admiring her mere outward figure and head-piece.

“I once heard of another lady, ‘*de par le monde*,’ as honest Des Bourdeilles says, who, after looking at her plain face in the glass, said, beautifully and pathetically, ‘I am sure I should have made a good wife to any man, if he could but have got over my face!’ and bewailing her maidenhood in this touching and artless manner, saying that she had a heart full of love, if anybody would accept it, full of faith and devotion, could she but find some man on whom to bestow it; she but echoed the sentiment which I have mentioned above, and which caused in the pride of her beauty the melancholy of the lonely and victorious beauty. ‘We are full of love and kindness, ye men!’ each says; ‘of truth and purity. We don’t care about *your* good looks. Could we but find the right man, the man who loved us for ourselves, we would endow him with all the treasures of our hearts, and devote our lives to make him happy.’ I admire and reverence Erminia’s tears, and the simple heart-stricken plaint of the other forsaken lady. She is Jephthah’s daughter, condemned by no fault of her own, but doomed by Fate to disappear from among women. The other is a queen in her splendour to whom all the Lords and Princes bow down and pay worship. ‘Ah!’ says she, ‘it is to the Queen you are kneeling, all of you. I am a woman under this crown and this ermine. I want to be loved, and not to be worshipped: and to be allowed to love is given to everybody but me.’

“How much finer a woman’s nature is than a man’s (by an Ordinance of Nature for the purpose no doubt devised), how much purer and less sensual than ours, is in that fact so consoling to misshapen men, to ugly men, to little men, to giants, to old men, to poor men, to men scarred with the small-pox, or ever so ungainly or unfortunate—that their ill-looks or mishaps don’t influence women regarding them, and that the awkwardest fellow has a chance for a prize. Whereas, when we, brutes that we are, enter a room, we sidle up naturally towards the prettiest woman; it is the pretty face and figure which attracts us; it is not virtue, or merit, or mental charms, be they ever so great. When one reads the fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast, no one is at all surprised at Beauty’s being moved by Beast’s gallantry, and devotion, and true-heartedness, and rewarding him with her own

love at last. There was hardly any need to make him a lovely young Prince in a gold dress under his horns and bearskin. Beast as he was, but good Beast, loyal Beast, brave, affectionate, upright, generous, enduring Beast, she would have loved his ugly mug without any attraction at all. It is her nature to do so, God bless her. It was a man made the story, one of those two-penny-halfpenny men-milliner moralists, who think that to have a handsome person and a title are the greatest gifts of fortune, and that a man is not complete unless he is a lord and has glazed boots. Or it may have been that the transformation alluded to did not actually take place, but was only spiritual, and in Beauty's mind, and that, seeing before her loyalty, bravery, truth, and devotion, they became in her eyes lovely, and that she hugged her Beast with a perfect contentment to the end.

"When ugly Wilkes said that he was only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England, meaning that the charms of his conversation would make him in that time at a lady's side as agreeable and fascinating as a beau, what a compliment he paid the whole sex! How true it is, (not of course applicable to *you*, my dear reader and lucky dog, who possess both wit and the most eminent personal attractions, but of the world in general,) *we* look for Beauty: women for Love.

"So, fair Erminia, dry your beautiful eyes and submit to your lot, and to that adulation which all men pay you; in the midst of which court of yours the sovereign must perforce be lonely. That solitude is a condition of your life, my dear young lady, which many would like to accept, nor will your dominion last much longer than my Lord Farncombe's, let us say, at the Mansion House, whom Time and the inevitable November will depose. Another potentate will ascend his throne: the toast-master will proclaim another name than his, and the cup will be pledged to another health. As with Xerxes and all his courtiers and army at the end of a few years, as with the flowers of the field, as with Lord Farncombe, so with Erminia: were I Timotheus of the tuneful quire, I might follow out this simile between Lord Mayors and Beauties, and with smooth rhymes and quaint antithesis make a verse offering to my fair young lady. But, Madam, your faithful Pacifico is not a poet, only a prosier: and it is in truth, and not in numbers, that he admires you."

Why should not Mr. Thackeray give us another Erminia in his next novel, and confute his detractors? Addison never wrote anything finer in substance or in manner than this sketch. Indeed, a selection of Mr. Thackeray's best essays would, in our opinion, eclipse the united splendour of the whole British Essayists, both for absolute value in thought, and for purity and force of style. Had he never written anything of this kind but "*The Book of Snobs*," he would have taken first honours. What a book is this, so teeming with humour, character, and wisdom! How, like Jaques, does he "*pierce through the body of the country, city, court!*" Not, however,

like him "invectively," but with a genial raillery which soothes while it strikes. The kindly playfulness of Horace is his model. It is only in dealing with utter worthlessness, as in his portrait of Lieutenant-General the Honourable Sir George Granby Tufto, K.C.B., K.T.S., K.H., K.S.W., &c. &c., that he wields the merciless lash of Juvenal. How every word tells!

"His manners are irreproachable generally; in society he is a perfect gentleman, and a most thorough snob. A man can't help being a fool, be he ever so old; and Sir George is a greater ass at sixty-eight than he was when he first entered the army at fifteen. He distinguished himself everywhere; his name is mentioned with praise in a score of Gazettes: he is the man, in fact, whose padded breast, twinkling over with innumerable decorations, has already been introduced to the reader. It is difficult to say what virtues this prosperous gentleman possesses: he never read a book in his life; and with his purple old gouty fingers still writes a schoolboy hand. He has reached old age and grey hairs without being the least venerable. He dresses like an outrageously young man to the present moment, and laces and pads his old carcass as if he were still handsome George Tufto, of 1800. He is selfish, brutal, passionate, and a glutton. It is curious to mark him at table, and see him heaving in his waistband, his little bloodshot eyes gloating over his meal. He swears considerably in his talk, and tells fifty garrison stories after dinner. On account of his rank and services, people pay the bestarred and betitled old brute a sort of reverence; and he looks down upon you and me, and exhibits his contempt for us with a stupid and artless candour which is quite amusing to watch. Perhaps, had he been bred to another profession, he would not have been the disreputable old creature he now is. But what other? He was fit for none; too incorrigibly idle and dull for any trade but this, in which he has distinguished himself publicly as a good and gallant officer, and privately, for riding races, drinking port, fighting duels, and seducing women. He believes himself to be one of the most honourable and deserving beings in this world. About Waterloo-place, of afternoons, you may see him tottering in his varnished boots, and leering under the bonnets of the women who pass by. When he dies of apoplexy, the *Times* will have a quarter of a column about his services and battles—four lines of print will be wanted to describe his titles and orders alone—and the earth will cover one of the wickedest and dullest old wretches that ever strutted over it."

If this book were read in every household, especially in every household where the British Peerage is studied, what a world of weariness and vexation of spirit, of hypocrisy and meanness, of triviality and foolish extravagance, would be saved! We would prescribe it as a manual for the British youth of both sexes; containing more suggestions for useful thought, more considerations for practical exercise, in reference to the common duties of life, than any lay volume we know. Never was satire more whole-

somely applied, more genially administered. We have read it again and again with increasing admiration of the sagacity, the knowledge of the human heart, the humour, and the graphic brilliancy which it displays. Every page furnishes illustrations of some or all of these qualities. Take as an example of its lighter merits this exquisite sketch of suffering humanity at that most inane of all fashionable inanities—a London *conversazione*:—

“Good Heavens! what do people mean by going there? What is done there, that everybody throngs into those three little rooms? Was the Black Hole considered to be an agreeable *réunion*, that Britons in the dog-days here seek to imitate it? After being rammed to a jolly in a door-way (where you feel your feet going through Lady Barbara Macbeth’s lace flounces, and get a look from that haggard and painted old harpy, compared to which the gaze of Ugolino is quite cheerful,) after withdrawing your elbow out of poor gasping Bob Guttletton’s white waistcoat, from which cushion it was impossible to remove it, though you knew you were squeezing poor Bob into an apoplexy—you find yourself at last in the reception-room, and try to catch the eye of Mrs. Botibol, the *conversazione*-giver. When you catch her eye, you are expected to grin, and she smiles too, for the four-hundredth time that night; and, if she’s very glad to see you, waggles her little hand before her face as if to blow you a kiss, as the phrase is.

“Why the deuce should Mrs. Botibol blow me a kiss? I wouldn’t kiss her for the world. Why do I grin when I see her, as if I was delighted? Am I? I don’t care a straw for Mrs. Botibol. I know what she thinks about me. I know what she said about my last volume of poems (I had it from a dear mutual friend). Why, I say in a word, are we going on ogling and telegraphing each other in this insane way?—Because we are, both performing the ceremonies demanded by the Great Snob Society: whose dictates we all of us obey.

“Well; the recognition is over—my jaws have returned to their usual English expression of subdued agony and intense gloom, and the Botibol is grinning and kissing her fingers to somebody else, who is squeezing through the aperture by which we have just entered. It is Lady Ann Clutterbuck, who has her Friday evenings, as Botibol (Botty, we call her) has her Wednesdays. That is Miss Clementina Clutterbuck, the cadaverous young woman in green, with florid auburn hair, who has published her volume of poems (‘The Death-Shriek,’ ‘Damien,’ ‘The Faggot of Joah of Arc,’ and ‘Translations from the German’—of course)—the *conversazione* women salute each other, calling each other, ‘My dear Lady Ann,’ and ‘My dear good Eliza,’ and hating each other as women hate who give parties on Wednesdays and Fridays. With inexpressible pain dear good Eliza sees Ann go up and coax and wheedle Abou Gosh, who has just arrived from Syria, and beg him to patronize her Fridays.

“All this while, amidst the crowd and the scuffle, and a perpetual buzz and chatter, and the flare of the wax candles, and an intolerable smell of musk—what the poor Snobs who write fashionable romances call ‘the gleam of gems, the odour of perfumes, the blaze of countless

lumps—a scrubby-looking, yellow-faced foreigner, with cleaned gloves, is warbling inaudibly in a corner, to the accompaniment of another. 'The Great Cacafogo,' Mrs. Botibol whispers, as she passes you by—'A great creature, Thumpenstrumpff, is at the instrument—the Hetman Platoff's pianist, you know.'

To hear this Cacafogo and Thumpenstrumpff, a hundred people are gathered together—a bevy of dowagers, stout or scraggy; a faint sprinkling of misses; six moody-looking lords, perfectly meek and solemn; wonderful foreign Counts, with bushy whiskers and yellow faces, and a great deal of dubious jewellery; young dandies with slim waists and open necks, and self-satisfied simpers, and flowers in their buttons; the old, stiff, stout, bald-headed *conversazione-roués*, whom you meet everywhere—who never miss a night of this delicious enjoyment; the three last-caught lions of the season—Higgs, the traveller; Higgs, the novelist; and Toffey, who has come out so on the sugar question; Captain Flash, who is invited on account of his pretty wife, and Lord Ogleby, who goes wherever she goes—*que sais-je?* Who are the owners of all those showy scarfs and white neckcloths!—Ask little Tom Frig, who is there in all his glory, knows everybody, has a story about every one; and, as he trips home to his lodgings, in Jeaminyn-street, with his Gibus-hat and his little glazed pumps, thinks he is the fashionablest young fellow in town, and that he really has passed a night of exquisite enjoyment.

"You go up (with your usual easy elegance of manner) and talk to Miss Smith in a corner.

"Oh, Mr. Snob! I'm afraid you're sadly satirical."

"That's all she says. If you say it's fine weather, she bursts out laughing; or hint that it's very hot, she vows you are the drollest wretch! Meanwhile Mrs. Botibol is simpering on fresh arrivals; the individual at the door is roaring out their names; poor Cacafogo is quavering away in the music-room, under the impression that he will be *lancé* in the world by singing inaudibly here. And what a blessing it is to squeeze out of the door, and into the street, where a half-hundred of carriages are in waiting; and where the link-boy, with that unnecessary lantern of his, pounces upon all who issue out, and will insist upon getting your noble honour's lordship's cab.

"And to think that there are people who, after having been to Botibol on Wednesday, will go to Clutterbuck on Friday!"

What wonder Mr. Thackeray should be so often condemned, when the foibles and vices which he paints are just those which, more or less, infect the whole body of society. Some way or other, he hits the weakness or sore point of us all. Nothing escapes his eye, and with an instinct almost Shakspearian he probes the secrets of a character at one venture. Like all honest teachers, he inevitably inflicts pain; and hence the soreness of wounded vanity is often at the root of the unfavourable criticism of which he is the subject. It requires both generosity and candour to accept such severe lessons thankfully, and to love the

master who schools us with his bitter, if salutary, wisdom. But Mr. Thackeray has wisely trusted to the ultimate justice of public opinion; and he now stands better in it for never having stooped to flatter its prejudices, nor modified the rigorous conclusions of his observant spirit for the sake of a speedier popularity. Despite the carping of critics, his teaching has found its way to men's hearts and minds, and helped to make them more simple, more humble, more sincere, and altogether more genuine than they would have been but for "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Book of Snobs."

The strength of Mr. Thackeray's genius seemed to lie so peculiarly in describing contemporary life and manners, that we looked with some anxiety for the appearance of his "Esmond," which was to revive for us the period of Queen Anne. We did not expect in it any great improvement upon his former works, in point of art, for we confess we have never felt the deficiencies in this respect, which are commonly urged against them. Minor incongruities and anachronisms are unquestionably to be found; but the characters are never inconsistent, and the events follow in easy succession to a natural close. The canvas is unusually crowded, still there is no confusion in the grouping, nor want of proportion in the figures. As they are in substance unlike the novels of any other writer, so do they seem, in point of construction, to be entirely in harmony with their purpose. We therefore feared that in a novel removed both in subject and in style from our own times, we should miss something of the living reality of Mr. Thackeray's former works, and of their delightful frankness of expression, without gaining anything more artistic in form. The result has, we think, confirmed these fears.

"Esmond" is admirable as a literary feat. In point of style, it is equal to anything in English literature; and it will be read for this quality when the interest of its story is disregarded. The imitation of the manner of the writers of the period is as nearly as possible perfect, except that while not less racy, the language is perhaps more grammatically correct. Never did any man write with more ease under self-imposed fetters than Mr. Thackeray has done; but while we admire his skill, the question constantly recurs, why impose them upon himself at all? He has not the power—who has?—of reviving the tone as well as the manner of the time; and, disguise his characters as he will, in wigs, ruffles, hair powder, and sacs, we cannot help feeling it is but a disguise, and that the forms of passion and of thought are essentially modern—the judgments those of the historians, not the contemporary.

It is, moreover, a great mistake for a novelist to introduce into his story, as Mr. Thackeray has done, personages of either

literary or political eminence, for he thereby needlessly hampers his own imagination, and places his readers in an attitude of criticism unfavourable to the success of his story. Every educated reader has formed, for example, certain ideas, more or less vivid, according to the extent of his reading or the vigour of his imagination, of Marlborough, Swift, Bolingbroke, Addison, or Steele; and what chance has the novelist of hitting in any one feature the ideal which his reader has so worked out for himself? The novelist cannot, moreover, keep within the limits of the biographer, but must heighten or tone down features of character for the purposes of his story. This he cannot do without violating that rigorous truth which ought uniformly to be preserved, wherever the character or conduct of eminent men is concerned. It would be easy to convict Mr. Thackeray not only of serious offences against this wholesome law, but also of anachronisms far more serious than any in his former works, and of inaccuracies in regard to well-known facts, which are fatal to the verisimilitude of the book as an autobiography. One of these latter is so gross as to be altogether inexcusable,—the betrothal of the Duke of Hamilton, just before his duel with Lord Mohun, to Beatrix Castlewood, whereas it is notorious that the Duchess of Hamilton was alive at the time. We can scarcely suppose Mr. Thackeray ignorant of a circumstance which is elaborately recorded in Swift's *Journal*, but in any case his perversion of the facts transcends all lawful licence in matters of the kind. A still graver transgression has been committed in his portraiture of Marlborough, which is so masterly as a piece of writing that its deviation from historical truth is the more to be deprecated. When he has branded him for posterity in words that imbed themselves in the memory, it is idle to attempt to neutralize the impression by making Esmond admit that, but for certain personal slights from the hero of Blenheim, he might have formed a very different estimate of his character. This admission is a trait true to life, but it is one which is not allowable in a novelist where the reputation of a historical personage is at stake. History is full enough of perversions without our romancers being allowed to add to them. Such defects as we have adverted to are probably inseparable from any attempt to place a fictitious character among historical incidents, but if this be the case, it only proves that the attempt should never be made.

These defects are the more to be regretted in a work distinguished by so much fine thought and subtle delineation of character. It has been alleged against it that Mr. Thackeray repeats himself,—that "Esmond" has his prototype in Dobbin, Lord Castlewood in Rawdon Crawley, and Beatrix Castlewood

in Blanche Amory. We cannot think so. It is surely but a superficial eye which is unable to see how widely removed a little hypocritical affected coquette like Blanche Amory is from the woman of high breeding and fiery impulse—"the weed of glorious feature,"—who is presented for our admiration and surprise in Beatrix Castlewood. It were easy to point out in detail the differences between the prominent characters in this and Mr. Thackeray's other books, but such criticism is of little avail to those who cannot perceive such differences for themselves. The only feature which it owns in common with "Vanity Fair" is the insane attachment of Esmond to Beatrix. This pertinacity of devotion bears some analogy to Dobbin's for Amelia. But there was nothing humiliating in Dobbin's love: in Esmond's there is much. He is content to go on besieging with his addresses a woman, who not only rejects them, but has passed from the hands of one accepted suitor to another, till the whole bloom is worn off her nature. It is taxing our credulity too far to ask us to reconcile this with the other characteristics of Esmond. We never lose our respect for Dobbin: Esmond has wearied it out long before he shakes off his fetters, and weds the lady's mother, who has been wasting her heart upon him for years. Lady Castlewood is a portrait so exquisitely made out in all the details, so thoroughly loveable, and adorned by so many gracious characteristics, that we cannot but regret Mr. Thackeray should have placed her in a situation so repugnant to common feeling, as that of being the enamoured consoler of her own daughter's lover. Could we but forget this blemish, how much is there to admire in the delicacy with which the progress of her love for Esmond is traced,—the long martyrdom of feeling which she suffers so gently and unobtrusively,—the yearning fondness which hovered about him like a holy influence! Mr. Thackeray's worship for the sex is loyal, devout, and pure; and when he paints their love, a feeling of reverence and holiness infinitely sweet and noble pervades his pictures. Many instances may be cited from this book; but as an illustration we would merely point to the chapter where Esmond returns to England, after his first campaign, and meets Lady Castlewood at the cathedral.

"They walked as though they had never been parted, slowly, and with the grey twilight closing round them.

"And now we are drawing near to home," she continued. "I knew you would come, Harry, if—if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after that horrid, horrid misfortune."

"You had spared me many a bitter night had you told me sooner," Mr. Esmond said.

"I know it, I know it," she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to

reproach her. 'I know how wicked my heart has been; and I have suffered, too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury—I must not tell any more. He—I said I would not write to you or go to you; and it was better, even, that having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back—I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, "When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream," I thought, yes, like them that dream—they that dream. And then it went, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come home again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;" I looked up from the book, and saw you. I knew you would come, my dear; I saw the gold sunshine round your head.'

"She smiled an almost wild smile, as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet careworn face.

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. 'It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die, and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear.' She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, 'bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!'

"As he had sometimes felt, gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless starlit depth overhead, in a rapture of devout wonder at that endless brightness and beauty—in some such a way now, the depth of this pure devotion (which was, for the first time, revealed to him quite) smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving. Gracious God! who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out upon him? Not in vain, not in vain, has he lived,—hard and thankless should he be to think so—that has such a treasure given him. What is ambition, compared to that, but selfish vanity? To be rich, to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under ground, along with the idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you,—follows your memory with secret blessing,—or precedes you and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar*,—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me."

How cruel must be the necessities of novel writing, which drove Mr. Thackeray to spoil our interest in the actors in this exquisite scene by placing them afterwards in circumstances so incongruous! Mr. Thackeray is, we believe, no favourite with women generally. Yet he ought to be so; for, despite his sarcasms on their foibles, no writer has enforced their virtues more earnestly, or represented with equal energy the wrongs they suffer daily and hourly in their hearts and homes from the

selfishness and sensualism of men. There are passages in this book for which they may well say of him, as that woman said of Dickens for his "Christmas Carol," "God bless him!" They do not forgive him, however, for the unnatural relation in which he has placed his hero and Lady Castlewood, and he is too wise an observer not to regard this as conclusive against his own judgment in the matter.

Mr. Thackeray will write better books than this, for his powers are ripening with every fresh emanation from his pen; his wisdom is more searching, his pathos sweeter, his humour of a more delicate flavour. He fills a large space now in the world's eye, and his reputation has become a matter of pride to his country. He is not a man to be insensible to the high regard in which he is so widely held, or to trifle with a fame which has been slowly but surely won. Kind wishes followed him to America from many an unknown friend, and kinder greetings await the return of the only satirist who mingles loving-kindness with his sarcasm, and charity and humility with his gravest rebuke.

ART. III.—ICONOCLASM IN GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

1. *Parerga und Paralipomena*. By A. Schopenhauer. Berlin. 1851.
2. *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*. By the same. Leipzig. 1819. *Zweite Auflage*. 1844.
3. *Ueber die vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom zureichendem Grunde*. By the same. Rudolstadt. 1813.
4. *Vom Willen in der Natur*. By the same. Frankfort. 1833.
5. *Die beiden Grundprobleme der Ethik*. By the same. Frankfort. 1841.
6. *Zeitschrift für Philosophie*. By J. H. Fichte, Ulrici and Wirth. Halle. 1852.

FEW, indeed, we venture to assert, will be those of our English readers who are familiar with the name of Arthur Schopenhauer. Fewer still will there be who are aware that the mysterious being owning that name has been working for something like forty years to subvert that whole system of German philosophy which has been raised by the university professors

since the decease of Immanuel Kant, and that, after his long labour, he has just succeeded in making himself heard—wonderfully illustrating that doctrine in acoustics which shows how long an interval may elapse between the discharge of the cannon and the hearing of the report. And even still fewer will there be who are aware that Arthur Schopenhauer is one of the most ingenious and readable authors in the world, skilful in the art of theory building, universal in attainments, inexhaustible in the power of illustration, terribly logical and unflinching in the pursuit of consequences, and—a most amusing qualification to every one but the persons “hit”—a formidable hitter of adversaries.

The list of works at the head of this article will show how long this most eccentric of philosophers has laboured, and how continuous his labours have been. In 1813 he propounded a new theory of cause and effect; and the philosophical world of Germany said—nothing. Six years afterwards came out the grand work, “*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*,” in which a whole metaphysical theory was developed with a force and clearness which Germany had not seen since the days of Kant, but still the same world (with a solitary exception) said—nothing. We marvel not that the Schopenhauer temper, which, we opine, from certain polemical treatises, is not of the mildest, was a little ruffled. All over Germany were professorlings dotted about, receiving their snug salaries, and, without a spark of genius in their composition, retailing the words of some great master of philosophic art, and complimenting each other, as each brought out his trifling modification of a system which had been slightly modified from some previous modification, and yet could not Schopenhauer get a word of notice—not so much as a little abuse. There were histories of philosophy, and compendia of philosophy, and philosophical journals, but none could be found diffusing the knowledge of Schopenhauer’s emanations. At last a chance presents itself—who shall say from what quarter the good wind will blow?—the Royal Norwegian Scientific Society offers a prize for the best treatise on the Freedom of the Will, and in the year 1829 this is gained by Schopenhauer. Surely Germany, with its known predilection for rank, will recognise the adjudication of a crown of honour by a royal society—a scientific society, too, even though Drontheim be not universally regarded as the modern Athens. But no, even this would not do. The prophet was only great out of his own country. In vain did he demonstrate that, in the ordinary sense of the word, freedom of will was a mere chimera, exploded years ago, and in vain did Scandinavia applaud, professional Germany ignored the existence of Schopenhauer, his pamphlet, the Royal Scientific

Society, and Norway itself, and went on teaching "absolute freedom," and preaching "categorical imperatives," just as if the energetic Schopenhauer had never brought pen and paper into visible contact. Still did Schopenhauer work on, not through good and evil report, but through what was much more disheartening—no report at all. His last publication, "*Parerga und Paralipomena*," a collection of philosophical papers illustrative of his own system, but perfectly readable without previous knowledge of it, is even more vigorous, and gives more signs of independent thought than the work of his youth, which saw the light forty years ago. And at last we find that the neglected philosopher is known, and, to some extent, appreciated. The history of German philosophy published by Professor Fortlage in 1852—a book highly respectable of its kind—devotes a not over short chapter to the examination of Schopenhauer, as one of the remarkable phenomena of the present day, and though the professor differs from the non-professor, the difference is courteous. Two articles in the last number of J. H. Fichte's philosophical "*Zeitschrift*" still more clearly show that Schopenhauer, if he is not liked, is, at any rate, deemed formidable.

But if there is really something remarkable about Schopenhauer, why this forty years' obscurity? That is the question, above all others, which Schopenhauer himself is prepared to answer. Because, he will tell you, he is not a professor of philosophy, is not a philosopher by trade, has no academical chair, and there has been an understanding among all the university philosophers to put down any man who is not one of their craft. The Hegelians may differ from the Herbartians, and the Herbartians from the Hegelians, and both from the Schellingites, and all from the Schleiermacherians, and the small branches that spring from the huge trees may jostle against each; but all this is done civilly, and the adversaries compliment each other on learning, or profundity, or acuteness, or comprehensiveness, however they may dissent from theories propounded. On the other hand, woe to the luckless student of philosophy who, having devoted himself to the wisdom of the Oriental world, to the dialectic of the Greeks, to the acuteness of the French, to the hard, common sense of the English, and, above all, to his own reflections, shall dare to come forward with the result of his labours, unless he shall have secured a licence to speculate. As far as the promulgation of his views is concerned, he shall be doomed to solitary confinement, and every operation by which his opinion could find its way to the public shall be effectually stopped up.

Of course the cry of Schopenhauer, that German philosophy as taught by the successors of Kant, is not founded on any honest investigation of the truth, but is a mere trade, by which the

professor, hopes to secure a living for his wife and family, may be interpreted as no more than another form of the ancient fox's declaration, that the "grapes are sour." Schopenhauer, not receiving any encouragement from the acknowledged *magnates* of philosophy, bespatters the whole system to which they owe their authority. That vexation and disappointment had some share in producing the virulence with which he attacks the philosophers in high places is likely enough, but, at the same time, it is by no means certain that a word spoken in anger is altogether inappropriate; and, unfortunately, too many philosophical works of modern Germany encourage the suspicion that the animadversions of Schopenhauer are not altogether unfounded.

Let any impartial Englishman, who has gone through an ordinary course of logic, who has studied mathematics to a degree sufficient to make him understand the methods of demonstration—~~who has read the metaphysicians of his own country, and we will even add, the leading works of Immanuel Kant~~—let this Englishman, we say, take any one of Hegel's so-called scientific works, and honestly ask himself, whether this is the style in which a work intended to convey instruction ought to be written. The general drift of the system, with its optimism, its liberalism, its apparently comprehensive grasp, may please him; the universal attainments of the author may command his admiration; but, apart from these considerations, let him still ask himself, whether the system is really a system at all—whether the reasonings are reasonings at all—whether the links that seem to connect proposition with proposition really do anything of the kind. If he be not of presumptuous temper, he will for awhile be modest, and fancy that the measure of the author's profundity exceeds that of his own power of penetration; but if he reflects that he has been tolerably able to follow the chain of reasoning in every existing science, but just this one science of German metaphysics, as propounded by the schools of Schelling and Hegel, and that the process employed in the highest mathematics does not, after all, differ so very much from that which is used in ordinary conversation, modesty will at last grow a little weary; and the student will begin to suspect that he has looked up to his preceptor with something beyond a due measure of veneration. Let him next proceed to take up one of those compendia of Hegelian philosophy, by means of which some disciple of the great master offers to render the fountain-head of wisdom more approachable to the uninitiated; he will now find matters grown worse. Hegel himself, independently of his system, had a certain quantity of illustrative information and remark, which was much more valuable than the thing illustrated—just as in

picture-books, the pictures are generally far superior to the letter-press—and these were appended as a sort of perpetual comment to the dry skeleton of the system. But when the Hegelian usher becomes the preceptor, he can only give the master's doctrine in a shorter, and consequently drier form, while he proves the unfructifying nature of the philosophy itself by showing that he can scarcely utter a word in a different order from that in which it is set down in the original book. The theories of Plato, of Locke, of Kant, need not be described according to a certain fixed outline, utterly destructive of all individual peculiarity, but the interpreter may infinitely vary his mode of exposition, and give full play to any descriptive power with which he may be blessed. It is not so with the philosophy of Hegel; his system, if it is really to be taught, like any other science, requires a thorough re-writing: but his disciples, far from doing anything of the kind, merely repeat his words, without a syllable of elucidation. Anything more profitless than the second-rate works belonging to the various schools of German philosophy cannot be found in the whole compass of literature. Having taken a sufficient dose of this filtered wisdom, let our supposed impartial Englishman, who has now gone through the most dreamy series of unconvincing arguments that imagination can reach, now seek to know the obstacle which renders impossible all union between his own reasoning and the reasoning in the books before him. He is bluntly-told by the school that he is not endowed with a "speculative spirit;" or if he has preferred the region of Schelling to that of Hegel, that he is without a certain preternatural form of intuition, which must be assumed as indispensable to philosophical study.

At this point, unless his own self-depreciation be of the most abnormal kind, he will indeed be a little staggered. The faculties that have carried him hitherto through the most various branches of learning and science, fail him now; and he finds a sort of ratiocination proposed to him which he could not use for any one purpose of his life—nay, which he could not even describe without talking, parrot-like, out of one of his books. At this juncture, when faith is wavering, let him take up some strong page of Arthur Schopenhauer, and lo! an uneasy suspicion, which has been for some time floating in his mind, will begin to assume a tangible shape. It will not be as though Schopenhauer, in his invectives against Hegel and Schelling, taught him anything new, but as though a sudden conviction was awakened in his own bosom. We are not prepared to go the length of Schopenhauer in saying that all the teaching of the modern professors is a mere matter of salary; but of this we

are certain, that the parties he attacks have laboured to the utmost of their power to support him in his notion.*

Polemic philosophers are often more skilful in *destruction* than in *construction*, displaying a world of acuteness in picking out the weak places of an adversary's edifice, but a singular want of care and precision in raising their own. Schopenhauer is the very reverse of all this. Far from dissecting the theories of Schelling and Hegel, he gives them a volley of abuse, as though he did not consider them worth the pains of an argument at all; and then he patiently builds up his own system, supporting it as he goes on by perfectly intelligible arguments; his real refutation of all other systems consisting in the confidence with which he points to his own. Appealing to the common sense of his readers, to induce them to leave off listening to a number of strange words of most vague signification, he reduces several terms to the meaning which they bore before the time of Kant; and he propounds a theory with which they may agree or not, but which they can hardly fail to understand. The general fault of German metaphysicians is, that they do not even afford you a fair ground of attack. The systems are so strangely reasoned out, and the words are so uncertain in their import, that you do not know when you are fighting with shadows and when with substance. Struck with admiration at a strange sort of ingenuity, or disgusted by an increasing obscurity, in either mood you venture on no contest at all, but simply remain unconvinced. Now Schopenhauer gives you a comprehensible system, clearly worded; and you may know, beyond the possibility of a doubt, what you are accepting, and what you are rejecting. Never did author less attempt to impose upon his reader.

Let us, however, hasten to remove a false impression we have probably made. It may be imagined that we are wholly condemning the so-called successors of Kant, and wholly extolling Schopenhauer, and therefore we would have it speedily understood, that all we have said applies not to the doctrine taught, but to the manner of teaching. The tendencies of the modern German philosophers, however they may differ among themselves, are liberal and ennobling in the highest degree; and whether they be—as their enthusiastic disciples believe them—exalted geniuses, inspired with the love of truth, or mere members of a profitable craft, they are still important organs for the diffusion of lofty ideas, which sometimes take the form of an elevated system of morality, sometimes have for their aim the

* Vide article on "Contemporary Literature of Germany," in Westminster Review for April, 1852.

foundation of an all-comprehensive scheme of science. Their rallying cry, however strange the language in which it may be couched, is still "progress!" and therefore they are still the pedantic sympathizers with the spirit of modern civilization. It is not in their doctrines, in their ultimate tendency, that the impartial English thinker finds so much to object to, as in the constant mistake (in his eyes) of abstractions for actual existences, of no-reasonings for reasonings, of words for things. That many of the newest German philosophers, although brought up in the schools of twenty years back, have themselves come to a conviction that all is not right in this particular, is sufficiently shown by the productions of those authors, who now group themselves around the younger Fichte, and display a befitting reverence for what we may call a sane mode of thinking. Let any one compare the last numbers of the "*Zeitschrift für Philosophie*," edited by J. H. Fichte, with the old "*Jahrbücher der wissenschaftlichen Kritik*,"—that organ of the Hegelian school, in which an ordinary novel could not be reviewed without the employment of a whole arsenal of technical weapons,—and he will be struck with the improvement which has taken place.

On the other hand, while Schopenhauer's teaching is the most genial, the most ingenious, and—we would add, the most amusing that can be imagined, the doctrine taught is the most disheartening, the most repulsive, the most opposed to the aspirations of the present world, that the most ardent of Job's comforters could concoct. All that the liberal mind looks forward to with hope, if not with confidence—the extension of political rights, the spread of education, the brotherhood of nations, the discovery of new means of subduing stubborn nature—must be given up as a vain dream, if ever Schopenhauer's doctrine be accepted. In a word, he is a professed "Pessimist;" it is his grand result, that this is the worst of all possible worlds; nay, so utterly unsusceptible of improvement, that the best thing we can do is to get rid of it altogether, by a process which he very clearly sets forth.

At the commencement of his theory, Schopenhauer appears as a compounder of Kant with Berkeley; and here we may observe, that though he ultimately proves to be a mystic, in the St. Antony sense of the word, he first comes forward as a special admirer of the common sense of the English. Hobbes, Berkeley, and Priestley, whose existence has been almost ignored by the modern German teachers, are at his fingers' ends, and he cites them not only as kindred souls, but as authorities. All that he says while first setting forth the delusions of the visible world, and denying the freedom of the will (in which latter process he

is much indebted to Priestley) seems so fair and above-board, that the unsuspecting reader has no suspicion of the dire result which is at hand. Berkeley has gone further than Kant (who lamely endeavoured to refute him) in denying the reality of the world around him, while Kant constituted an *à priori* system, situated in the mind itself, of which Berkeley had no notion. Nothing could be easier than to reconcile the two systems, and Fichte had already set the example of denying the reality of that mysterious *Ding-an-sich*, (thing in itself,) which Kant stationed behind his phenomena. Indeed, there are many points of affinity between Schopenhauer and Fichte, notwithstanding the former's strong abuse of the latter; and in an early critique of Herbart upon Schopenhauer (the solitary exception already referred to) which stands out as a single star amid the general darkness, the notion seemed to be that a clearer Fichte was in the philosophical field.

As this article is chiefly intended for those who are in some degree acquainted with German philosophy, we may assume that our readers are so far familiar with Kant's theory, as to be aware that he considered time and space as mere forms of the mind, through which it received the impressions of outward things, but which had no existence in the things themselves; and that he moreover supposed certain general laws, as for instance, that of cause and effect, likewise to have their seat in the mind alone, so that it was under these laws that all judgments must be formed. Space, time, and the "categories"—the media through which sensible objects are revealed, and the laws under which they become objects of thought as well as sense, are therefore, *à priori*, in the same way—to use a common simile—as if we said that a green tint spread over the face of nature, would come, *à priori*, to a man destined to wear green spectacles for life. Here arises the fundamental difficulty, which prevents the thinkers of the English school from accepting the teaching of the German. The Englishman, when declaring that experience is the sole source of knowledge, will not make any exception in favour of laws, however general, or axioms, however evident; while the Germans, however they may differ on other points, are agreed on this; that the mind itself independently of experience, is a source of knowledge. With Kant; however, the difference from the English is less important than with his successors. They indeed endeavour to establish theories which would carry men far beyond the limits of nature, but *his* theory of *à priori* forms has a confining, not an extending tendency. The "categories" seated in the mind are merely of value, on the supposition that objects are presented upon which they can be employed, and we have no right to

employ them when the world of sense leaves off. To return to the simile, the man with the green spectacles must not imagine that because lighted nature wears a green tint, darkness will appear green likewise. According to consistent Kantism, physical theology, with its high priests Durham and Paley, and its paraphernalia of Bridgewater Treatises, is but an amiable absurdity, based on an illegitimate extension of the law of cause and effect to an object which lies beyond its jurisdiction. Theoretically speaking, man, according to Kant, has no right either to affirm or deny the existence of a God, of an immaterial soul, or, indeed, of any entity, that lies beyond the observation of the senses. Theoretically, Kantism is negative atheism, though by his "*practical reason*" Kant re-admits at the back door the ideas which have been ignominiously thrust forth from the portico.

The theoretical part of Kant's system is, with certain modifications, adopted by Schopenhauer; that is to say, he accepts the ideality of time and space, but he reduces the twelve categories, which Kant deduced from the forms of propositions set down in the common logic of the schools, to the simple law of cause and effect, which, however, appears in various shapes. Now, it is that endless chain by which all the phenomena of the visible world are connected, (the law of cause and effect, properly so called,) now it is the connexion which exists between the premises and the conclusion of an argument. But, whatever shape it takes, it is the law by which the mind is compelled to think, when it contemplates the objects of the external world.

The faculty which acts under this law of cause and effect, is called by Schopenhauer the *understanding*, and he ascribes to its operation much that has been hitherto referred (by Kant among others) to the senses alone. And we may here observe of Schopenhauer generally, that, differing from a great many of his countrymen, who delight to flounder in abstraction, and shrink, as it were, by instinct, from familiar illustration, he always displays a most laudable industry in collecting facts, which may serve to set forth his views in a new light. Zoological records, transactions of learned societies, classical poets of various languages, even newspaper anecdotes, are all ransacked with zeal, and the treasures they afford are used with discrimination. It is to the acuteness with which he pounces on a happy illustration, that Schopenhauer is justly indebted for the peculiar charm of his writings.

The understanding (*Verstand*), according to Schopenhauer, who is the reverse of a Cartesian in this respect, is possessed by man, in common with other animals, though it varies in degrees of acuteness. It has no power of generalization; but its functions

are confined to single immediate objects, and the man who knows that a mutton-chop will cause a cessation of hunger, is just in the same predicament as a horse, who practically affirms the same thing of a bunch of hay. Practical cleverness, ingenuity, in short, most of the facilities for "getting on in the world" depend, in a great measure, on the acuteness of the understanding, in assigning each single effect to its proper cause, and an habitual tendency to make mistakes in this particular, constitutes ordinary stupidity.

In the definition of the reason (*Vernunft*), Schopenhauer greatly differs from all his cotemporaries. With them, reason is a comprehensive faculty, which, scorning the finite, displays itself by grasping, or contemplating, or suspecting the infinite, or the absolute, or the unconditioned, (according to the particular vocabulary which the philosopher adopts,) but which is subjected to the special inconvenience, that many an unprejudiced thinker will be inclined to suspect that it does not exist at all. What is meant by the understanding is always intelligible enough, but when an ordinary German philosopher begins to talk about the reason, his discourse generally rises into the misty sublime. The warning of Kant, who saw the ambitious flights of the reason in the regions of science, that it was not to be received as a theoretical instructor, has been but little heeded, and reason has been made to hatch forth any monstrosity that the philosophical head may fancy. With Schopenhauer the reason takes even an humbler position than with Kant, who, placing it at the head of his moral system, and thus giving it a high practical exaltation, led the way to that strange apotheosis of abstract forms, which we find in his late successors, though he himself would have protested against it. What Schopenhauer says on this subject may serve as a specimen of his dispassionate style:—

"Besides that class of perceptions, which we have already considered, that is to say, those which might be reduced to space, time, and matter, if we regard the object, or to pure sensuousness and understanding, if we regard the subject, there is in man alone, among all the inhabitants of the earth, another faculty of knowledge, another mode of consciousness, which, with anticipatory correctness, has been called *reflection*. For it is, indeed, a reflex, something deduced from that intuitive knowledge, but it nevertheless has a nature totally different from that of the rest, and knows nothing of their forms, while, with respect to it, the law of cause and effect, that prevails over all objects, here wears a perfectly different aspect. This new consciousness—this consciousness raised to a higher power—this distinct reflection of everything intuitive in the non-intuitive conceptions of reason, it is this alone which endows man with that circumspection, which so completely distinguishes his own consciousness from that of animals, and which causes his whole earthly career to be so different from that of his irrational brethren.

He is equally their superior in pain and in suffering. They live in the present alone; he, at the same time, in the future and the past. They satisfy their immediate wants; he makes artificial preparations for the future, nay, for times which he will not live to see. They are exposed to the impressions of the moment, to the operation of immediate motives; he is determined, by abstract conceptions, independent of the present day. He, therefore, executes well-digested plans, or acts according to fixed maxims, without regard to secondary circumstances and the casual impressions of the moment. He can thus, for instance, calmly devise artificial means for his own death, can make himself impenetrable by dissimulation, can carry a secret with him to the grave, and, lastly, has a real choice between several motives. . . . The brute animal, on the other hand, is determined by present impressions; fear of immediate punishment can alone curb its desires, till at last fear becomes a custom, and in that shape determines the animal, under the name of 'training,' or 'breaking in.' The animal has feeling and intuition; man, besides this, *thinks* and *knows*; the *will* is common to both. The animal communicates its feelings by sounds and gestures, while man communicates (or conceals) his thought by speech. Speech is the first product and the necessary implement of his reason. Hence, in the Greek and Italian languages, speech and reason are designated by the same word, *ὁ λόγος*, *il discorso*. The German word for reason, '*Vernunft*,' comes from the verb '*vernehmen*,' which is not synonymous with '*hören*,' to hear, but signifies a perception of the thought conveyed by words. It is by the help of speech alone that reason attains its most important results, such as the harmonious action of a number of individuals,—the organized co-operation of thousands—civilization—states; then again science—the preservation of early experiences—the combination of objects into one general conception—the communication of truth—the diffusion of error—thought and poetical creation—religious dogmas and superstitions. The animal knows nothing of death till it actually comes to him; man consciously approaches his death every hour, and this gives life itself a doubtful aspect in the eyes of one who has not perceived that constant annihilation is the character of life throughout. It is chiefly on this account that man has systems of philosophy and religion, though whether that which we commend above all in his actions, namely, rectitude of conduct and nobleness of disposition is the result of either of them is uncertain. On the other hand, among the productions which most certainly belong to them, and therefore to reason alone, may be mentioned the whimsical absurdities of the philosophers of different schools, and the strange and sometimes cruel customs of the priests of different religions."—*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*.

Reason, though creating the broad distinction between man and beast, and though originating so much that is ennobling and debasing to human nature, is nothing more, according to Schopenhauer, than the power of forming, what Locke calls, "abstract ideas;" and so far the old English and the modern German philosopher agree as much as possible. With all its

marvels, reason can still do nothing but arrange the impressions already given by intuition, and far from being a source of new knowledge, it merely takes up at second-hand the knowledge already acquired in another shape. As a means of power, reason certainly raises man above the rest of the animal creation; but as a means of knowledge intuition is the safer of the two. At this point of Schopenhauer's doctrine, a theory of mathematics, which will remind some readers of Gassendi, is introduced. The geometricians, who have followed in the wake of Euclid, are all, he thinks, so far mistaken, that they have neglected the more certain method of intuition, which lay open to them, in the construction of their figures, and have based the demonstrations of their propositions on logical reasoning, which is, at best, but a surrogate. Kant having established the truth, that space is an *à priori* form of intuition, and Schopenhauer having adopted it, the latter proceeds to give hints how a system of geometry may be contrived, in which not only the truth but the cause—not only, as Aristotle would say, the *ὄντι* but the *διότι*—of the propositions may be proved. We have not room enough to expatiate on this mere episode of the theory, but would just remark that the demonstration he most relies on for a specimen is taken from the *Meno* of Plato.

The whole visible world then is nothing but a mass of consistent unreality. Space, time, and the law of causality, are all of them mere forms of the mind, which have nothing to do with the real nature of things; but merely concern them so far as they become objects of a perceiving subject. The law of causality being that under which the mind is compelled to think it is a contradiction in terms to talk about a First cause. Every cause is in its turn the effect of another cause, and as for a real *bondâ-fide* beginning, why seek for anything of the kind when the whole world is a delusion—the "veil of Maya," as the Indian sages call it, and as Schopenhauer, whose religious faith wavers between Brahminism and Buddhism, loves to call it after them. As for the way in which those who think otherwise are treated by our choleric sage, that may serve as a specimen of his *passionate* manner:—

"Now what has been done by our good, honest, German professors of philosophy, who prize mind and truth above everything,—what has been done by them, I say, for that dearly-beloved cosmological proof, after Kant, in his 'Critique of Reason,' had dealt it a mortal blow? Then good counsel was a costly commodity, for (and this the worthies know, though they wont say so) *causa prima*, like *causa sui*, is a mere contradiction in terms, although the former expression is much oftener used than the latter, and is generally uttered with a very serious and even solemn air. Nay, many persons, English reverends in particular,

turn about their eyes, in a most edifying manner, when with emphasis and emotion they talk of that contradiction in terms—a First cause. They know well enough that a First cause is just as inconceivable as a spot, where space comes to an end, or the moment when time had a beginning. For every cause is a change, with respect to which we must of necessity ask after the preceding change, which brought it about, and so on—in *infinitum*,—in *infinitum*! Nay, not even a first state of matter, from which all the others would proceed, is conceivable. For if this state had in itself been the cause, they must have existed from all eternity, so that the present state would not only have begun just now. If, on the other hand, it began to be causal at a certain time, something must have changed it at that time, so as to terminate its repose. In this case some foreign agent must have approached, a change must have taken place, after the cause of which (that is to say, after a preceding change) we must immediately inquire, and thus we are again on the ladder of causes, and are whipped on higher and higher by the inexorable laws of causality—in *infinitum*, in *infinitum*. The law of causality is not so accommodating as to allow itself to be treated like a hackney-coach, which we may send home as soon as we have completed our journey. It is rather like the living broom in Göthe's *Zauberlehrling*, which when once set in activity will never stop moving about and drawing more water, so that only the old conjuror himself can make it quiet again. But alas! our gentlemen are no conjurors. What have they done then, these noble upright friends of truth, who are only waiting for real merit to proclaim it to the world, as soon as it shows itself, and who, when an individual appears, who really is, what they only pretend to be, far from wishing to stifle his works by a crafty silence or timid concealment, become, on the contrary, the heralds of his fame, as certainly—ay, as certainly as folly loves understanding. What now have these gentlemen done with their old friend the cosmological demonstration, now so hardly pressed, and laid upon its back. Oh, they imagined a right cunning device. 'Friend,' they said to the cosmological demonstration, 'you are in a sad plight, a sad plight indeed, since your unlucky encounter with that old hard-headed fellow of Königsberg—aye, in as sad a plight as your two brothers, the ontological and physico-theological demonstrations. Never mind, we will not desert you—in fact, you know we are paid to assist you,—but—it cannot be helped—you must change your name and dress, for if we call you by your own name, everybody will run away. In your *incognito*, we will take you under the arm, and introduce you into society, only mind—*incognito* it must be. Your object shall henceforth bear the name of the 'Absolute,'—that sounds foreign, imposing and genteel. We are good judges, as to how far gentility goes with the Germans. Every one knows what is meant, and thinks himself wise into the bargain.'—*Ueber die vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom zureichendem Grunde*.

The above extract is characteristic in more respects than one. It shows that odd mixture of sarcasm, invective, and common-sense argument, which constitutes the polemic style of Schopen-

hauer, and, at the same time, allows that private pique, which is never wholly forgotten, to appear in the form of bitter irony.

The whole world being thus disposed of in a theory not materially different from that of Kant, Schopenhauer arrives at his own proper soil. Hitherto he has ostensibly worked on the teaching of others, his own additions being rather episodal than otherwise; but now comes the flash of true originality.

It will be remembered that after Kant has explained away the phenomenal world, by making space and time mere forms of the perception, and the categories mere forms of the understanding, he leaves an indefinable something, to which he gives the name of the "thing in itself," (*Ding an sich*), that is to say, the thing considered by itself apart, irrespective of its contemplation by the perceiving mind. This is susceptible of a negative definition only; it lies beyond the boundaries of our knowledge, and all that we can say of it is, that we neither know, nor can know, anything about it. Thus, in the case of a rose, its extension belongs to the form of intuition (space); its arrangement, under any conceivable category, even that of unity—in fact, its existence as a distinct object at all, belongs to the understanding; but there is still something separate from these, which is represented by the mere sensations, the peculiar smell and colour of the rose, and this is the manifestation of the "great unknown." The admission that there is still a residue after the world of sense has been explained away, constitutes a marked difference between Kant and Berkeley: but this difference was removed by Fichte, who having little respect for the unapproachable mystery left by his predecessor, declared the "thing in itself" to be no more than a mere creation of the mind.

This doctrine of Fichte is especially impugned by Schopenhauer. Having already established the position, that causality is a mere law for connecting phenomena with each other, he at once shows the fallacy of using emanation or any other form of this law as a means of explaining independent existences. The mind cannot be the cause of the "thing in itself," because neither of these being phenomena, they both lie beyond the reach of the jurisdiction of causality.

What, then, is the "thing in itself?" "The Will," answers Schopenhauer, with an air of evident triumph; "and this answer is the great discovery of my life." The world, as a collection of invisible objects, is but a series of phenomena, of dreams—nay, of such mere dreams, that it is hard to define the difference between sleeping and waking; but the world in itself is one enormous will, constantly rushing into life. When we are conscious of external objects, only one side of them is revealed to us—namely, the outward side; whereas, when we become our

own object, we are conscious of ourselves not only as phenomena, but as will, which is no phenomenon; and here we have the key to the whole mystery, for arguing by analogy, we may extend this will, which in us is accompanied by consciousness, to the whole world, including even its unconscious parts and inhabitants.

"We shall now make use of the knowledge that we have of the essence and operation of our own bodies, as a key to the essence of every phenomenon in nature, and with respect to those objects which are not our own body—and therefore are not revealed to us in a double manner, but as outward representations only—form a judgment according to the analogy of that body and essence, that as, on the one hand, they are phenomena, like itself, so, on the other hand, when we set aside their existence as phenomena of the subject, that which remains must, in its own essence, be the same as that which in ourselves we call the will. For what other sort of existence in reality should we ascribe to the rest of the corporeal world? Whence procure the elements out of which such a world could be composed? Besides the will and the phenomena nothing is known to us, or even conceivable. When we would ascribe to the corporeal world, which only exists in our own perceptive faculty, the greatest reality of which we are aware, we ascribe to it that reality which everyone finds in his body, for that to us is more real than anything else. But when we analyze the reality of this body and its actions, we find, beyond its existence as one of our phenomena, nothing but the will; herein is the whole of its reality, and we can never find any other sort of reality, which we can ascribe to the corporeal world. If, therefore, the corporeal world is to be something more than a mere phenomenon of our minds, we must say, that besides this visible existence,* it is in itself, and in its own essence, that which we immediately find in ourselves as the Will We must, however, distinguish from the veritable essence of the Will that which does not belong to it, but only to its appearance in the world of phenomena, of which there are many degrees; as, for instance, its accompaniment by knowledge, and its consequent determination by motives. This belongs not to its essence, but merely to its clearest manifestations, in the form of animal and man. When I say, therefore, that the power which impels the stone towards the earth is, in its own essence, apart from all manifestation, the Will, I do not mean to express the absurdity, that the stone is conscious of a motive of action, because the will appears accompanied by consciousness in man."—*Die Welt als Vorstellung und Wille*.

Nevertheless, gravitation, electricity, and, in fact, every form of action, from the fall of an apple to the foundation of a republic, is an expression of the will and nothing more. The world is

* We have been obliged to make use, here and there, of paraphrastic expressions to avoid an attempt to translate the untranslatable word, "Vorstellung."

essentially will and nothing more, developing itself in a series of manifestations, which rise in a graduated scale, from the so-called laws of matter, to that consciousness, which in the inferior animals reaches the state of sensibility and understanding (in Schopenhauer's sense), and in man reaches that higher state called reason. In the earlier stages its manifestations have a more general aspect; one stone is but numerically distinct from another of the same species, but distinctiveness increases as they ascend in the scale, and when they attain the form of man, each individual is perfectly distinct from all the rest, and that phenomenon, which we call "character," is produced.

However, Schopenhauer does not stop in laying down a huge abstraction, to which he gives the name of the will,—and which in this undefined condition would be little else than a pompous cipher, but he proceeds to mark out the line of its operations, and this perhaps is the most ingenious part of his theory. The old Platonic Ideas occur to his mind, and these not only answer his purpose, but the way in which he uses them gives him a greater affinity to the ancient philosopher of Greece, than is exhibited by any of his cotemporaries, though the name of Plato is often enough in their mouths. The Ideas of Plato, which some of our metaphysicians of the last century termed "Universals,"—those supernatural forms of which sensible objects participate, though they themselves are never revealed to mortal eyes in all their purity—those eternal essences, which never pass away, though the individuals through which they are imperfectly revealed, rise and perish in rapid succession,—those "ideas," which have puzzled so many philosophers, and caused so much paper to be covered with fruitless controversy, are interpreted by Schopenhauer to be the various stages at which the manifestation of the will occurs. In every science there is something assumed, which is used to explain or classify various phenomena, but which is not explained in its turn, being deemed, as far as that particular science is concerned, inexplicable. Thus in mechanics gravitation is assumed, but not deduced, and in history, a human will capable of being acted upon by motives is a necessary postulate. The various phenomena of the world are expressive of certain essential laws and attributes, which being forced to appear under the form of space, assume an individuality, which does not intrinsically belong to their own nature. The individual stone may pass away, or may be absorbed into another state of existence, but impenetrability and gravity, which constituted its essential nature,—its "real realities," as Coleridge would say, remain immovable, untouched by the wreck of countless individualities. The "Ideas" thus hold a middle place between the will, as "Thing in itself," and the

phenomena, being the points at which the will enters into the phenomenal region. Many of our readers, who have considered all we have hitherto described as tolerable common sense, will probably be inclined to smile at this part of the doctrine, as the vision of a German dreamer. But they will smile much less, if they are familiar with the sort of philosophical atmosphere in which Schopenhauer has been forced to move, during the dynasties of Schelling and Hegel. At any rate, we perfectly know, what Schopenhauer means by his ideas,—but who can say as much for the Absolute Idea of Hegel?

There is no causal connexion between the will and its manifestations, for as Schopenhauer has already explained, causality has no jurisdiction beyond the world of phenomena; but the body is the will itself in its manifested form, and to explain this view in a detail, which we have not space to follow, all sorts of aid are borrowed from physiological science, the different organs of the body being explained according to this hypothesis, and the human brain being the visible representative of human reason. A very ingenious theory of art is likewise connected with this interpretation of "Ideas."

At this stage of the theory, Schopenhauer's moral doctrine may be conveniently introduced. Virtue, which, in his view, is better taught by the sages of Hindostan than by the Jewish or Christian theologians, is based on a practical acknowledgment, that the whole world is but a manifestation of the same will as ourselves—that the various men and animals around us, are so closely connected with us, on account of their common substance, that to say they are "akin" is but a feeble expression. "Thou thyself art this," is the moral maxim of the Hindoo teacher, who points to the surrounding world, as he declares this identity—and the one virtue is sympathy. This is likewise the moral doctrine of Christianity, when it commands its professor to love his neighbour as himself, but Christianity is so far less perfect than Hindooism, that it does not, in its command of universal love, include the brute creation. Hence cruelty to animals—a vice which Schopenhauer holds in the greatest abhorrence, frequently praising the exertions of the English "Prevention" society—is far more common in Christian countries than in the East.

In a moral disquisition, which he wrote some years ago, in answer to a prize question, proposed by the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and which did *not* gain the premium—(our philosopher was not so fortunate in Denmark as in Norway), Schopenhauer displays a great deal of humour, while he ridicules the moral ideal and the "categorical imperative" set up by Kant. There is no doubt that the stern moralist of the Kantian school,—

if he was ever anything more than an *ens rationis*, like the wise man of the Stoics,—who would never trust a single generous impulse, but would be diving into abstract principles of action, while the supplicant for charity died of starvation before his eyes,—must have been a singularly disagreeable personage, and that Kant in endeavouring to elevate the dominion of reason, underrated a very essential element in human nature.

The bad man, according to Schopenhauer, is he in whom the “will to live,” gains such predominance in its individual form, that he ignores the rights of his fellow-manifestations altogether, and robs and murders them, as seems meet for his own advantage. The just man, who is just, and nothing more, stands higher in the moral scale than the bad man, but he has not reached Schopenhauer's idea of virtue. He so far shows a sympathy with his fellow-creatures that he does not encroach upon their rights, but he is equally unwilling to go out of his way to do them any substantial good. He is a sort of man who pays his taxes and his church-rates, keeps clear of the Court of Requests, and is only charitable when he has an equivalent in the shape of an honourable place in a subscription list.

The good man, as we have already seen, is he whose heart beats with sympathy for all creatures around him, practically if not theoretically acknowledging them as manifestations of the same great Will as himself. He loves every living being, from his neighbour down to a turtle-dove; and as the laws of inanimate nature are still manifestations of the one Will, he may consistently imitate the example of the man in the old story, who looked upon the overloading of a wheelbarrow with one leg as an instance of cruelty to animals. But do not imagine that the Schopenhauer ideal is reached yet. Above the bad man, the just man, the good man, and the whole rabble of vice and virtue, there comes a more august personage yet, who however needs a few preliminary remarks to introduce him.

Just as ignorant persons, who have a smattering knowledge of Berkeley, think that the good bishop regarded the whole world as a creation of the fancy, and that they can refute his disciples by giving them an actual (not a metaphorical) rap on the knuckles, so doubtless there may be wiseacres, who will fancy that as Schopenhauer has declared the will to be the real essence of the world, and every human being a manifestation of that will, every human being is in a state of the most perfect freedom. Quite the reverse! With respect to the individual will, Schopenhauer is an absolute necessitarian, holding that the action of a certain motive on a certain character is as sure of producing a certain result, as an operation of agent upon patient in the sphere of mechanics. What may be a motive to one person may not be

a motive to another, for the characters may be different; but given the character and the motive, the result is infallible. The absolute will, which lay beyond the jurisdiction of causality, has forced itself into the world of phenomena in an individual shape, and it must take the consequences, that is to say, a subjugation to that law of cause and effect by which the whole world of phenomena is governed, and which is equally potent in the discharge of a pistol and the performance of a virtuous action. The "character," which is the Idea of the human individual, just as gravitation is one of the Ideas of matter, is born with him, and cannot be altered. The knowledge of the individual may be enlarged, and consequently he may be put in a better track, by learning that his natural desires will be more gratified if he obeys the laws of society, than if he rises against them; but the character remains the same, although the cupidity which would have made a gamester or a highwayman, may become a constituent element in an honest tradesman. Thus every man brings his own depravity into the world with him, and this is the great doctrine of original sin, as set forth by Augustine, expounded by Luther and Calvin, and applauded by Schopenhauer, who, though a freethinker in the most complete sense of the word, is absolutely delighted with the fathers and the reformers, when they bear witness to human degradation. The world of phenomena is a delusion—a mockery; and the fact of being born into such a world is in itself an evil. So thought the immediate apostles of Christianity—so thought the anchorites of the desert—so thought Calderon when he wrote his play of "Life is a Dream," which Schopenhauer quotes with especial unction,—and, above all, so say the teachers of Hindostan. If a contrary doctrine is held in Europe, it is the mere result of Judaism, which with its doctrine of a First Cause and its system of temporal rewards—that is to say, its optimism—Schopenhauer regards with the contempt of a consistent Kantist, and the hatred of a profound misanthrope. Christianity, he thinks, is a result of Hindooism, which became corrupted in its passage through Palestine, and he is excessively wroth with those missionary societies who send back to India the adulterated form of a doctrine which the natives already possess in greater purity.

And now we may introduce Schopenhauer's ideal. The artist comes in for a large share of his respect, for he, without regard to selfish motives, contemplates the ideas which form the substrata of the world of phenomena, and reproduces them as the beautiful and the sublime. The good man, with his huge sympathy, is another estimable being; but higher still is he, who, convinced of the illusion of the world, is resolved to destroy it, as far as he is concerned, by extinguishing the will to live.

Suicide will not answer this purpose. Suicide is a dislike of a particular chain of circumstances, which it endeavours to break through, but it is no alienation of the individual desires from life in general. Asceticism, that gradual extinction of all feelings that connect us with the visible world—the life of the anchorite in the Egyptian desert—of the Quietist of the time of Louis XIV.—of the Indian Fakeer, who goes through years of self-torture,—this is the perfection of Schopenhauer. The particular theological creed under which these saints performed their austerities is a matter of trivial importance,—they are all alike in the one grand qualification of holiness; they receded from the visible world and gradually extinguished the "will to live," till death, commonly so called, came as the completion of their wishes.

In this asceticism consists the only possible freedom of the will. While acting in the world of phenomena the will becomes entangled in the law of causality, but now it recedes back to a region when that law can operate no more, and where it is consequently free. The freedom of the will is, in a word, annihilation, and this is the greatest boon that can be desired.

When Lord Byron had brought his hero, Childe Harold, to the borders of the sea, he closed his poem; and now that we, *auspice* Schopenhauer, have brought our readers to the shores of absolute nothing, we close our article. Except so far as a commendation of the author's *style* is concerned, we intend it as an article of description—nothing more; and those who construe any of our remarks into an acceptance of such a system of ultra-pessimism, have totally misapprehended our meaning. At the same time we shall be greatly surprised if our brief outline of this genial, eccentric, audacious, and, let us add, terrible writer, does not tempt some of our readers to procure for themselves a set of works, every page of which abounds with novel and startling suggestions. We only wish we could see among the philosophers of modern Germany a writer of equal power, comprehensiveness, ingenuity and erudition, ranged on a side more in harmony with our own feelings and convictions, than that adopted by this misanthropic sage of Frankfort.



ART. IV.—MARTIAL AND HIS TIMES.

1. *Martialis als Mensch und Dichter*. Third edition. Berlin. 1846.
2. *Notice sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Martial*. Bughot-du-Lot. 8vo. Paris. 1845.
3. *Essai sur Martial*. Par Antoine Péricaud. 8vo. Lyons. 1844.

PERHAPS in nothing is the keen sagacity of Lord Bacon so fully displayed as in mapping out the domain of literary history,* and recording the advantages that must spring from its cultivation, as a means of recalling the vision of the past, and holding up its experience as a torch to guide civilization through her tortuous career. To become thoroughly acquainted with the history of the human mind for any considerable period, tracing the revolutions it has undergone in the successive advancement and retrogression of science, and in the extinction and resuscitation of the arts, is at the same time to discern the springs of our intellectual nature, to obtain an insight into the internal organism of states, and to detect the operation of those elements which accelerate their decline and prosperity. Society is as complex as the component unities into which it is divisible, and though, unlike them, not subject to expire by the condition of its birth, yet it carries in its bosom the seeds of its decline as well as of its preservation. Important, then, must that knowledge be, which, by revealing the vital constitution of society, directs us to the means of perpetuating the sources upon which its civilization depends, and of removing every obstruction to their free play. The science thence arising is the only channel by which the experience of one generation can become the heritage of another, and the world preserved from those dreadful convulsions which prevent man from reaching that golden era of justice and beneficence his reason seems fashioned to attain, and which drive back the human race to start afresh from the goal of primitive barbarism after the progressive civilization of a thousand years.

This knowledge, however, is not to be attained without a searching method and a keen analysis. The course of states is to be watched, and those stages selected for the inquiry in which nations are rapidly developing their resources, or collapsing into decrepitude, as affording in that period of their history

* De Aug. Book ii. chap. 4.

what Bacon would call the greatest number and variety of prerogative instances. Such a period is that presented by the Roman writers of the first and second centuries of the empire. It shall be our present task to pursue the investigation of this period after the direction of our great countryman, and, consulting the works which were written during its most striking epoch (A.D. 50—120), to place its elements side by side, and recall the literary genius which can animate them from the dead.

We have selected Martial as the leading figure in the group of writers who flourished during that period, for the chronicles of Tacitus close with Vespasian, and the Epigrammatist is the only writer whose pages are a moving panorama of Rome in Domitian's days. Moreover, it is not in the archives of the Palatine or in the diurnals of the empire that we must look for that painful struggle which heralded the dying hours of Rome. These present but the formalized types of her vigour—the external embodiments of her greatness, which continued to exist when the sap that created them had perished through inanition. Nor must we, with Gibbon, put on the buskins of history, and limit our theme to battle-fields, senates, and kings' ante-chambers, if we desire to discern the features of that race of degenerate spirits who exerted a fatal influence on the last throes of an expiring civilization. We must rather descend into the streets of the city, and catch the laugh of its wits as they lounge in the porticos, or turn aside into its baths and libraries, to hear some long-winded Orestes or stentorian Telephus shake the columns with the deafening sound of his verses; and even not disdain to take our seat in the Flavian amphitheatre, or at the exhibition of the Mimes, and read the effects of alternate licentiousness and ferocity in the features of the multitude, who are, after all, the only true thermometer of a nation's condition. In this perambulation, no guide can be of such service to us as Martial. He will introduce us to all the great characters, scenes, and events of the epoch. Guided by him, we shall meet with Juvenal in the Suburra, Pliny in the Forum, and Statius at the Albanian festivals of Minerva. By his side, we shall press alike into the golden saloon and the market-place; hear the critics discuss the merits of the newest volume in the shops of the Argiletum, and the politicians canvass the consequences of the Dacian and Sarmatian wars under the arch of Titus: we shall join in the laugh of the centurions over the suicide of the last Cato, and echo the jest of the advocates upon the most recent curiosities imported from savage Britain.

Martial may be rather too lax a companion; but we must remember that the age which he depicts was openly licentious.

Generations, like individuals, have their moods and caprices, alternating between a wild freedom and a puritanical austerity. Those who portray them must enter into their spirit, and partake in some degree of their follies. We might select a graver observer, but what we gained in affected decency we should lose in artistic effect. To expect to find a faithful picture of declining Rome in the younger Pliny, appears about as hopeless as to seek for a delineation of the times of the Restoration in the pages of Jeremy Taylor. Wisdom and folly often derive their character from circumstances; and, like many things in the material world, actually interchange their nature in occupying each other's position. In an age like that of Nero or Domitian, to write epics or enchiridions is often but a grave kind of folly; to hold up vice to ridicule in an epigram, or to lash ridiculous conventionalisms with the rod of satire, is the course of true wisdom. Such, at least, is the dictum of posterity. While Pliny's solemn vanities are unread, the pungent sarcasms of Juvenal find an echo in every breast; while the Thebaid and the Archilleid scarcely preserve from oblivion the name of Statius, the epigrams of Martial are in the mouth of every generation.

It was the common sense, rather than the genius, of Martial and Juvenal that dictated to them the true mode of adapting their talents to the wants of the epoch. They knew that the religion of Jupiter had died out, and therefore abstained from expatiating with Statius upon the doings of Olympus. They knew that every kind of political interest had become extinct, and therefore refused to rant with Lucan on the old laws of the Republic, or to become rhyming Livys with Valerius Flaccus. Epics were out of season, but the vices and follies which had grown out of the ruins of their liberties and belief furnished the richest material for satire and epigram. Martial and Juvenal reproduced the age in the only manner in which its degenerate features could be reflected. In the hands of the one, the Latin dialect assumed something of the simplicity and elegance which had marked its Augustan triumphs. In the hands of the other, it seemed to remount to its origin, and adding to its primitive vigour the brilliancy of its grandest development, to surpass the splendour of the Augustan epoch itself.

Flaccus had attempted to persuade Martial, with an air of freezing gravity, that in employing his pen upon so low a subject as human manners, he was degrading his talents, and recommended battle-fields, senates, and Olympian councils, as the only themes in which a great poet should engage. Our trifler, however, attempted to undeceive him, and asserting the

superior usefulness of his own compositions, turned the tables on his epic-struck hero.

- ¹ "Nescis, crede mihi, quid sint epigrammata, Flacce,
 Qui tantum lusus illa, jocosque putas.
 Ille magis ludit, qui scribit prandia sævi
 Tereos, aut cœnam, crude Thyesta, tuam,
 Aut puero liquidas aptantem Dædalon alas,
 Pascentem Siculas aut Polpyhemon oves.
 A nostris procul est omnis vesica libellis :
 Musa nec insano syrmate nostra tumet.
 Illa tamen laudant omnes, mirantur, adorant.
 Confiteor: *laudant illa, sed ista legunt.*"

Lib. iv. Ep. 49.

And, again, with reference to these mythological fables, he asks,

- ² "Quid te vana juvant miseræ ludibria chartæ ?
 Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiasque ;
 Invenies : hominem pagina nostra sapit."

Lib. x. Ep. 4.

Juvenal adduces the Argonautics of the same Flaccus, in proof of the folly of the epic mania of the time, and the mythological episodes with which it was interlarded:—

- ³ "Nota magis nulli domus est sua quam mihi lucus
 Martis et Æoliis vicinum rupibus antrum

¹ We have in some instances selected or supplied translations which present Martial in a modern dress, as the best means of conveying his piquancy to the English reader.

You little know what epigram contains,
 Who deem it but a jest in jocund strains.
 He rather jokes, who writes what horrid meat
 The plagued Thyestes, and vexed Tereus eat ;
 Or tells who robbed the boy with melting wings ;
 Or of the shepherd Polyphemos sings.
 Our muse disdains by fustian to excel,
 By rant to rattle, or in buskins swell.
 Though turgid themes all men admire, adore,
 Be well assured they read my poems more.

Lib. iv. Ep. 49.

- ² Ah! quit these dabblers in romantic sphere,
 And take a dose of genuine nature here,
 Nor wretch, nor ghost, nor fairy here you scan,
 No monster we present—but that called man.

Lib. iv. Ep. 49.

- ³ No man can take a more familiar note
 Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grot,

Vulcani: quid agant venti, quas torqueat umbras
 Æacus, unde alius furtivæ devehat aurum
 Pelliculæ; quantas jaculetur Monychus ornos
 Frontonis platani convulsaque marmora clamant
 Semper et assiduo ruptæ lectore columnæ."

Sat. i. 7.

And a little further on he restricts his muse to the same topics as Martial:—

"Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
 Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli."

Sat. i. 85.

In an age suckled on an outworn creed, and exhausted of its religious beliefs before it reached the stage of puberty, the attempt at versifying theogonies must have been ludicrously inappropriate. We know of no modern standard by which the burlesque could be estimated, unless by that of expounding Wesley in a theatre, or reciting Tillotson in a betting-club.

It was this chaos and fermentation of opinion, in which opposite elements were seemingly passing into each other's province, that suggested to Martial those striking paradoxes and analogies which have constituted him the greatest epigrammatist of all time. Society was undergoing rapid transformation,—many of its features were in a state of confusion, in which the boundary lines of good and evil were effaced, and extremes might be said to meet. It only needed a poet of sufficient capacity to track the startling vicissitudes of things, and produce, by their combinations, effects in the spiritual world as striking as those of the chemist in physical combinations of an analogous character. Virtue and vice may be so far overstrained as to defeat their objects, and it is to the keen perception of the absurdities which such exaggerations are ever producing in society, that Martial owes the foundation of his fame. Rome, in his day, was over-run with heirless misers. He endeavours to argue these gentry out of their miserable parsimony, by showing them that the only wealth we can always possess is that which we give away.

Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow
 From Etna's top, or tortured ghosts below;
 I know by rote the famed exploits of Greece,
 The Centaur's fury, and the golden fleece;
 Through the thick shades the eternal scribbler bawls,
 And shakes the statues on their pedestals.

Juvenal, Sat. i. c. 7.

"What humankind desire, and what they shun,
 Rage, passion, pleasures, impotence of will,
 Shall this satirical collection fill.

Ibid. 85.

- ⁵ "Callidus effracta nummos fur auferet arca.
 Prosternet patrios impia flamma Lares.
 Debitor usuram pariter, sortemque negabit.
 Non reddet sterilis semina jacta seges.
 Dispensatorem fallax spoliabit amica :
 Mercibus extructus obruet unda rates.
 Extra fortunam est quicquid donatur amicis.
 Quas dederis, solas semper habebis opes."

Lib. v. Ep. 43.

Again, how much counsel is administered to the same fraternity in one line:—

- ⁶ "Rape, congere, aufer, posside : *relinquendum est.*"

Lib. viii. Ep. 44.

To one Tucca, who was undermining his constitution by the extravagances in which a great fortune provoked him to indulge, he very ingeniously wrote—

- ⁷ "Vis dicam, male sit cur tibi Tucca? bene est."

Lib. x. Ep. 13.

In one line he frequently asserts a fact, and deduces from it in the next a startling paradox—

- ⁸ "Habet Africanus millies, et tamen captat;
 Fortuna multis dat nimis, satis nulli."

Lib. xii. Ep. 10.

This reflux of opposite principles into each other, and the analogies which they suggest in the physical world, struck Lord Bacon, and helped him to ascend to the platform of his first philosophy. It is singular, that the only book in the first century which seems written in defiance of all reflection, should be

- ⁵ Thieves may break locks, and with your cash retire,
 Your ancient seat may be consumed with fire,
 Debtors refuse to pay you what they owe,
 A barren field destroy the seed you sow;
 You may be plundered by the girl you prize,
 Your ships may sink with all their merchandise;
 But he who gives so much from fate secures—
 That is the only wealth for ever yours.

Lib. v. Ep. 43.

- ⁶ Heap, scrape, oppress, use every fraudulent art;
 Oh! dismal thought! your wealth and you must part!

Lib. viii. Ep. 44.

- ⁷ Your easy fortune makes you thus uneasy.

Lib. x. Ep. 13.

- ⁸ He fawns for more, though he his thousands own :
 Fortune gives some too much, enough to none.

Lib. xii. Ep. 10.

capable of affording us the most reflection; that the jest of one age should become the aphorism of another, and the banter of licentious Rome not find an unseemly place in the pulpits of Great Britain.

The spirit of startling paradox, which the disorganized elements of the age awakened in Martial, accompanied all his jests, and gave to them that peculiar pungency which has preserved their original freshness, notwithstanding the perpetually shifting phases of society, and the revolutions of eighteen centuries. If he applies his powers to unmask the motives of men, he proves himself as great a master of contrast as when he shows that the very means by which they sought to attain their ends landed them in opposite results. How laconically he lays open the object of Gemellus, who is seeking the hand of a rich heiress, evidently the victim of consumption.

9 " *Petit Gemellus nuptias Maronillæ,
Et cupit, et instat, et precatur, et donat.
Adeone pulchra est? immo foedius nil est:
Quid ergo in illa petitur et placet? tussit.*"

Lib. i. Ep. 11.

Those who had fortunes in Martial's days, so far indulged in the unbounded licentiousness which Rome afforded them as to be deprived of the consolations of a family, and find their later years accompanied by troops of parasites, in lieu of affectionate heirs, who strove, by gifts and flattering attentions, to glide into the old millionaires' wills, while they watched over the decaying body with the ravenous impatience of a vulture. To one of these sympathetic gentry, the following epigram is addressed:—

10 " *Munera quod senibus, viduisque ingentia mittis,
Vis te munificum, Gargiliane, vocem?
Sordidius nihil est, nihil est te spurcius uno,
Qui potes insidias dona vocare tuas.*

9 *Strephon most fierce besieges Chloe,
A nymph not over young or showy.
What then can Strephon's love provoke?
A charming paralytic stroke.*

Lib. i. Ep. 11.

10 *When to the old and widowed, boons you send,
Dare you, my friend, munificence pretend?
More sordid never was a wretch than you,
Who can your snares with names of gifts endue.*

Sic avidis fallax indulget piscibus hamus :
 Callida sic stultas decipit esca feras.
 Quid sit largiri, quid sit donare, docebo.
 Si nescis : dona, Gargiliane, mihi."

Lib. iv. Ep. 56.

Further on, he endeavours to open the eyes of one of the victims,

¹¹ "Munera qui tibi dat locupleti, Guare, senique,
 Si sapis, et sentis, hic tibi ait, morere."

Lib. viii. Ep. 27.

A certain Phileros had buried his seventh wife—who, we suppose, was with the rest an heiress—upon his estate. He is complimented by Martial on his fields being more fruitful than other people's:—

¹² "Septima jam, Phileros, tibi conditur uxor in agro.
 Plus nulli, Phileros, quam tibi reddit ager."

Lib. x. Ep. 43.

We think, however, that the joke has been improved by its modern dress. Horace Walpole relates a saying of a Lord Lennox, of his day, who, being felicitated on an advantageous marriage with the usual good wishes about the honey-moon, replied, "You mistake, my friend, about the honey-moon: it is harvest-moon for me." To defeat these fortune-hunters, who, instead of offering incense to Venus, were only concerting a scheme to make their pot boil, Plato proposed, in his Republic, to couple the sexes by lottery, and Lady Mary Montague petitioned the House of Commons to incapacitate ladies from inheriting dowries or pin-money. Martial, though for another reason, declares himself of the same mind:—

Thus the insidious hook displays the wiles,
 And the betraying bait the beast beguiles.
 If you desire a generous mind to show,
 Your gifts on me, a starving wretch, bestow.

Lib. iv. Ep. 56.

¹¹ You are rich and old : to you they presents send :
 Don't you perceive, they bid you die, my friend.

Lib. viii. Ep. 27..

¹² Seven wives ! and in one grave ! There is not found,
 On the whole globe, a richer spot of ground.

Lib. x. Ep. 43.

- 13 "Uxorem quare locupletem ducere nolim
 Quæritis? uxori nubere nolo meæ.
 Inferior matrona suo sit, Prisce, marito,
 Non aliter fuerint femina virque pares."

Lib. viii. Ep. 12.

But no one was more ready than our epigrammatist, when a rich widow presented herself, in getting rid of his scruples, as his subsequent marriage with Marcella proved. In accordance with the theory, that connubial felicity is the result of equality of condition and similarity of manners, he affects surprise at the want of harmony where such conditions are fulfilled:—

- 14 "Cum sitis similes, paresque vita,
 Uxor pessima, pessimus maritus,
 Miror, non bene convenire vobis."

Lib. viii. Ep. 35.

In another place, Martial chronicles the achievements of a lady who was no less remarkable than Phileros:—

- 15 "Inscripsit tumulo septem celebrata virorum,
 Se fecisse Chloë: quid pote simplicius?"

Lib. ix. Ep. 16.

And in the previous book he implores Venus to join the Chloes and the Phileroses together, that one funeral might suffice both:—

- 16 "Effert uxores Fabius, Christilla maritos,
 Funereamque toris quassat uterque facem.
 Victores committe Venus, quos iste manebit
 Exitus, una duos ut Libitina ferat."

Lib. viii. Ep. 43.

- 13 A dowried dame I ne'er shall take to wife,
 Lest she take me to husband and to strife.
 Inferior, Priscus, must the female be,
 Else wedded parity we should not see.

Lib. viii. Ep. xii.

- 14 When you so well agree in life,
 The vilest husband, and the vilest wife,
 'Tis strange that ever you should live in strife.

Lib. viii. Ep. 35.

- 15 In Stepney churchyard, seven tombs in a row,
 For the reader's soft sympathy call;
 On each—"My dear husband lies buried below,
 And Chloe's the widow to all."

Lib. ix. Ep. 16.

- 16 Ann buries all her husbands, George his wives:
 By both alike the undertaker thrives.
 Here let them stop, and plight a mutual troth,
 One common funeral, then, would serve them both.

Lib. viii. Ep. 43.

Martial was too poor not to have occasion to turn his wit to account with his creditors, and accordingly we find him endeavouring to laugh them out of their bills, with a humour quite as racy as that of Fox and Sheridan, and a brilliancy of paradox calculated to fascinate the heart of an attorney. Martial's theory was, that no one could owe money but him who was able to pay; that Providence, in depriving man of the means, had released him from the obligation of discharging his debts, and that sending bills to a coinless debtor was only making him a present of so much money,—at least such is the theory he gravely propounds to Phœbus:—

- 17 "Quadringentorum reddis mihi, Phœbe, tabellas:
Centum da potius mutua, Phœbe, mihi.
Quære alium, cui te tam vano munere jactes:
Quod tibi non possum solvere, Phœbe, meum est."
Lib. ix. Ep. 105.

The same ingenious doctrine he applies to Sextus, who was as little encumbered with money as himself:

- 18 "Sexte, nihil debes; nil debes, Sexte, fatemur.
Debet enim, si quis solvere, Sexte, potest."
Lib. ii. Ep. 3.

Martial lectures one Thelesinus—who refused to lend him money without a mortgage—upon the absurdity of placing that trust in senseless objects which he refused to an old companion; and asks him whether, if pounced upon by the informer, and driven into banishment, trees and fields would administer consolation, and follow him into exile:

- 19 "Cum rogo te nummos sine pignore, Non habeo, inquis:
Idem, si pro me spondet agellus, habes.
Quod mihi non credis veteri, Thelesine, sodali,
Credis colliculis, arboribusque meis.

- 17 My bond of four hundred you proudly present,
One hundred, kind Phœbus, I'd rather you lent.
In the eyes of another such bounty may shine;
Whate'er I can't pay you, dear Phœbus, is mine.
Lib. ix. Ep. 105.

- 18 You say you nothing owe; and so I say:
He only owes who something has to pay.
Lib. ii. Ep. 3.

- 19 If I want money, you my claims deny:
But grant it, if my field's security.
That to my acres and my trees you lend,
Which you refuse, to help an ancient friend.
Are you indicted for a breach of laws:
Go to my fields, and let them plead your cause.

Ecce reum Carus te detulit : adsit agellus.
Exilii comitem quæris ? agellus eat."

Lib. xii. Ep. 25.

Bassus was like our poet. In his purchases he affected the greatest unconcern about the price ; because it was not his intention to pay :

²⁰ "Emit lacernas millibus decem Bassus
Tyrias coloris optimi ; lucrificet.
Adeo bene emit ? inquis : immo non solvit."

Lib. viii. Ep. 10.

If Zoilus is honest, he is a great cheat ; for his countenance proves him to be a rogue :

²¹ "Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læsus,
Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es."

Lib. xii. Ep. 54.

Who has not acknowledged the force of the distich, in which Martial banters an acquaintance, on being so cheerful and yet so crabbed—so familiar, and withal so forbidding, that he finds it no less difficult to part with him than to keep his company ?

²² "Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem ;
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te."

Lib. xii. Ep. 47.

Equally pungent is the hyperbole on a barber who was so slow in his operation, that while he scraped away one beard another grew up in its place :

"Eutrapelus tonsor dum circuit ora Luperci,
Expingitque genas : altera barba subit."

Lib. vii. Ep. 81.

Want you a friend, your banishment to ease :
Let my fields travel with you, if they please.

Lib. xii. Ep. 25.

²⁰ Gay Bassus, for ten thousand bought
A Tyrian robe of rich array,
And was a gainer. How ? Be taught.
The prudent Bassus did not pay.

Lib. viii. Ep. 10.

²¹ Thy beard and head are of a different dye ;
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye ;
With all these tokens of a knave complete,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a precious cheat.

Lib. xii. Ep. 54.

²² In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow ;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, or without thee.

Lib. xii. Ep. 47.

Rome was not only full of misers, debauchees, legacy-hunters, fortune-seekers, and impoverished poets, but of professed atheists, who inculcated their negations with all the zeal of French propagandists. Though Martial had more sympathy for this class than for any of the others, he could not resist a joke at the expense of one of its adherents :

23 " Nullos esse deos, inane cœlum
Affirmat Selius, probatque ; quod se
Factum, dum negat hæc, videt beatum."

Lib. iv. Ep. 21.

Upon religious subjects, as well as upon every other serious topic, Martial, like the wise man of the Stoics, was infinitely above having an opinion. If he leant to any belief, it was to that of a Providence quite regardless of the petty actions of men ; so that, in this respect, there was no difference, save a speculative one, between him and Selius. At all events, disbelief and even ridicule of the established Olympus, which had been imported from Greece in the baggage of the imperial armies, was universal ; and Martial makes as free with its deities as if they had been the gnomes and goblins of some recognised fiction. Though a starving poet, he affects to scorn the banquets of Jupiter, and loses no opportunity of placing Domitian above him. The tyrant, in his building mania, had lavished so much ornament on the temples of the gods, that his laureat takes occasion to tell him that, if he called in his debts, Olympus would have to be put under the auctioneer's hammer, and knocked down to the highest bidder ; and that, even then, Jupiter himself must be bankrupt :

24 " Quantum jam superis, Cæsar, cœloque dedisti,
Si repetas, et si creditor esse velis ;
Grandis in ætherio licet auctio fiat Olympo,
Coganturque dei vendere quicquid habent :
Conturbabit Atlas, et non erit uncia tota,
Decidat tecum qua pater ipse deum.

23 That there's no god, John gravely swears,
And quotes, in proof, his own affairs ;
For how should such an atheist thrive,
If there was any god alive ?

Lib. iv. Ep. 21.

24 If, Cæsar, thou should'st from great Jove reclaim
All thou hast lent to dignify his name ;
Should a fair auction rend Olympus' hall,
And the just gods be forced to sell their all,
The bankrupt Atlas not a twelfth could pay,
To meet thy claims upon the reckoning day ;

Expectes, et sustineas, Auguste, necesse est :
Nam tibi quod solvat, non habet arca Jovis."

Lib. ix. Ep. 4.

Juvenal, also, never misses an occasion of deriding the monstrous polytheism of the Romans; and even in the thirteenth satire, which is especially devoted to prove that all the evils which afflict his time are to be traced to the abandonment of their shrines, he heaps on them the most unflinching ridicule. What can exceed the refined railery of the social manners of the deities before the world was corrupted (Sat. xiii. v. 39)! He cannot even state the requests which a virtuous mind should proffer to the gods, without laughing at them. After teaching us to pray for a sound mind in a sound body—a brave soul, fearless of death—

"Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano :
Fortem posce animum ; mortis terrore carentem."

he tells us that our own wisdom is sufficient for us, and that Providence alone supplies the place of all the divinities :

"Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia ; nos te
Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam cœloque locamus."

This deep scepticism was not confined to the poets and wits of the epoch, but actually invaded the opinions of its philosophical writers and historians. The elder Pliny took as much pains as his Verulamian prototype to collect a natural history ; but he interpreted his facts as disproving, instead of indicating the presence of a Providence in the universe. The letters of his nephew, who inherited both his fortune and opinions, are one laboured panegyric of virtue and wisdom ; yet he never tries to rescue the moral government of the world from the capricious destiny to which the general unbelief had consigned it. Even Tacitus was as perplexed upon this grave topic as any of his contemporaries, and relieves himself from the burden of an opinion by a crowd of such conditional expressions as—*Si quis piorum manibus locus : si non cum corpore extinguuntur magnæ animæ*—to which the most zealous Spinozist might affix his name. The national religion was regarded with secret derision by every one capable of reflection, and its gods found no worshippers beyond the elderly female class of the community. It is astonishing to reflect by what a strange concatenation of

Do not oblige great Jove, then, to compound,
Who could not pay thee sixpence in the pound.

Lib. ix. Ep. 4.

cause and effect such infinite pains should be taken to instruct the youth of Christian Europe in the fables of Greek and Latin mythology, which had fallen into contempt even before Rome ceased to be heathen.

While religious scepticism was thus in the ascendant, morality, public and private, had reached its lowest landmark. Those incitements to vice, of which our laws prohibit even the sale, were, as Juvenal assures us in a satire (Sat. ii., near the commencement), specially levelled against the sensualism of the period, publicly paraded in every street, and filled the infant mind with impressions that stifled the development of its moral nature. The only part of their mythology for which the people seemed to have any relish was that which administered to the passions, so easily excited; and the only temples that could command a crowd were those of Flora and the Bona Dea. At the festivals of these deities, before the Roman day had sunk to its short-lived twilight, crowds not only of courtesans, but of orderly matrons, might be seen wending their way to the shrines of these goddesses in the *Via Sacra*, not simply with unveiled breasts or with bodies negligently exposed, but in an absolute state of nudity. In the spacious and magnificent baths, which the prodigality of successive emperors had reared in the imperial city, both sexes were indulged, at the vile price of a farthing, in promiscuous bathing. In the crowded theatres, when the first scenes of the play had been acted, and the minds of the auditors were inflamed with obscene verses, a sea of voices usually called out *Nudentur mimæ*, and the order was no sooner issued than obeyed. (Valerius Maximus, lib. ii. c. 5.) Obscenities far more polluting than any to be seen in the worst penny theatre that attracts the dregs of our London population, were enacted in the Flavian amphitheatre for the amusement of the emperor and the highest ranks of Rome; and crimes at which we now shudder as unnatural cleave to the greatest names of that epoch. Vice had attacked the *foyers* of society, and families were expiring so fast that a premium was offered to the man who should transmit a legitimate offspring to posterity. Human kind was gradually dying out, and if the process of dissolution had continued unchecked by the infusion of a purer blood and a chaster creed, the race must have become extinct.

In those whose mission it is to paint such an epoch, and who in order to do so must largely imbibe its spirit, we cannot expect either delicate images or refined sentiments. The characteristics of an impure age cannot be vividly depicted in modest language and a mysterious phraseology. Vices cannot be derided unless their peculiarities are described, and satire requires it, objects to

be stripped before its lash can be applied. Martial was a frolicsome poet, with no particular business on his hands, unless to become acquainted with all the scandals of Rome, and to give them a place in his pages; we need not, therefore, lift up our hands in astonishment that he should show himself quite amenable to the course of human nature, in now and then appearing to relish the follies he derides. A banterer in an impure age is inevitably immodest; but we do not know that Martial, with far greater inducements, has surpassed in prurient imagery either Rabelais or Cervantes. With the contemporaries of Martial every notion of spiritual dignity was deadened, nor had they arrived at that ceremonious delicacy which enabled them to abuse each other with the greatest politeness. On the contrary, they called things by their right names; a spade with them was a spade. The expressions which excite the most dangerous fancies in our minds were accepted by them as simple designations of so many natural phenomena. No writer, even of the most puritanical age, was more fastidious than the younger Pliny, and yet there are many of his Hendecasyllables, of which even Congreve or Mrs. Behn might be ashamed.

Though Juvenal nowhere exhibits the same predilection for vice as Martial, his descriptions in the sixth and ninth satires betray a lurking inclination to dwell upon its most alluring features. They are written in a similar spirit to

. "those confessions,
Which make the reader envy the transgressions."

The truth is, Juvenal's indignation was rather of the head than the heart. He was led to attack vice rather in default of a better subject for the display of his declamatory powers, than from any deep-rooted antipathy to the thing itself. When wearied with writing against libertinism, he used to fling his pen aside and go in quest of such sweets as the object of his satire might afford. At least, we have the authority of Martial, who was his bosom friend, for his recreations with the courtesans of the Suburra, and the pleasure he took in elbowing the gay throng in the Celian, whom he so much affected to despise. Of the three epigrams which our poet addressed to his companion (Lib. vii. Ep. 23; v. 91; xii. Ep. 18), each contains indecencies of a glaring character. Is it probable that loose jests would have been found side by side with the warmest assurances of friendship, had not the Roman satirist freely indulged in the impressions which such topics are calculated to excite?

There were, however, minds which stood out in bold contrast with the general corruption of the time, and were ready to brave the extremest tortures in defence of an opinion. The Stoics and

cynical philosophers had established a species of monasticism in the centre of the prevalent corruption, in which the precepts of evangelical councils were as vigorously maintained and as rigorously practised as in the community of St. Dominic. These men allowed their beards to grow, went shoeless, and issued from their garrets clad in coarse linen to make war upon the corruptions of an effeminate city. The Christians, though not so conspicuous, were more numerous, and followed them in their contempt of death and indifference to the goods of fortune. When criminated by the emperor, the former opened their veins with all the coolness of a man sitting down to dinner; the latter demanded death with all the eagerness with which their modern successors solicit a bishopric. So tranquilly did both parties quit the scene, such ravishing accounts did they transmit of the pleasures of dying, that suicide rapidly grew into fashion. The Dacians were said to meet death as readily as they set out on a party of pleasure, in the expectation that Xamolcis was in attendance on the other side of Orcus to conduct them to seats of felicity. It was reserved for the sterner sections of the Romans to seek in self-destruction an escape from mere life-weariness, without any settled convictions as to the sequel of the act. Carrillius Rufus starved himself to death in the midst of an endeared circle of friends, in order to escape gouty feet. Silius Italicus had a slight tumour in his eye: he immediately retired to his bath, and opened his veins. A certain Metellus, in spite of the clamorous exhortations of his relatives, stopped his breath from mere *ennui* of existence. Martial is at some pains to prove to a millionaire—one Chremio, who was meditating a similar voyage to Hades—that life, however burdened with pleasures and encumbered with joys, might be borne. Friends were invited to witness the graceful exit, and learned, from the tranquillity of the actor, to invite death with equal calmness and indifference. When dying thus became an amusement, the law was cheated of its highest penalty, and the imperial tyrant deprived of one of his greatest terrors, men preferring, even on the slightest suspicion of their fate, to open their veins, or rush upon their own swords, rather than to await the doubtful chance of being dismissed by that of the emperor. The weaker sex appeared to have imbibed some portion of the constancy of their heroic lords; and Martial has transmitted their cheerful sufferings, bland deaths, and cruel joys, (*hilarum pœnam, blandasque mortes, gaudiumque crudele,*) to the wonder of posterity. Some of these heroines, when every other escape from life was removed by their suspicious relatives, swallowed red-hot ashes; (Lib. i. Ep. 43;) others, in the absence of poison or the lancet, stopped their breath, or dashed their heads against the wall;

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and in the well-known story of Poetus and Arria, we have an instance of a wife who encouraged her hesitating husband to inflict the final stroke by plunging the dagger first into her own bosom. (Lib. i. Ep. 14.)

The rage for dying, however, was confined to that class who maintained an active war on the vices and scepticism of the epoch, and sought, by their actions and writings, to wrest the age from the fatal bent it had taken. While the crowd were twining their hair with roses, and singing gay songs as they passed round the goblet of Falernian, entirely dead to any other pursuit than pleasure, these worthies were administering to their jibes by living on herbs and roots, by forswearing the slightest approach to social comfort, by uttering startling paradoxes on the pleasures of mortification, and turning an emaciated face on the orgies of the Bacchanal. The Christians, whom Juvenal describes as an *ingens multitudo* under Nero, concealed under a more smiling exterior austerities as uninviting as those of the Stoics, and by adding charity and humility to their harsher virtues, exhibited a higher type of human excellence. Extremes may be said to have met. The most corrupt days of the empire saw the purest followers of Christ, and the most faithful disciples of Zeno.

The various shades of contrast which sprang out of this light and darkness of civilization can hardly be said to have traversed the boundary of practical life. The antagonism of manners passed into the antagonism of sect, unaccompanied by a war of words. The Christians and philosophers certainly were active, and, by means of epistles, sermons, and enchiridions, kept up a hot fire on the corrupt practices of the age; but, beyond an occasional jest, the only answer of the Epicureans was a loose canzonet, or a sly allusion to the eccentric habits of the writers as a *primâ facie* evidence of their insanity. The neglect of metaphysical research, and the low state of natural science, deprived the pleasure-mongers of that epoch of any shelter from ingenious theories baptized with the name of philosophy. Their sole representative in the intellectual world was the poet, and his plea was, from the shortness of human life, to deduce the necessity of flinging aside all serious cares, and spending every moment in enjoyment. Such is the burden of many of Martial's epigrams, and, to a certain extent, we may admit their truth. The following is addressed to a friend who was always postponing his pleasures:—

²⁵ "Gaudia non remeant, sed fugitiva volant.
Hæc utraque manu, complexuque asserere toto :

²⁵ Joy tarries not ; it nimbly fleets away.
E'en so detained, it scarcely deigns to stay.

Sæpe fluent imo sic quoque lapsa sinu.
Non est, crede mihi, sapientis dicere, Vivam.
Sera nimis vita est crastina : vive hodie."

Lib. i. Ep. 16.

After asking Posthumus where the to-morrow is to be found to which he is constantly putting off his enjoyments, he concludes:—

26 "Cras vives : hodie jam vivere, Postume, serum est ;
Ille sapit quisquis, Postume, vixit heri."

Lib. v. Ep. 59.

Doubtless, behind all this there was a code of latent opinions ; such as, that death was probably an eternal sleep ; that the highest destiny of human nature was sensual enjoyment ; that the virtues which the philosophers enforced were in direct antagonism to the organization of man, and his relation to the sensible world ; but to draw out these opinions in logical sequence, and marshal them with sufficient strategy to ensure their triumph over the paradoxes of their opponents, was a task of too grave a character for the loose wits of the Suburra. According to their system, he was the wisest mortal who could make the smallest amount of time subservient to the greatest degree of pleasure : to have embarked in the turmoil of a philosophical discussion would have been a contradiction to their principal tenets.

Though the ethics of the age were necessarily of a one-sided character, they exhibited a novelty of view, and a depth of research and penetration, that make the treatises to which they gave birth standards for all time. What the ninety-fifth of the Olympiads was to mental analysis—what the sixteenth century was to physical science,—the middle of the first century was to ethics. As, at the regeneration of positive science, so now, a sun-burst of illumination shone in from the East, which opened a new era in the moral progress of our species. Then, for the first time, went abroad those mysterious whisperings about grace, as the only salient fountain of goodness, and a new class of feelings and ideas was introduced by the development of a principle assumed to be miraculous in its agency, and which professed to place the cynics in antagonism to the very virtue for which they were flinging away their lives. The age saw a band of illiterate men eclipse,

Then seize it fast ; embrace it ere it flies ;
In the embrace it vanishes and dies.
I'll live to-morrow, will a wise man say ?
To-morrow is too late : then live to-day.

Lib. i. Ep. 16.

28 To-morrow live ! It is too late to-day.
The wise man, Posthumus, lived yesterday.

Lib. v. Ep. 59.

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not only by their preaching but by their pens, the influence of the wisest philosophers of Rome and Greece, and lay the foundations of a creed that was destined to overturn the old religion, and, lodging itself securely in the heart of great nations, to defy for ages the progress of society, or the changes of civilization, to affect the continuity of its empire. A strange spirit was striving in men's minds, which threatened to tear up reason by the roots, and infuse into them the belief that all knowledge was to be reached by intuition. The stoics and academics, however, were not without a wish to domesticate this stranger, and many were the voyages undertaken to the tribes of Upper Egypt, to the Magi of the Persians, and the Brahmins of India, to discover its origin, and learn its relations to the old systems, that, in accordance with the flexibility of the ancient mythology, it might assume a place among their dogmas. The ethereal visitant, however, aspired to be the nucleus of a system, the spring of a new revelation, and shook to pieces the fancies of the erudite pagans, who attempted, inconsistently, to reconcile it with the doctrines of causation taught in their schools; while taking irresistible possession of the minds of the unlearned multitude, it assimilated all to itself, and achieved, to some extent, the moral regeneration of society. Never was issue taken so calculated to confound human reason. The very men who, by their talents and extensive erudition, seem destined to direct an age, beheld the intellectual empire suddenly wrenched from their grasp by publicans and labourers, and their schools forsaken for the harangues of men fresh from the fishing-net and the plough!

No one, however, can look into the Gentile writings of the period, without perceiving, in spite of their many inconsistencies, a wonderful advance upon the old systems, of which they were the expositors. The partitions of sects were broken down, a bold tone of independence assumed, and truth declared to be the object of research, irrespective of the garb under which it lay concealed, or the company in which it was to be found. A spirit of compromise among the philosophical belligerents was the result, and the boundaries which had divided the hostile camps began to disappear in the rage for universal eclecticism, to which even the stubborn nature of Judaism afforded no exception. The theurgies of Apollonius of Tyana present a combination of Brahminical rites with the cult of Grecian mythology and the political part of the Roman religion. The theogony of Philo Judæus blends all the elements of oriental mysticism with Rabbinical traditions and Grecian philosophy. The *Memorabilia* of Musonius and the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus partake as much of the doctrines of the New Academy as the morals of Plutarch are

akin to the opinions of Zeno. Even Josephus manifests a strong bias for much of the heathen philosophy, and it would not be difficult to show that, as all more or less approximated to the Christian dogmas, so the Gospels contain fragmentary portions of the systems they condemn.

To the customary obliviousness of one section of an age for the doings of the other, this period forms no exception. Even with all the means of intercommunication the nineteenth century affords, it is impossible for the pleasure-seeking portion of the community to understand the movements or appreciate the feelings of their austere cotemporaries; but at a period when neither party organs nor public reviews of any shape existed, the wits and the reformers dreamt as little of each other's existence as if they had been separated by wide gaps of centuries and continents. Though a revolution was abroad which was rapidly transforming the moral as well as the political aspect of the world, Martial and Juvenal appear to be quite insensible to the earthquake moving under their feet. They saw the Christians dragged before the Prætor, and hurried to the butchery of the Flavian amphitheatre, without bestowing on them any further notice than if they had been a flock of sheep. St. John, as the tradition goes, had been banished to Patmos, and was writing the Apocalypse, while Martial was polishing his Epigrams; but we might as well expect two persons situated at the antipodes, or living in different eras of civilization, to chronicle each other's movements, as to find a notice of the Evangelist in the pages of the poet.

The bearded sages of the schools, however, were more noticeable than the Christians, and as they made Rome the centre of their operations, and daily assembled in the market-place, they necessarily kept the eyes of the public continually upon their movements. If their books were unread, and their moral influence neutralized by the frivolities of the epoch, at least their political importance was not without its weight, and daily made itself felt in cabals against the State. What the French ideologists were to the absolute governments of their day, the philosophers were to the emperors. The independence which had been banished from the Forum, assumed, in their hands, the guise of moral liberty, and stimulated by the regrets that the recollections of the Republic were calculated to inspire, was constantly breaking out into invectives against the military, and conspiracies against the State. The centurions knew that their greatest enemies were in the camp of Stoicism, and directed the thunders of Domitian upon a society which sheathed a standing organization against his government under discussions about the freedom of the will. The tyrant issued an edict for their banishment, and at a stroke dispersed a band of celebrities over every

part of the habitable world. Plutarch, though anything but a disciple of the Porch, was obliged to give up his professorship, and retire into his native city. Telesinus, who had adopted philosophy through the teaching of the Tyanean Apollonius, chose rather to leave Rome as a philosopher than to remain in it as consul. Dion, surnamed the golden-mouthed, was among the crowd: he retired to Dacia, where he lived as a day-labourer, having with him for his only consolation one of Plato's dialogues and one of Demosthenes' orations. Epictetus was obliged to take up his crutch and walk, and Apollonius sped on invisible wings to meet his friend Damis in Cappadocia.

The centurions, who were great *persifleurs* even in the times of Horace, doubtless laughed over their cheap victory quite as much as the French *gens-d'armes* when they recently packed off a bundle of similar commodities to Algeria; but the cotemporary writers are silent as to the banishment, except Pliny and Tacitus, and they only cite the circumstance in proof of the savage character of Domitian. In his endeavour to sketch a monster, the historian ascribes the ostracism of the philosophers to Domitian's absolute horror of truth and virtue. It is clear, however, that he felt their hand upon his throat. They had already removed Nero, and were preparing to despatch him. Like the new French autocrat, Domitian was only beforehand with them in the stroke.

The Roman emperors acted as the authorities in France are now doing, and as, in fact, absolutism must always act to preserve its own existence. They built their power upon the army, the priests, and the great mass of the people, and reposing with security upon this triune basis, rode rough-shod over the interests of the aristocracy and intelligent classes. The results of this policy had been consummated under Domitian, and was producing its worst fruits. The puerile forms of liberty, behind which Augustus had consolidated an immense despotism, totally disappeared under Tiberius, and in the reign of his predecessors a generation had grown up habituated to the worst impressions of slavery, and divested even of the memory of civil liberty. Instead of those glorious contests for political franchises, which drove their progenitors to the Aventine Mount, the only agitation in which the people now took interest was the animal cry for bread and spectacles; and as long as these were conceded, they beheld with an unconcerned eye the prætorian bands barter the imperial crown for donatives, the highest families of the State driven into exile, and their estates confiscated to supply the demands of a licentious soldiery. The knights were dumb; the senators were walking shadows; and all were slaves. Tacitus asserts that it was penal in his time to praise great men,

as Domitian was ever ready to send those who manifested any regrets for bygone glories to join the shades of the heroes whom they lamented. Modern autocrats have been content with burning the book they condemned; Domitian threw the writer also into the flames. The pious wish which Caligula had merely ejaculated, that all the splendid productions of the intellect might be destroyed, and the names of their creators erased out of the public memory, this prince proceeded in his more desperate humours to accomplish. All the great minds of the age were gagged; the images of defunct heroes burnt in the marketplace; and an attempt made to abolish, along with the voice of the Roman people and the liberty of the senate, the memory and the conscience of mankind.

At least, such is the picture of Tacitus; and though it partakes too much of the declamation of the period, it is hardly incorrect in its general features. Domitian was not wanting in that inconsistency of character of which all tyrants necessarily partake when they domineer over a fluctuating epoch, and only in so far is the pencil of Tacitus unfaithful. While he persecuted authors, he despatched amanuenses to transcribe the most famous works in the Alexandrian museum. While he burnt books, he established libraries. In every suit in which his favourites were interested, he did not scruple to adapt the law to their caprices, and yet executed judges for following his example. While his favourite pastimes were the most abhorrent forms of sensualism, he carried his horror for unchastity so far as to bury vestal virgins alive on whom the breath of slander had breathed the slightest aspersion.

Some clue may be found to this opposition of manners, in the struggle of a weak mind to reconcile the degenerate lusts of his nature with an honest fame, and to render every action subservient to the most inordinate vanity. He patronized literature to acquire the reputation of Mæcenas; he persecuted authors to perpetuate his dictatorship, and prevent their splendour from eclipsing his own. The weakest head in the empire had, by the boasted wisdom and world-embracing policy of Rome, found itself at the head of affairs, and was naturally seized with a wish, in accordance with the usual course of nature, to carry its accidental pre-eminence in civil matters into every other department where excellence could be shown, and appear in all the lord of the ascendant. To this attempt may be traced all the convulsions of his reign. That no one might be great but Domitian, victorious generals were either poisoned or proscribed, successful authors hunted into obscurity, wealthy citizens pillaged, the forum silenced, the senate degraded, and the whole attention of the imperial city turned upon spectacles, in which he was either

the sole performer or arbitrator. The only healthy form which this passion took was that of architectural splendour, and it ornamented Rome with costly edifices almost as quickly as it divested its inhabitants of every manly art and noble feeling. The contentions for political franchises had given place to the factions of the circus. The spot where demigods had struggled for the civil freedom of the world was occupied by the miserable scuffles of charioteers. In the last age, Cato and Brutus were the names which kept the world awake; now it was Scorpion and Incitatus. Well might Martial exclaim, "*Tempora, quid faciunt!*"*

The void which had been created in the public mind, by the transfer of political power from the hands of the tribunes and patricians to the palace of the Cæsars, the Flavian amphitheatre was specially designed to fill. In its immense circle, every spectacle calculated to pander to the taste of a vicious people, to arouse their brutality, or excite their imagination, was produced on the highest scale of grandeur. By the aid of machinery, which the Romans called *pegmata*, erected at a vast expense, arrangements were made to represent all the fables of Roman mythology. ("*De Spect.*" ii. v. 5.) By the agency of these structures, men found their way up into the clouds with apparent wings, and flying bulls were made to carry fictitious Hercules'. Dacian savages impersonated Orpheus, and were duly torn in pieces by boars. The fable of Dædalus was a favourite performance, and water was not wanting in the pit of the amphitheatre to render the representation complete. When the mythological legends began to tire, recourse was had to the old traditions of the empire. These scenes were diversified by bestial and gladiatorial combats. Lions were pitted against tigers, the elephant against the rhinoceros, the bull against the boar, and the savage Dacian against each of these animals. To the pastime thus afforded, not only the vulgar crowd congregated, but the court and nearly all the high families it had left in possession of their estates and fortunes. The time spent by our middle classes in commerce, and by our aristocracy in directing the affairs of the State, was thrown away upon an amusement which amalgamated the minds of both with the common herd in one stream of savage brutality. Of course, everything like refinement of intellect died away under such a process. The upper classes, who are the pioneers of intellectual progression, were dragged down to the level of the dregs of the populace; and society, destitute of rational guides, rushed headlong to ruin.

The age was not sterile in great minds, but a torpor sat upon

* *Lib. vi. Ep. 40.*

their souls, and they felt themselves without the power to interfere. If Domitian were removed, the imperial crown would again be tossed in the baggage of the imperial armies, and another tyrant equally ferocious raised on the shields of the prætorians. Were arguments resorted to instead of blows, the people, engrossed in the sweets of licentious indulgence, could not stop to be reasoned out of their pleasures; and Domitian had already felt the force of such conclusions as an insult to his power, and destroyed every stoic who had attempted to regenerate his subjects. The only alternative was silence. The younger Pliny confined himself to his Hendecasyllables; Quintilian dropped down from the orator into the grammarian; Juvenal threw aside his declamations, and toyed with the gay throng in the Suburra. Tacitus, with a round, unthinking face, looked on the sad spectacle from the Quindecimviral College, as if he was the last person whom it ought to concern; Martial and Statius, born poor, and obliged to write in order to live, made the best of their situation, and flattered Domitian. The one centred in the tyrant all the cares of Olympus, and is never weary of tracing his lineage from Jupiter and Minerva, of whom Domitian, in defiance of the proprieties of Grecian mythology, delighted to be called the son. The other actually placed him above Jupiter, and described his mock fights and bought victories as triumphs which Mars might envy. Silius Italicus, who had not the excuse of poverty, and was generally considered rigidly honest, frequently goes out of his way in the "Punics" (Pun. iii. 618) to offer Domitian the most preposterous compliments. Quintilian addressed the tyrant as the sublimest, most learned and accomplished of the poets, accepted his childish vaunt that he was the son of a virgin goddess, and represented his literary reputation as eclipsed only by his resplendent virtues. Martial wrote a book in praise of the very spectacles that had so great a share in the deterioration of humanity. Thus genius followed in the wake of the age, and was actually fomenting the evils that threatened to involve the destruction of man.

Martial's praises of the warlike character of Domitian, if applied to Trajan, would be sublime; but when we remember they were wasted upon a man who never saw a battle, or heard the sound of a trumpet except at a show, the splendid images to which they give rise are lost in a sense of absurdity. It is a strange characteristic in Martial, and brings to mind Waller's famous reply to Charles II., about poetry never being so much at home as in fiction, that the only lines in which he approached to anything like startling sublimity should be wasted upon the buffoonery of Domitian. We may search in vain the works of any laureat, ancient or modern, for verses which can even ap-

proximate to the dazzling allusions with which Martial crowds the sonnet in which he invites Cæsar from the north :—

- 27 " Phosphore, redde diem : quid gaudia nostra moraris ?
 Cæsare venturo, Phosphore, redde diem.
 Roma rogat : placide numquid te pigra Bootæ
 Plaustra vehunt, lento quod nimis igne venis ?
 Ledæo poteras abducere Cyllaron astro :
 Ipse suo cedit nunc tibi Castor equo.
 Quid cupidum Titana tenes ? jam Xanthus, et Æthon
 Fræna volunt : vigilat Memnonis alma parens.
 Tarda tamen nitidæ non cedunt sidera luci,
 Et cupit Ausonium Luna videre ducem.
 Jam, Cæsar, vel nocte veni : stent astra licebit,
 Non deerit populo, te veniente, dies."

Lib. viii. Ep. 21.

Even in the joyous moments of the poet, when all thoughts of patronage are supposed to be drowned in cups of Falernian, he catches at every occasion to shower compliments on one who loaded him with nothing but empty titles. (Lib. ix., Ep. 14.) How gracefully he passes from passionate kisses to the praises of Cæsar :—

- 28 " Basia da nobis, Diadumene, pressa ; quot inquis ?
 Oceani fluctus me numerare jubes ;
 Et maris Ægæi sparsas per litora conchas,
 Et quæ Cecropio monte vagantur apes ;
 Quæque sonant pleno vocesque, manusque theatro,
 Cum populus subiti Cæsaris ora videt."

Lib. vi. Ep. 34.

- 27 Phosphor, bring light : why in the east delay ?
 To Cæsar come, announce the gleaming day.
 Rome begs thee speed, impatient of her joys,
 And bids thee lash thy chariot up the skies.
 Unyoke Cyllaron from the Ledeon star,
 Castor himself will lend his horse for war.
 Apollo's coursers both desire the rein :
 Why in the east the eager sun detain ?
 Aurora waits. But yet the spangled night
 Will not give room to the more glorious light :
 The moon desires to see the Ausonian king.
 Come Cæsar, then, thy spoils and trophies bring ;
 For though the stars their revolutions stay,
 When thou art here we shall not want the day.

Lib. viii. Ep. 21.

- 28 Kiss sweetly, fairest boy. How oft ? sayst thou.
 The ocean waves you bid me number now ;
 Or shells upon the Ægean shore to count ;
 Or bees that swarm about the Athenian mount ;
 Or in the theatre the people's cheers,
 When Cæsar first in royal pomp appears.

Lib. vi. Ep. 34.

Again, he elevates Cæsar's palace above the most gigantic structures of antiquity, and equals it to heaven; but only to tell us that it is not large enough to contain its lord (Lib. viii. Ep. 36.)

However graceful and easy these compliments may appear, there can be little doubt they were wrung from Martial by the exigencies of his position. He lived in times when no reading public can be said to have existed, and when adulation and servility were the sole avenue to the patronage of the great. Flattery had long been the only means by which the greatest writers could eke out a decent competence. Habit had rendered its application natural and graceful, and to it were the Romans indebted for the sweetest verses of Tibullus, some of the most graceful passages in Horace, and the most splendid lines of Virgil. In following the examples of these illustrious authors, Martial selected such traits in Domitian's character as were least deserving of censure, and succumbed to the necessities of his position with the greatest splendour of talent and at the least possible expense to honesty. He certainly attempted to palm upon the miserable Romans Domitian's bought triumphs for real victories, and even insinuated that chastity was not the least of that profligate prince's virtues; yet we do not find a line in which he either approves of the cruelties of his patron or insults the victims on whose heads they were showered. Though he encouraged many of the vanities and follies of the emperor, his voice never echoed the applause of a degraded band of courtiers who drowned the cries of the oppressed in laudations of the oppressors. If we found no excuse for the poet laureate of Domitian in the exigencies of hunger, or in the discriminating character of his panegyric, we still might find a parallel for his adulation in Bacon's fulsome compliments to the first of the Stuarts, or in Southey's birth-day odes on the most licentious of modern princes.

While Martial was flattering Domitian for his pretended triumphs in Dacia, whence the tyrant had returned without seeing an enemy, Agricola was extending the Roman conquests from the Forth to the Tay, and transmitting, for the hilarity of the loose wits of Rome and for the historical disquisitions of his son-in-law, accounts of the savage Britons. The policy which inoculated this island with the arts and customs of the empire, and made the Roman standards the advanced posts of civilization in the transfluvian provinces of the Danube, was simply the extension of a plan to assimilate the barbarous organization of foreign communities to the structure of Roman society, and was introduced by Julius Cæsar; who, in this instance, employed for consolidating the empire, the very means that were most calculated to loosen its members,

and precipitate their disruption. From the days of the Republic, the quæstors and proconsuls of the provinces were instructed to respect the institutions of their barbarous subjects, in the same despatches which ordered them to levy the most exorbitant tributes; and Cicero is at some pains to prove to his brother Quintus, who was governor of an Asiatic province, the justice of protecting the customs, while pillaging the property of his subjects. The proconsul might dip his hand as deep into the treasury as he pleased, provided he respected the savage ignorance of the people whom he plundered. The barbarism of the country must be revered, its wealth only abstracted; the nation was to be pillaged with courtesy, and reduced to the verge of ruin with all the forms of politeness. Cæsar, whose cosmopolite policy Agricola and the other Roman governors followed, reversed the process. The provinces like Britain insensibly lost even the memory of their savage independence in the rage for Roman luxury and refinement; and a stream of provincials was poured upon the capitol, attracted either by the honours of the senate, the patronage of the great, or the pleasures of a licentious city. Spain supplied Rome with poets and orators; Britain with handsome women; Achaia with philosophers; Gaul with legists; Germany with soldiers, and, a few generations later, with invaders and conquerors. That fusion of nations which was consummated by the migration of the German races was gradually stealing on, and paving the way for the easier advance of Catholic humanity.

Such appears to be the real purpose of this social phenomenon, of which the great Cæsar was only the blind instrument. It was impossible to reconcile Christianity with the traditions of the empire, or with the provinces which it had subjugated. The ancient mythes, the memory of ancestral deeds, which had thrown such glory and authority upon their inheritors, drew the minds of men in one direction; while Christianity, with its precepts and injunctions, inclined them to another. It seemed, therefore, necessary that these national characteristics should be effaced, but in such a manner as was consistent with the orderly progress of humanity. Since the maintenance of primitive records, the intellectual bequests of olden time, seems a special condition of this advancement, it was requisite that the nucleus of the new nations should assimilate the sound parts of the organism of the old, in order that whatever was reconcileable in the patrimony of antiquity with the spirit of the new creed might be preserved, and whatever was hostile to it rejected. This, as it appears to us, was the grand social problem which the change of government initiated and the consolidation of the empire worked out. The irruption of the northern races, to

which the policy of Cæsar finally led, 'only imparted a more decided character to the process, and gave a forecast of the new combination into which society was to be resolved. It removed all doubt that the Teutonic race was to form the predominating element and the source of vigour, but at the same time made it equally undeniable that the civilization of the already half-changed Roman, combined with Christianity, should exercise a decided influence in forming the genius of the new nations.

Though the marks of this great transformation were written in prominent characters on the surface of the age, we search in vain for any legible enunciation of them in the great writers of the epoch. The blind old man in the isle of Patmos had certainly recorded visions which modern divines have construed into a correct interpretation of the social phenomena of the time; but their glosses must be read by another light than that of reason, and many of them involve conflicting views. The profoundest historian the human race ever produced to record its own achievements hardly seems aware of the material facts of the change, which he doubtless flung aside as too vulgar for one sitting in the antechamber of kings; and he leaves us to infer, by logical sequence, from his own narrative, the leading springs that were evolving the scenes of the mighty panorama he describes. The philosophers were too much engaged in disquisitions of abstract morality to meddle with political phenomena. Pliny was the only literary statesman of the time; but he regarded events from the same point of view as Tacitus, whom he looked up to as his model. Reason never seems to have grappled with the social questions of the epoch. The learned, no less than the unthinking multitude, looked on the course affairs were taking as a matter of capricious destiny.

Martial was a fortuitous instance of the cosmopolite tendency of Cæsar's policy; of which the two Senecas, Lucan, and Quintilian, fellow countrymen of the epigrammatist, had been the most recent Spanish fruits. What the different European provinces are to their respective capitals, all the civilized parts of the political world were to imperial Rome. As soon as the natives, with the benign assistance of the proconsuls, had thrown off their barbarism, every one possessing the least accomplishment, or the most trifling charm of grace or feature, believed that, to make a fortune, his presence in the imperial city was alone requisite. The picturesque groups which assembled round the monuments of the capitol from every quarter of the globe, in pursuit of the same interests and pleasures, struck the eye of Martial; and he has, after his usual manner, made it the occasion of an elegant compliment to the emperor:

- 29 " *Quæ tam seposita est, quæ gens tam barbara, Cæsar,
 Ex qua spectator non sit in urbe tua ?
 Venit ab Orpheo cultor Rhodopeius Hæmo,
 Venit et epoto Sarmata pastus equo,
 Et qui prima bibit deprensi flumina Nili.
 Et quem supremæ Tethyos unda ferit.
 Festinavit Arabs, festinavere Sabæi,
 Et Cilices nimbis hic maduere suis.
 Crinibus in nodum tortis venere Sicambri,
 Atque aliter tortis crinibus Æthiopes.
 Vox diversa sonat : populorum est vox tamen una,
 Cum verus patriæ diceris esse pater.*"

Spect. Lib. Ep. 3.

The handsome women that Rome imported from Great Britain struck Martial's eye in like manner, and he has left us an account of one who might fairly contest the apple of Paris with the beauties of Athens and Rome.

- 30 " *Claudia cæruleis cum sit Rufina Britannis
 Edita, quam Latæ pectora plebis habet !
 Quale decus formæ ! Romanam credere matres
 Italides possunt, Attides esse suam.
 Di bene, quod sancto peperit fœcunda marito,
 Quot sperat generos, quotque puella nurus !
 Sic placeat superis, ut conjuge gaudeat uno,
 Et semper natis gaudeat illa tribus.*"

Lib. xi. Ep. 54.

- 29 What scene sequestered, or what rude renown,
 Send no spectators to the imperial town ?
 The Rhodopeian hind here scours the plains,
 And tunes from Hemus his Orphean strains ;
 Sarmatians, Cæsar, hie thy works to see,
 And their proud horses share their masters' glee ;
 They come who first the rising Nile explore,
 And they who hear remotest Tethys' roar ;
 The Arab hastes, the Sabean hither flies,
 And the Cilician spurs his native skies ;
 With tortured tresses, here Sicambrians gay,
 There Ethiops stroll along the crowded way.
 'Mid various tongues, but one glad voice we find,
 Which hails thee father of converged mankind.

Spect. Lib. Ep. 3.

- 30 Though British skies first beamed on Claudia's face,
 Her beauty far outvies the Latin race :
 E'en Grecian nymphs her form cannot excel,
 Or Roman matrons play the queen so well.
 Ye powers ! how blest must her possessor be !
 What progeny will climb the mother's knee.
 Kind Heaven, grant her constant love to share,
 And may three boys reward her tender care.

The rapid emigration of provincial fortune-hunters to the capitol could not take place without unsettling many of the old elements of Roman society, and accordingly we find traces in Martial of the gradual emancipation of commerce and the manual arts from the slavish condition to which they were subjected under the Republic. A cobbler, by attention to business, had managed to purchase an estate, and retire upon a competency sufficient to place at his command all the luxuries of society; at which our poet gets enraged, threatens to throw his ink out of the window, and curses his parents for teaching him letters, while the art of Crispin could conduct to fortune. (Lib. 9, Ep. 7.)

To the varied characters which such transformations of fortune drew to the capitol, is to be ascribed the fidelity of Martial's portraits to the general lineaments of human nature. Rome presented him with types of humanity, diversified by every variety of custom, climate, and religion; and, like a gifted artist, he caught its prominent and essential features, and defied time to change the fidelity of the likeness while the race exists; at all events, though eighteen hundred years have passed away, the pictures which he drew are so true to the organism of our nature, that they remain pictures still. What rich man has not a *Menogene* among his acquaintances!

- 31 "Effugere in thermis, et circa balnea non est
 Menogenen, omni tu licet arte velis.
 Captabit tepidum dextra, lævaque trigonem,
 Imputet exceptas ut tibi sæpe pilas.
 Colliget, et referet lapsum de pulvere follem,
 Et si jam lotus, jam soleatus erit.
 Lintea si sumas, nive candidiora loquetur,
 Sint licet infantis sordidiora sinu.
 Exiguos secto comentem dente capillos,
 Dicet Achilleas disposuisse comas.

-
- 31 To breakfast, if to Ranelagh you stray,
 And Supple meet, he's not shook off that day.
 The boiling kettle with both hands he'll seize,
 And hand the cakes that you may sit at ease;
 If in the stream the wind your beaver blows,
 To pick it up he drenches all his clothes.
 If you take snuff, your box he magnifies,
 Although of iron, and the lowest price;
 Then with his comb will set young master's hair.
 And swear no wig can with those locks compare
 Attends him to the necessary place,
 And wipes a drop of sweat from off his face.

Omnia laudabit, mirabitur omnia, donec
Perpessus dicas tædia mille, veni."

Lib. xii. Ep. 84.

Or what speculator does not meet with his Sextus when he goes to borrow?

³² "Emi seu puerum, togamve pexam
Seu tres, ut puto, quatuorve libras :
Sextus protinus ille fœnerator,
Quem nostis veterem meum sodalem,
Ne quid forte petam, timet cavetque,
Et secum, sed ut audiam, susurrat,
Septem millia debeo Secundo,
Phœbo quatuor, undecim Phileto,
Et quadrans mihi nullus est in arca.
O grande ingenium mei sodalis!
Durum est, Sexte, negare, cum rogaris.
Quanto durius, antequam rogeris !"

Lib. ii. Ep. 44.

The reader will distinguish in the fop of the Suburra quite the same lineaments as we encounter in New Bond Street.

³³ "Cotile, bellus homo es : dicunt hoc, Cotile, multi,
Audio : sed quid sit, dic mihi, bellus homo ?
Bellus homo est flexo qui digerit ordine crines :
Balsama qui semper, cinnama semper olet :

All he admires and praises, till, in fine,
Fatigued you cry, "To-day pray with us dine."

Lib. xii. Ep. 84.

³² The scrivener, who of late so rich is grown,
Whom we have long so intimately known,
Saw my coat laced, my boy in livery wait,
And on my sideboard sparkle heaps of plate,
He thence concludes I'm now extravagant,
And fearing I may his assistance want,
He mumbles to himself, that I may hear,
"My God! what will become of me this year!
Seven thousand pounds to Gripe, to Shylock four,
I owe; and to my broker as much more,
And I have not one farthing in my chest."
O, my conceited friend's ingenious jest :
To ask and be denied is hard, all know ;
Before you ask, is most extremely so.

Lib. ii. Ep. 44.

³³ You are a beau, as all the world proclaim :
But pray explain what constitutes the name :
A beau is one who curls and powders well,
And scatters round him a perfumed smell,

Cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat :
 Qui movet in varios brachia volsa modos :
 Inter fœmineas tota qui luce cathedras
 Desidet, atque aliqua semper in aure sonat :
 Qui legit hinc, illinc missas, scribitque tabellas :
 Pallia vicini qui refugit cubiti :
 Qui scit, quam quis amet, qui per convivia currit :
 Hirpini veteres qui bene novit avos."

Lib. iii. Ep. 63.

The would-be-rich man who pledged his ring to buy his supper, and then, with an affected air of superb negligence, strutted down the middle of the thoroughfare as if possessed of thousands (Lib. ii. Ep. 47), may yet be met with in our leading streets, and the character of Mamurra equally belongs to our own time.

³⁴ " In septis Mamurra diu, multumque vagatus,
 Hic ubi Roma suas aurea vexat opes,
 Inspexit molles pueros, oculisque comedit.

Inde satur mensas, et opertos exuit orbes,
 Expositumque alte pingue poposcit ebur,
 Est testudineum mensus quater hexaclinon,
 Ingemuit citro non satis esse suo.
 Consuluit nares, an olerent æra Corinthon :
 Culpavit statuas et Polyclete tuas.

Can hum an opera air, or brisk or grave,
 And his white hand in every gesture wave,
 Sitting the live-long day among the fair,
 And ever tattling something in their ear,
 Still writing nonsense, sending billet-doux,
 And fears you'd touch his stockings with your shoes,
 Knows who loves whom ; to every visit runs ;
 Talks of a lord, a horse, their sires and sons.
 Of a fine man, is this the account you bring ?
 This is a beau, a very trifling thing.

Lib. iii. Ep. 63.

³⁴ Vain-love the live-long day strolls up and down,
 To view the choicest rarities in town.
 Ravished, admires a Ganymede's soft mien,
 Not such as is at common auctions seen,
 But an old painting, capital and rare,
 Shown to the curious, and preserved with care ;
 Then takes an inlaid table from its case ;
 Searches a china jar or marble vase ;
 A Turkey carpet measures ten times o'er,
 And grieves it is too little for its floor ;
 Of right Japan then judges by the nose,
 And his contempt for D'Orsay's judgment shows ;

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Et turbata brevi questus crystallina vitro,
 Myrrhina signavit, seposuitque decem.
 Expendit veteres calathos, et si qua fuerunt
 Pocula Mentorea nobilitata manu.
 Et virides picto gemmas numeravit in auro,
 Quicquid et in nivea grandius aure sonat.
 Sardonychæ veros mensa quæsit in omni,
 Et pretium magnis fecit iaspidibus.
 Undecima lassus cum jam discederet hora,
 Asse duos calices emit, et ipse tulit."

Lib. ix. Ep. 60.

Numerous was the brood of young men who flocked to Rome in order to study law, at a time when no such thing could be truly said to exist, and the small fry of the writers and versifiers of the epoch, as of our day, sprung from the ranks of those who had relinquished that pursuit, seduced by the pleasures of the city, or the superior attractions of literature. Martial, though an example of this kind himself, felt too poignantly its bitter fruits to allow any of his friends to enter on the same course without a protest. He thus addresses Flaccus:

³⁵ "O mihi curarum pretium non vile mearum,
 Flaccæ, Antenorei spes, et alumne Laris.
 Pierios differ cantusque chorosque sororum:
 Æs dabit ex istis nulla puella tibi.
 Quid petis à Phœbo? nummos habet arca Minervæ:
 Hæc sapit, hæc omnes fœnerat una deos.
 Quid possent hederæ Bacchi dare? Palladis arbor
 Inclinat varias pondere nigra comas.

Finds the French wares too much to glass allied,
 The Dresden, therefore, marks and sets aside;
 Baskets of filigree he then takes up,
 By Kent ennobled weighs a golden cup;
 Numbers the jewels that a ring may bear,
 And wants a pendant for a lady's ear;
 Looks till he diamonds of true water find,
 Then sighs they are too small to suit his mind.
 At length fatigued, the hour of dinner come,
 He buys—two earthen plates, and bears them home.

Lib. ix. Ep. 60.

³⁵ Though midst the noblest poets thou hast place,
 Flaccus, the offspring of Antenor's race;
 Renounce the Muses' songs and charming quire,
 For none of them enrich, though they inspire.
 Court not Apollo, Pallas has the gold,
 She's wise, and does the gods in mortgage hold.
 What profit is there in an ivy wreath?
 Its fruits the loaden olive sinks beneath.

Præter aquas Helicon, et sarta, lyrasque deorum
 Nil habet, et magnum semper inane sophos.
 Quid tibi cum Cirrha? quid cum Permessidos unda?
 Romanum propius, divitiusque forum est.
 Illic æra sonant: at circum pulpita nostra,
 Et steriles cathedras, basia sola crepant."

Lib. i. Ep. 77.

There are few poets to whom the same advice has not been administered in modern times. The Muses, however, are no less seductive than the Syrens; and after one has revelled in their company, homilies and jeremiads are equally useless. Flaccus refused to quit Helicon even to become rich. Martial could hardly be in earnest, to recommend a friend to a course which he scorned himself.

Rome, if we may judge from the frequent citations of Pliny and Martial, swarmed with versifiers, home and foreign, who, as they met with no encouragement of a substantial kind, agreed to sustain each other by mutual panegyric and quotation. Canius Rufus of Cadiz was, according to Martial (Lib. iii. Ep. 20), a very versatile poet, who found himself equally at home in epics, elegiacs, comedy, or tragedy. On the same authority, his wife Theophila was in no respect inferior to Sappho. Decianus and Licianus were both natives of the Peninsula, and, of course, equal to Virgil. A certain Lucius is designated (Lib. iv. Ep. 55) as the glory of his time, and is without scruple compared with Horace. Martial, in an attempt to vary his adulation, tells one Unicus, that he yielded only to his brother in the poetic art (Lib. xii. Ep. 43), a compliment sufficiently ambiguous to be true, for it is pretty certain that both have long since yielded to obscurity. If we ventured to draw upon Pliny, the catalogue might easily be quadrupled; but we fear we have tired the patience of the reader, and willingly resign the task of constellating these luminaries to Fabricius and his editors.

From this crowd of authors, it might be imagined that Mæcenases were to be found in every street, and that an eager public were ready to mob the book-stalls on the appearance of the next canto. But poets never fell on more unseasonable times: through the expense entailed by the difficulties of tran-

In Helicon there's nought but springs and bays,
 The Muses' harps loud sounding empty praise.
 What with Parnassus streams hast thou to do?
 The Roman forum's rich, and nearer too.
 There chinks the cash: but round the poet's chair,
 The smacks of kisses only fill the air.

Lib. i. Ep. 77.

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scribing, the circulation of their works was necessarily confined to the wealthier classes; and to find patrons among these, in the middle of the first century, was a task which the best of them failed to accomplish. Martial and Statius were the great celebrities of the epoch; both dined with the emperor; both were admitted to the highest privileges which the court had to bestow, and lived on terms of easy familiarity with the great; and yet Savage and Otway were not more neglected, or allowed more poignantly to feel the cruel hardships of poverty. Statius was obliged to sell his celebrated tragedy of "Agave" for bread; and during the time that all Rome ran to hear him recite his "Thebaid" at the quinquennial games, was hardly able to provide for the common decencies of life (Juvenal, Sat. 7). Martial, when his fame had spread through the empire, and his books were thumbed by the lieutenants of Dacia and the centurions of Britain, was absolutely whining for food and clothes in the capitol, while mimes and charioteers lived on the daintiest fare, and were clad in purple and fine linen. His description of Mævius is only a flattering representation of himself:—

36 "Jucundus, probus, innocens, amicus,
Lingua doctus utraque, cujus unum est.
Sed magnum vitium, quod est poeta,
Pullo Mævius alget in cucullo:
Cocco mulio fulget Incitatus."

Lib. x. Ep. 76.

This was a necessary consequence of the degeneracy of the period. The claim of literature to pre-eminence, which is grounded on its being a direct agent in the advance of civilization, can only be recognised in a progressive society. In an age of retrogression, that claim is reversed. The sensual taste of the people drags everything after it in an inverted order. Pleasure, growing daily less refined in the selection of its objects, becomes the principal pursuit. Literature can then only be considered in the light of an agreeable amusement, and its cultivators must give place to those who are prepared to furnish quicker stimulants to the faded appetites of the senses.

There were, however, many alleviations of the misery to which impoverished writers were subjected in this epoch, in the

36 Pleasant, sincere, good-natured, meek,
Well skilled in Latin and in Greek,
Who hath no individual crime,
But that he is possest with rhyme;
Should he, half starved, wear seedy black,
While grooms have gold upon their back?

Lib. x. Ep. 76.

public life of Rome, and the liberal spirit which had thrown open the costly buildings of the capitol to the enjoyment of the meanest citizen. Owing to the severity of our climate, and our *penchant* for domestic seclusion, the leisure hours of Englishmen are passed within doors. We have no porticos to saunter in, no baths to frequent. Neither can we lounge in temples, over the most beautiful productions of Grecian painting and sculpture, or sit in gardens while our wearied senses find repose in the lull of fountains and the incense of flowers; but as soon as we put our heads out of doors everything wears the most stern and uninviting prospect. A long line of quadrangular houses, flanking a broad pavement, whose possession is stoutly contested by a throng of prosaic pedestrians, is the only sight on which the intellectual man can feed. To a poet, like Savage, who has no other resource than his garret, and who is obliged to retreat into tobacco shops to write down the precious promptings of inspiration, such a state of things must be a source of infinite despair.

The misery of the needy *literati* of Rome, even in the worst days of the decadence, is not to be judged by so crushing a standard. They certainly lived in times when private parsimony was carried to its greatest extent, and when the taste of the wealthy had become brutalized by sensual excitement; but the social spirit which had been banished from the private hearth took refuge in the public edifices, and a system of communism was established, which placed everything truly valuable in Rome at the service of every class of its inhabitants. The houses of the wealthiest patricians were huts in comparison with the lofty edifices that administered to the enjoyments of the people. The gardens of Nero, the baths of Titus, the Coliseum, the Claudian portico, the temples adorned with the choicest creations of Grecian art, and the spacious halls, libraries, and theatres scattered over every quarter of the city, afforded the people some consolation for the meanness of their condition, and supplied them with every gratification short of the absolute cravings of animal life. If Martial found his garret miserable, he need only dwell in it during the night: in the morning, the Palatine library, with its double colonnade of two rows of pillars, the interstices of which were adorned with statues and pictures from the hands of the first masters, was ready to receive him. There were placed at his command, retiring rooms for private reading, public halls for recitation, and every allurement and aid to study. If he chose to read in the open air, winter and summer walks invited his devious steps, and the colossal statue of Apollo, rising out of the adjacent grounds, told him that no spot could be dearer to the god.

"Tum medium claro surgebat marmore templum,
Et patriâ Phœbo carius Ortygiâ."

Propertius Eleg., Lib. ii. 23.

To such splendour Martial's private domicile must have formed a sad contrast. He tells us it lay in the Tiburtine, which was the St. Giles of Rome (Book v. Ep. 23); and in some verses written to persuade Lupercus to purchase his books in the Argiletum, which was the Roman Paternoster-row, instead of asking the author to lend, we learn that his room lay up three pair of stairs, and that the route to it was long and tedious (Lib. i. Ep. 118).

He then proceeds to describe the shop where he was sold, and the different covers in which his books were exposed, from which it appears that even in those days there were spruce bindings and *éditions de luxe*.

37 "Contra Cæsaris est forum taberna,
Scriptis postibus hinc et inde totis,
Omnes ut cito perlegas poetas.
Illinc me pete : ne roges Atrectum,
Hoc nomen dominus gerit tabernæ.
De primo dabit, alterove nido
Rasum pumice, purpuraque cultum
Denariis tibi quinque Martialem."

Lib. i. Ep. 118.

Though no locomotives, when Martial wrote, called for railway editions, the poet had an eye to compact binding, and told his purchasers, who sought *comites longæ habere viæ*, to buy those which *arctat brevibus membrana tabellis*; and lest his readers might not know where he was sold, he again instructs them where to find his Murray (Lib. i. Ep. 3).

While resting in the imperial city, we followed his directions, and stood upon the spot where his books were cheapened. The lapse of ages, in the interim, has piled upon the site as many

37 Still you enquire, "When shall I send
My lad? to whom you'll kindly lend
A copy of your little book,
Which I shall swiftly overlook,
And send it you again with joy."
"What need you so fatigue the boy?
Long is the way to my abode,
A rough and scrambling dreary road;
Then you must mount three flight of stairs,
So steep, that each new comer swears.
Why seek so far, when you may meet
The book you want in Argus street,
Right opposite to Cæsar's square?"

Lib. i. Ep. 118.

additional strata as would suffice to entomb any house that a Roman citizen might inhabit; yet imagination was ready to picture the columns of the stall, with its book announcements, quite as interesting to the young Johnsons of that epoch as columns of a different texture in a morning cotemporary; and the portly figure of Secundus was not wanting to give animation to the scene.

Immortality is a great gift, and has been vainly struggled for by many a noble mind. The bookseller is the only personage who achieves it without an aspiration. While Time blots out in its course whole generations of cotemporary celebrities, and the names even of cities and nations, the bookseller, from his simple connexion with genius, defies its scythe, and sometimes obtains for his miserable stall a renown which is not conceded to imperial palaces. Jacob Tonson and Dodsley, Longman and Murray, are as much known in modern times as Secundus, Tryphon, Pollius, and Atrectus were in Rome, and their names will, no doubt, survive as long in the minds of posterity. Though the invention of printing makes them appear almost two distinct races, there are not wanting many analogies between them. The Roman Tonsons, it appears, were not behind their modern representatives in their appreciation of good profits; and Martial roguishly attempts to get up a similar agitation to that which has lately expired, by indirectly charging the fraternity, through one Tryphon, with hindering the circulation of books by the high percentage they placed upon the sale.

³⁸ "Omnis in hoc gracili xeniorum turba libello
Constabit nummis quatuor emta tibi.
Quatuor est nimium, poterit constare duobus,
Et faciet lucrum bibliopola Tryphon."

Lib. xiii. Ep. 3.

Authors, as well as publishers, however, were contributing, in their own quiet way, to each other's annihilation, and in another generation actually died out from mere inanition. The corruption and false mannerisms of society had dragged down literature to their own standard. Nothing would sell, and, consequently, nothing was written, that did not excite prurient fancies, and pander to the bombastic exaggerations and material tastes of the epoch. The language, whose stages of perfection had marked

³⁸ The Hospitalians here that tempt thy lore,
Of sesterces will stand thee in just four :
Four is too much ; for two you ought to buy them,
If Tryphon did not pocket so much by them.

Lib. xiii. Ep. 3.

the advance of the empire, was now as decisively entangled in its fall. In the lapse of another age, everything like literature ceased to exist. Civilization was on the point of expiring, and its voice had become mute just before it gave up the ghost.

We know not if any attempt has been made to expound the laws or trace the shades and gradations of the process by which the literature of a country so far binds up and concentrates in itself all the elements of a nation's life, as to become the pulse of their condition; but that such is the fact is indisputable. The age of Grecian as well as Roman dotage was the age in which the worst writers flourished. The grandest era of Athenian politics was the age of Sophocles and Euripides, Socrates and Plato; and when Rome had assimilated all the world to her own political and jurisprudential system, and poured into her streets all the riches of Syracuse, and all the refinements of Athens, she saw Cicero, Virgil, and Horace, and subsequently Ovid, start into being to commemorate her fame. The unity of the French empire was consolidated under Louis XIV.: his age was that of the greatest writers of France. British liberty found its highest development and security in the Act of Settlement: this was followed by the greatest epoch in English literature. We need not multiply instances, which will suggest themselves to the youngest tyro in history. A mere glance at the features of the Roman decline will suggest to us an abundance of *à priori* reasons for the verdict of experience.

The laws of mind are, in many respects, perfectly analogous to those of the body. Confine a man in jail, deny him open air and exercise, and his body falls into decrepitude. Lock up in this manner a whole generation, turn the key likewise on their descendants, and the race of man, shut out from their natural relationship with sun, air, and space, would soon become extinct. This is a feat which happily no despotism can accomplish. It can do, however, what is nearly as bad, and tends indirectly to the same result: it can steep the minds of successive generations in Cimmerian darkness: it can imprison the thought of nations: it can lock up the mouth of a people, until everything like independent expression of opinion dies out, and the mind, in the absence of that freedom which is as necessary to its preservation as locomotion to the body, becomes paralyzed through sheer inaction. This, as it appears to us, was the treatment which, in the course of a century, brought the masculine literature of Rome to the lowest stage of degeneracy. Doubtless, there were other causes, which it will be our business to state; but this was the principal, which accelerated the minor agents, if it did not necessitate their existence. When the profession of virtue became a crime in the eyes of the State, when the expression

of everything like independent opinion was banned under the charge of treason, authors were driven into a corner for subjects, and obliged to guard every expression from affording the least pretext to the lax interpretation of the informer. Shut out from those departments of literature to which the bent of their genius carried them, they either spent their force on grammars, or explored the archives of the empire, and the mythological legends of antiquity, to eke out such materials for rhyming histories and theogonies as were devoid of any real interest to the masses, and incapable of casting the slightest gleam of light upon their social condition. Minds which were thus excluded from the free range of the intellectual sphere, and forbidden to exercise their inventive faculties, soon became too palsied to deal even with mere objects of erudition. In the next age even rhyming histories and geographies, astronomical and mythological versification, ceased to be possible. The intellectual powers, vitiated by too long a confinement within the limits of these low themes, fell into decrepitude, and failed to sustain even the shadow of a literature.

Upon national morality, there cannot be a doubt of the evil effects of such a system as Augustus began and Tiberius consolidated. With the departure of freedom, the ingress of a spirit of crouching servility is concomitant; and the mind which has learned to barter principle for wealth, will not be backward to sacrifice conscience at the shrine of pleasure. The sensual passions experience no little interruption with an ignorant multitude, from the distractions which the common business of life, and the exciting topics of the day, introduce. With the upper classes, they are more or less kept in abeyance by the eager curiosity which learning excites, and the active labour to which political and literary pursuits stimulate the mind. But if all incitements to scientific and political speculations are removed by prohibitive edicts, the mind becomes so much the more a prey to its lower feelings; the passions rush in, and, filling up the void left by the secession of liberal studies, experience no arrest but that which langour and fatigue interpose. Under such a course of action, the human species must inevitably degenerate, and at every stage of the decline evince a greater appetency for brutal enjoyment.

This debasement appears to us to affect literature in a two-fold manner: a general licence in manners leads to a corresponding freedom with the recognised forms of speech; men who are not fastidious with regard to the nature and quality of their actions are not very apt to obey the nice refinements of language. In the century which stretched from the closing days of the Republic to the death of Augustus, during which the relations of

society were distinguished by the highest tone of sensible breeding, only two or three new words managed to slip into the language of Rome. In the succeeding century, when those relations were replaced by grosser conventionalities, three or four hundred new words, and as many old phrases attached to new significations, incorporated themselves with the language in defiance of its highest philosophical laws, and quite in antagonism to its idiom. We mean not to say, that the origin of so complicated an effect as the degeneracy of a language is to be traced to any one cause. Doubtless, those writers who are reduced, by penury of ideas, to pilfer the conceptions of others, must vary the language to give the stolen pictures the tint of freshness. But what led to that sterility of thought, if it was not the successive cramping of the intellectual powers, and their denudation of every honest and vigorous sentiment? and what could open the road to so direct an attack upon the genius of a language, if laxity of manners had not enfeebled the impression of the Augustan models, and flung the people upon hazardous forms of expression?

But the general licentiousness to which the transfer of political power from the Comitia to the palace of the Cæsars indirectly led, made a more trenchant assault upon the national literature from another quarter. It coarsened the taste and destroyed those delicate notions of moral beauty and exquisite finish by which the works of successful artists are called into being, and duly appreciated. The finer susceptibilities of our nature had become deadened; no picture of life and manners could make the slightest impression, unless presented with the grimace of the mask and the daub of the theatre. There was no help for it. To catch the public ear, or preserve its attention, fustian and bombast was the price; and authors did not wriggle about the payment. A stream of epics was poured upon the town, in which it is difficult to distinguish one line of natural feeling, or an approximation to moral truth. If battles were exhibited, they are far more terrible than anything we meet in Homer: the shock of the combatants is heard at the extremities of the world; the wounds of the soldiers gape like the gulf of Pythia; and they die, belching out torrents of blood. If tempests are introduced, the winds sweep away whole forests, and almost tear the earth off its axle, and whisk the stars out of the sky.* The public applauded these tirades to the very echo; and a kind of emulation was introduced

* We are sure we have not exaggerated the tone of the writings under remark. If any learned reader, who has not consulted these works, will have the courage casually to open the "*Pharsalia*," or the "*Thebaid*," the "*Argonautics*" of Valerius Flaccus, or the "*Punics*" of Silius Italicus, he will give us credit for the moderation of our censure.

to discover who could clothe the most extravagant ideas in the most pompous language.

The lessons we are to gather from these phenomena lie too near the surface to need much illustration from our pen. It is evident that when the same causes are at work, uninfluenced by any counterbalancing agency, the same results must ensue, and that any two or three of them in combination must powerfully check the advance of civilization, if they fail to arrest its progress. The maintenance of free institutions and the preservation of a healthy state of public morality become therefore an object of the greatest concern to those who are interested in the welfare of their species; and though the varied and fructifying elements of modern civilization should render the absence of these less severely felt than in the days of Roman decrepitude, such a disaster must be viewed with the most gloomy anticipations. In the permutations of our chequered history, whenever licentiousness and despotism have been found in combination, the tone of the national literature has immediately declined in proportion to their influence. The era of the second Charles was the era of illegal confiscations, of unparliamentary edicts, and systematic concubinage; it was also the epoch of rhyming tragedies, knight-errant romances, and tawdry lampoons. The age of Louis XVI. was one of aristocratic extortions and patrician despotism, in which the vast body of the people was in precisely an analogous position to the Roman serfs: it was an age of vaudevilles, serio-comic farces, mythological odes and licentious canzonets. Voltaire had yielded the sceptre of the drama to Racine *filis*, and the lyric muse sank beneath the united blows of Chamfort and Pompadour.

An empire cannot fall, and a language and a religion expire, without conveying still deeper instruction. Every step in the progress of the decay is an important warning to posterity, and hangs out a beacon to scare succeeding generations from that course where so many reputations have gone down. The true statesman cannot look into the causes which have gangrened a state, without seeking to eliminate such influences from the community whose government is confided to his hand; nor can the scholar open the pages of inferior writers, and compare them with their divine originals, without exalting his notions of moral excellence and natural beauty, and fortifying himself in the path which those standards point out. If a ruler tolerates slavery to any large extent in a state, with the example of Rome before his eyes; if a writer falls into rant and fustian with the Thebaid and Pharsalia in his hand; he commits the folly of the pilot who steers in a course which his chart tells him will lead his vessel on to rocks, and splinter her hull in pieces. Thanks

to the progressive reason of our species, if this insanity has been committed, it has been of short continuance! If we have had tyrannical monarchs, servile statesmen, and indifferent poets, the nation has soon righted itself, and taken reprisals on the Jameses, the Granvilles, and the Pasquins, by pushing them off the scene. The literature of England and France, unlike their ancient prototypes, have experienced three epochs of Augustan splendour, and have thrice risen, phoenix-like, from their ashes; but the cause of this marvellous phenomenon must be traced to the fact, that when their political independence was compromised and their morality undermined, they resolutely applied the fire and the iron to their own wounds.

If a cloud now rests upon the face of one of these nations, it can hardly be of long continuance. A country which has twice put herself at the head of European civilization—which has continued to furnish models of excellence to some of our foremost writers—will never allow, with all the elements of her strength in vigorous action, a despotism which shelters its repressive edicts under the pretext of an irregular state of society, to become the arbiter of its normal condition. If Napoleon wishes to perpetuate his influence, and transmit the nation he has so dexterously succeeded in capturing, to his successors, he must, like Louis XIV. and Richelieu, liberalize his despotism, and surround it with the pomp of the arts; and as surely as he takes this step, will the spirit of literature react upon his government, and wring out of his hands liberal institutions for an enlightened people. The multiform elements of modern civilization are too strong to decay: they cannot exist long in any country, and remain silent; and their free expression is incompatible either with subversive laws or corrupt institutions.

ART. V.—FRENCH WRITERS ON FRENCH POLICY.

1. *Les Limites de la France*. Par Al. Le Masson. broch. pp. 167. Paris. Ledoyen. 1853.
2. *Portraits Politiques Contemporains*. Par M. A. De la Guéronnière. I. Napoleon III. broch. pp. 299. Paris. Amyot, 1853.
3. *Lettres Franques*. Par F. Billot, Avocat. Paris. 1853.

THESE publications have attracted notice in the existing state of Europe, from the circumstance of their being published in a country where nothing can appear without the permission of the government. It is therefore desirable to look at them

‘con volto nè torbido, nè chiaro,’

neither giving them extravagant importance, nor setting down as the vagaries of madmen, what have circulated, with permission of the government, through cottage and barrack-room in the country of their origin.

The first has attracted additional attention, in consequence of an intimation that it has been “disavowed;” which at all events leaves it open to criticism, without breach of the courtesies due from one country to another. The author (if he does not appear in masquerade, of which there is no substantial evidence) is a royalist of the school which neither bends nor bows except before a *fait accompli*. With his will, he would stick to “the true prince” through all the accidents of life, as closely as to the ointment stirred with a pin once dipped in the matter brought by an angel for the coronation of Pepin. He would be for the Comte de Chambord *sans phrase*, and hold all degenerations in the contempt with which The True Hygeist looks upon those who afflict the public with imitations of his specific. Yet, in a case of necessity, he would make allowance for a dynasty that would mount on horseback and do something for the object for which he says all dynasties have had their being, which is to extend the frontiers to what they think they ought to be. On this subject he is eloquent till almost the last page; when he varies the tone, by intimating that there are virtues as well as talents by which the founder of a new dynasty might proceed to strengthen his position, and goes the length of referring in express words to the English alteration of dynasty in 1688, as what might be worth the attention of experimentalists under corresponding circumstances.

With the tardy variation noticed, the work may be considered as the deliberate manifesto of the party traceable in all countries under the title of the aggressive. It commences with a somewhat tedious enumeration of the hills and valleys, plains and mountains, and other geographical features of the author's country, which to a foreigner sounds like "*Nous avons une poste aux lettres*," in the provincial cicerone's account of the peculiarities of his native town. But his geographical inquiries soon take a more interesting turn. He discovers that the Rhine is by necessity the natural boundary of France, "unless we were to step over it below Dusseldorf, to take the Ems for the boundary instead, and include [*englober*] in the French territory Holland, that boggy country which is hardly anything but an alluvial deposit of the Rhine and neighbouring rivers."—" *Les Limites*," &c., p. 11.

Think of Holland, the foster-mother of civil and religious liberty, being *englobée* in the French territory, because it is an alluvial deposit of the Rhine and neighbouring rivers! The theory appears to be, that the soil of Holland has unfairly run away; that in justice it belonged to somebody else, and may therefore be pursued and captured by the original owners. If the Ems is discovered to be the proper boundary, "*Pourquoi pas l'Elbe?*" to parody what Napoleon once said of Metz. The dragon of Wantley was not more disposed to be free and easy in the gratification of his tastes; and the proposal to take Holland because it is a boggy country which has run away from the Rhine, is to be matched by nothing but the coolness with which a tropical slave-owner would propose to take territory from Mexicans or Haytians, because they were not of Anglo-Saxon race.

Other speculations, geographical and political, lead to the conclusion, that—

"France is at this day, in respect of territory and of nationality, the logical but as yet incomplete result of the concord of politics and geography, a concord which is the mark to which all nationalities tend."—p. 13.

What is to be the consequence, if all the nationalities push to their logical result at one and the same time? If Baden, for instance, and such as may back her, set up a claim to go to the Vosges, at the same time as the other party to the Black Forest? Why may not a proposal be made to take as far as the Seine because it is *not* boggy, as soon as to take Holland because it *is*? Why should not the German States moot in pamphlets the propriety of taking Alsace and Lorraine, for reasons cherished from the days, it may be, of Arminius; or Austria set forth her tendencies to the occupation of Provence and Dauphiny, with so

much of Burgundy as may be on the east side of the Rhone? It is not the dislike of the inhabitants which is to weigh; for no dislike of theirs can surpass the horror of the indwellers of that alluvial region, which is to be absorbed on the ground of the absence of primæval granite.

The author rejoices in the "*belle et longue résistance*" made by the Gauls to Rome; in which it is difficult to say he is to blame, though the Romans would say the Gauls began first. But he feels a certain joy, that the defeat of the Gauls set up the conqueror in supreme power at Rome. This is the very chivalry of love for a supreme. But the like is stated to have been attained elsewhere:—

"It was in the same way that, half a century ago, Bonaparte cut out for himself, across Italy and Egypt, a way to the throne; and that in our days, the conquerors of Algeria have, one part of them, saved civilization, and appointed a dictator, and the others given a master to France, which was in great want of it, but hardly knew where to take one."—p. 14.

Non noster hic sermo. It is what the author says for himself and friends, in their enjoyment of the liberty of the press. This "*besoin d'un maître*," under the trying circumstances of not knowing where to look for him, is what in many other countries would not be confessed. At the same time it may be doubted whether the opinion is universal. It is like the declaration, that in the Transatlantic world the first necessary of life to the coloured races is a steady driver.

Much rugged research is expended to prove, that kings have existed in the author's country for no purpose but to carry their power to what they fixed on for their natural frontiers. Hereditary succession and the "law Salique" are praised, as "leaving no pretext for pretenders, keeping foreign families away from the throne, maintaining the State in quiet, preserving the institutions of the country, ameliorated by time, and without convulsions."—p. 25.

A review of the wars of France from 1792 to 1815, leads to the following conclusion:—

"Every work is judged by its result; that of the wars of the Republic and the Empire is entirely null as regards territory; but that is not the greatest evil. These wars have considerably deteriorated the situation and relative power of France, by the changes they have induced in the territorial state of the Europe of 1792. Russia is aggrandized with Finland," &c.—p. 120.

Does this make out an inviting case for unnecessarily beginning again? Or does it not point to the policy of all countries drinking their good wine at home, when it is as easily done, as

after running the risk of all that may come out of the dice-box of war?

The "Restoration" behaves as well as could be expected; it intervenes in Spain against revolution, "*et dans un intérêt tout français.*" Charles X. shows his non-intelligence by supporting the Greeks against the Turks. By taking Algiers, he "destroys piracy in the Mediterranean, and opens to France the conquest of the north of Africa." A "perfidious opposition" saps the throne, and does not know what mischief it is doing. He tries a *coup d'état*, and Louis Philippe reigns in his stead.

"But the new king, too much set upon peace, thinks nothing about aggrandizing France, shows himself timid in his external policy, and by his complaisance to foreign powers, repeatedly wounds the feeling of the nation.

"Louis Philippe set out with a fault which nothing can redeem, in refusing Belgium, which was in the act of separating from Holland, and gave itself to France. The general situation of Europe, the agitation in Italy, the insurrection in Poland, rendered impossible any opposition or coalition over which France and Belgium together would not have been in a condition to triumph. The opportunity was lost, and Belgium not being able to become French, constituted itself an independent and neutral State, under the guarantee of the principal powers and of France herself, and thus made a nationality which every day grows more of an obstacle to the extension of the French territory on the side where it is most cramped and most weak."—p. 122.

There must be some enormous mistake, in supposing that Belgium ever gave itself in the manner stated; as M. Van de Weyer could testify. A comic scene might be conceived, in which a lover should fancy it was only through despair of being honoured with his hand, that his mistress was found to have decided on some other establishment in life.

Belgium being thus lost, the merits of Algeria are discussed. Algeria is not to be a colony, but "a simple prolongation of the French territory."—p. 125. But there is more connected with Algeria, though not given in immediate sequence. "France has often missed the opportunity of acquiring these *belles et fortes contrées* (Belgium and the Rhine), *continuation de son territoire, objet éternel de ses désirs et de ses besoins.* The opportunity has already presented itself once since 1815, and may speedily return. There is, at all events, a general and permanent policy which France must not let slip again, as she has done too often, and which it is good unceasingly to keep before her eyes."—p. 147.

Here follows "the general and permanent policy." The Adriatic, Alps, Rhine, and Channel, inclose (as everybody knows) "France and the two peninsulas, Spain and Italy, *et en*

font une région particulière. The French, Spaniards, and Italians, approach so nearly in language, religion, manners, and even the nature of their territory, that if it were not for the Alps and Pyrenees, they would probably form one nation. The alliance of these three countries is 'in the nature of things,' and ought to have been in all time the mark for their external policy." The old Bourbons partly realized this; Napoleon could have done it to the extent of forming them all into one colossal State, if he had not gone to Russia. A more modest course must be taken now, and every day it becomes more necessary, if the Latin race is not to be squeezed out of existence by the Slavonic and the Anglo-Saxon. Nothing can save it, but an able and vigorous policy, which should give to France the line of the Rhine, to Italy the provinces in the hands of Austria, to Spain Gibraltar and even Portugal,—which is only an English manor,—and be able to expel England from the Mediterranean. This would be a Confederation with a superb territory of 150 millions of *hectares* [a *hectare* is two acres and a half], and peopled at this day with ninety millions of souls. Spain and Italy might annex, the one Morocco and the other Tunis. The *Confédération Latine*, with the help of South America and Turkey, "would give laws to Europe, and snatch from England the empire of the seas."—p. 145.

But lest the plan should fail by the breaking down of the Latin race, the weakness of Spain, and the nullity of Italy, "France must look in other directions for support." She must find it in Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, which have not, like England, Austria, Prussia, and Germany, interests opposed to hers. But in dealing with Russia, France must take care not to be dragged in the train of such a formidable ally. As for the alliance of the United States, though it would be useful against England, it would be almost null against the continent."—p. 151.

A statement is given, in a tabular form, to show that since 1815, the alterations in territory and population have been "to the detriment of France."—p. 144. A nation sinks not only when it degenerates, or remains stationary while its rivals advance, but also when it moves less quickly than they. Such has been the fate of Venice, Holland, Spain, Turkey; and such is the fate which threatens France. "The only real way to avoid it, is to extend the French territory to at least its *limites naturelles*." This would be an augmentation of some ten millions of *hectares* with a present population of from nine to ten millions; which, added to the greater solidity of frontier, would maintain France in a respectable situation—"en attendant de plus grands changements dans l'état de l'Europe." It is a vital interest, and no vain ambition, which demands that she should not delay too long "in

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advancing herself on one side to the Alps, and on the other, at the least, to the Rhine."—p. 144.

"Objections, sophisms, Utopias, the arguments of all sorts with which people are so ready in our days to combat truth, fall of themselves before the simple considerations just presented."—p. 144.

Here is a man can answer Pilate's question, What is truth? But there is a point of comfort. Though "in the actual state of Europe, the advances of civilization and industry tend almost all of them to the silent and continuous ruin of the power of France, (a marvellous admission, and fitter for a piratical tribe than a civilized nation,) there is one—the application of steam to navigation,—which, on the contrary, might be of great use to her. With a numerous steam fleet, the passage of the Channel, either with open front or by surprise, is no greater difficulty for a French army than the passage of the Rhine; and England is no longer, as formerly, in shelter from invasion. Unfortunately France, up to the present time, has not paid sufficient attention to an invention so fortunate for her, and which might change the face of affairs in the whole world to her advantage."—p. 145.

Next follows a most doubtful fabric of theory. It is that "the countries which France has a necessity for incorporating in her territory must desire it themselves."—p. 146. "Belonging to the great region of which Paris is the centre, and the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the two seas the boundaries,—French by origin, language, manners, religion, interest,—they can do nothing but gain by becoming French in the political sense. Savoy and the Rhenish provinces would not regret the loss of a foreign rule, (something like a *petitio principii*.) Belgium would not grieve over the loss of an artificial nationality (*nationalité factice*) and altogether novel, which owes its existence to nothing but the jealousy of Europe against France. A few accidental occurrences, and a few recent and temporary interests, cannot change *la nature des choses*, and ought not to cause sight to be lost of interests that are durable and true. Whenever France has the power and will to take possession of these countries, she will find them ready to assist."—p. 146.

If with respect to Savoy and the Rhenish provinces there is something to be said on both sides, the fault is with the mismanagement of those who make the occasion. If in the Rhenish provinces there is regret for the abolition of the Code Napoleon, *who* were the political Marplots that abolished it? It is not too late to learn from an opponent.

Approaching to his conclusion, the author feels the necessity of disburthening himself of the remainder of his truly monarchical principles, and taking aim at everything he considers the oppo-

site. "After so many struggles, &c., which have settled nothing; after the revolution of 1848, the most pitiable of all and so strange a victory of anarchical ideas and passions, France must comprehend that, in refusing to let herself be governed, or in continually changing governments, she is going to her destruction. She has had the opportunity of seeing what in practice is the worth of those ingenious and seductive theories of the rights of man, equality, the sovereignty of the people, the wisdom of majorities, elective and revocable power, the independence of one generation of another, unlimited liberty of the Press. The equality of *conditions*, if it was possible, would only be to the great damage of mankind; and it would be the very utmost possible if that of *rights* could be absolutely maintained (has anybody, within the memory of man, dreamed of anything else?) Sovereignty is a principle above the scope of the human (*un principe au-dessus de l'homme*), it is the condition on which society exists, a law which the masses cannot make, and which it is their duty to receive as an acknowledged fact (*reconnaître*). The maxim that the opinion of the majority ought to be law, is of fearful application when everybody is taken into council; because the crooked and the ignorant will always be much superior in number to the enlightened and the right-minded. It is not the will of the masses that ought to be consulted, but their interest, of which they hardly ever are the judges. Liberty of the Press is a hinderance rather than assistance to the spread of opinion. It is a weapon dangerous and difficult to manage, open in appearance to everybody, but which, in reality, only a few bullies (*spadassins*) can, or know how to use, and which is consequently nothing but an instrument of tyranny, of tyranny that presses at every moment, and extends itself to everything. It is the right of pen, more unjust and more dangerous than the right of sword, because almost everybody can use a sword for his defence; besides which, the man of war is always a less ill-disposed creature than the man of controversy. The Press is nothing but speech with an indefinite power of propagation; it should not, therefore, on any account, be more free than speech, and ought to be much less. Its unlimited freedom is of no use to anybody but a set of men by themselves, who have neither the same views nor the same interests as the masses, and of whom, to the misery of everybody, it makes something like a power in the State."—p. 153.

Will not this passage be likely to make its appearance in a proper place, in proof of the attention to foreign literature, which is so excellent in statesmen?

"The surest and most straight-forward way of setting France to rights, would have been to call back the old royal family." But still it must be admitted, that "the royal family had for—

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gotten that its duty to France and to itself was to leave no effort untried, as in the times of Charles VII. and Henri IV., *pour amener le triomphe du principe qu'elle personnifie*," what that principle was, being to be collected from the extracts from p. 144. No opportunities could tempt it into activity, or make the descendant of her kings "*se jeter au milieu des événemens*, and call on her to follow."

Under these circumstances, "France turned to the heir of the Empire." He, wiser than the other heads of parties, "had the ability to see that the France of 1848 could find no safety but in her monarchical precedents, and therefore must throw herself into the arms of either the Bourbons or the Bonapartes."—p. 156.

"He presented himself resolutely, strong in the great military recollections attached to his name, and in his confidence in himself; was put at the head of the Republic, and then marched steadily on his point. After preparing everything during three years with ability and patience, he had the courage to seize the favourable moment, and by a military revolution, the third that has been owing to the Bonapartes, effected a rapid and immense transformation. Never, perhaps, was the influence of a single man upon the destinies of a country so great as in this instance. France, enervated and stupified by revolution, incapable of ridding herself of the detestable form of government under which she groaned, was waiting resignedly, without daring to look it in the face, for the anarchy which was advancing with rapid strides; when Louis Napoleon, boldly taking the offensive, ran beforehand with the danger, and happily dispersed it, and if not saved, at all events consolidated, society which was shaken to its foundations. He directly saw the whole nation at his feet, laying itself at his mercy, ready to give up all its liberties, the best and most essential as well as the worst, with a disposition to believe that it could not live under anything but a very strong power and with nothing to counterbalance, not considering to what an extent these frequent, sudden, and unreflecting passages from one form of government to another quite opposite, were wounding to its character and dignity."—p. 156.

Such is the account given of the revolution of December 1851. It would be absurd to charge it with absolute discordance with facts. One observation may usefully be made. There can be no doubt that the principal accessory cause of the success of that revolution, was the feeling, extending from the château to the cottage, that it was the *réhabilitation* of the humiliation inflicted on the country by the restoration of the Bourbons by foreign arms. The attempt had been made in 1815, and failed; and now was the time to try it again. Bad Political Economy, in the shape of Socialism, had laid the train; and this was the explosion which ensued. It was a reaction of the same kind as would have taken place in England, if William III.

had been removed by the arms of Louis XIV., and a nephew, thirty-seven years afterwards, had taken an opportunity to claim the throne. It shows how radically impolitic attempts to humiliate a great nation are. Objectors will say, that there had been little moderation in humiliating other countries. But who began? Was not the Duke of Brunswick's Manifesto, for instance, a starting in the race of wrong? Foolish wonder at the reaction would be much misplaced. It is impossible for anybody professing to reverence the opinions of Fox and of Lord Holland to say less.

It is at this point the author shows something like a disposition to conciliate the other side; but always adhering to his dogma, that the true prince would have been the best. "Louis Napoleon has the grand qualities of a statesman and a sovereign; a will unshakeable, sureness of tact, vigour of decision, valiant heart, elevated mind, bold, not much troubled with scruples. He has known how to reach the throne, and he will know how to keep there.* But however favourable for him the actual face of the board may be, the young dynasty of the Bonapartes will meet with greater obstacles, at home and abroad, than would have been found by the old family of the descendants of Capet, and will have more to do to re-make the monarchy. To establish hereditary succession and seat a dynasty, there must be time, for which nothing can be a substitute, neither genius, nor good management; and a throne is never solid, till the family which occupies it has lasted long enough to strike deep roots into the soil. The principal reason why Napoleon and Louis Philippe fell, was that they were the first,—one of a race, the other of a domestic usurpation. Hereditary succession appears difficult in the case of the Bonapartes; a disposition is felt to say, that like the Cæsars, they can only have it after an indirect and uncertain fashion, and that the throne will be found to pass incessantly

* The writer of this was introduced to Prince Louis Napoleon in London, at the time of the dissolution of Parliament in 1838. He was anxious to determine whether he could distinguish him by a likeness to any of the portraits of the Emperor. He was shown into a large central room, with the light coming from above, and various doors around. Three individuals entered together through a distant door, walking hastily and apparently conversing with one another. No trial could possibly be fairer. He fixed on the Prince instantly, by his likeness to one of the prints of Napoleon published about the time of the establishment of the Empire, considerably different from the representations familiar at later periods.

As a visitor is expected to say something, he said he had been educated among high Conservatives, and the study of the campaigns of the Emperor was the first thing that led him to more Liberal views. The successor to the Empire turned round to his French associates and said, "*Voilà comme ils disent tous.*"

from one branch to another, which cannot go on long without creating a state of things and a style of administration, which are not monarchy, but the government of the Roman emperors."—p. 158.

It is interesting to find the author alluding to the Roman emperors; because it is at all events a demonstration of freedom of thought. "The flatterers of the day," he says, "do actually compare Napoleon to Julius Cæsar, Louis Napoleon to Octavius, and even state the age to have got as far as that of Augustus; without seeming to suspect, that if this be true, it is a most unfortunate resemblance. If we are at the time of Augustus, we have got out of our civil wars and our revolutionary crises, not to recover our place on the field of history and get back into our natural track, but to arrive at decline and degradation, to fall into the æra of the Cæsars, in other words, the reign of simple force. Is that to be set down as the conclusive tendency of France at the actual period? There may be reason to fear so. Previously to 1789, all that went to fortify authority went at the same time to keep it within bounds; and even at the time when it had the *right* to do everything it liked, it had not the power, and still less the will. There were no elements at all for despotism; everything was incompatible with tyranny, and when liberty was not in the law, it was in the mind and in the manners. In the present day exactly the contrary is the case. The Revolution,—and these were its great offences,—overturned all barriers, levelled everything, pulverized everything; it was the Revolution that created the omnipotence of the general government, and the absolute centralization of power in it which have crushed the life out of everything provincial and local. Above all things, it has changed the relations between governors and governed, thrown between them a mutual and mischievous distrust, made them avowed enemies. Authority has been without moral support, but at the same time without limit; or to speak more correctly, there *has* been no authority, but only power with no boundary but force. Between the inhabitants of the country and the heads of the government, everything has been only a question of force; and despotism, which was impossible before 1789, has become not only practicable but a necessity. Such a state of things is a great moral calamity, not to be compensated by the corporeal improvement it may temporarily produce; and it may be seen in 1793, to what a depth of abasement it can make society descend."—p. 159.

It is curious to find a royalist of this calibre descanting on "the centralization of power" and the necessity of "moral support," like a speaker at an English debating society. But truths, in all mouths, are true.

He proceeds to be more particular in giving his reasons for tolerating the new government. "Be things as they may, the present government is the only possible, and the interest of the country commands it to be supported. It is monarchy, not so liberal undoubtedly as it ought to be, but such as the times will permit it. A fresh crisis, one way or the other, might end in ruin. What is wanted is, by straight-forward suggestions, reasonable demands, pressure within the limits of the law, to push the government into the good way. The actual institutions may, with a wise and moderate administration, be made liberal enough, set France again upon her feet, and make of her, not imperial Rome, but the England of 1688. It is then that Louis Napoleon, who is as yet nothing but a happy accident, will be really the saviour of France, and be able to found a new dynasty, destined to continue the work of French greatness, which nothing but monarchy can accomplish."—p. 161.

Upon this hint, there can be nothing improper in speculating on what the possibilities of such a conclusion are. The difficulties are no doubt great, and the commencement unpropitious. Deceptive appearances, too, will be got up in all directions; though if the whole country were to combine to express confidence they did not feel, their secret soul would be betrayed by the funds. But there was a large portion of the English population in 1688, who were anything but approvers of the *coup d'état* which then took place, yet afterwards became thoroughly reconciled to the consequences. But then, there *were* consequences. Upon this point the whole question seems to turn.

The difficulty of avoiding war, the author thinks will be great. If people do not make war for the pleasure of making it, so they do not always wait for necessity; the too common case is, that one thing brings on another. "To a certainty, Louis Napoleon is not going to break without warning the treaties of 1815, overrun Belgium and try an invasion of England, on one side; nor is Europe going to attack France and oppose the establishment of the Empire, on the other. To a certainty everything is much changed since 1815, men, things, and circumstances; enmities and irritating recollections have grown weaker, the spirit of industry has the upper-hand of the spirit of war, and no country at this moment appears to be dreaming of conquests. But for all that, everybody feels how slight a thing might throw Europe into war, and it may shrewdly be suspected, that the new Empire will have no lack of strong temptations to repair the disasters of the old, and be the instrument of redeeming the losses of 1814 and 1815. This must, in fact, be one of the causes of that movement unexampled in the history of France, that irresistible attraction towards Louis Napoleon."—p. 163. The attraction

has been referred to a more honourable cause, in the comment upon p. 156.

But the author returns after all à ses premiers amours, though with what he evidently intends for a moderated tone. After recounting the difficulties the Empire will have to encounter, he is found once more at the "*limites naturelles*." "Under Napoleon," he says, "they were gone beyond on many points," (history certainly records something of that nature), "but by going too far, in the end all that had been got was lost. At the present day, there is no more idea of re-making that empire than the empire of Charlemagne; but France must in some way get all that belongs to her *par droit de nature et par condition d'existence*, and finish the work which was begun by Hugues Capet, and has been carried on for eight centuries and a half. All the country between the Ocean, and the Mediterranean, the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Rhine, must end by being France, as it formerly was Gaul. If this is what the new Empire is to realize, it will deserve much better of the country than the old. But why should not the title of Emperor be changed for King? *N'est-ce pas là un des points du bonapartisme qu'il était bon de mettre de côté?*"—p. 165.

After whatever signs of promise may have been, there is a world of mischief in his peroration:—

"The natural limits, and above all the line of the Rhine,—there is the question vital for France. She may do what she likes towards clearing the large extents of country which still lie waste, making Algeria a likeness of herself, colonizing Guiana, covering her soil with railroads; all these great undertakings, which moreover she is not very likely to realize, will at most only increase her forces in the long run, and never give her what the possession of the left bank of the Rhine alone can give,—security for her capital, and the means of resisting if attacked by Europe. Let her give no credence to the Utopian notion of peace, with which certain people who make politics an affair of sentiment and not of interest, would gull the world. War is one of those ills of human societies, which contribute to their greatness and will never disappear. If France gives up all ideas of conquest and of aggrandizement,—if she goes to sleep in her tranquillity and grows hardened to the progress of her decline,—it will be a certain presage of her downfall. Every nation which has given over being ambitious, is a nation in decay. Let us hope that France has not come to that yet; that she may in these latter times have experienced degrees of lassitude, languor, and even prostration of strength; but that she has not forgotten her past, and will not be inattentive to her future."—p. 166.

This winding-up is not *Voltairien*, but Johnsonian; and in other places there are tokens of the author's acquaintance with English literature not being limited to the knowledge of the

Revolution of 1688. But what would be the result if every nation were to demand an extension of territory competent to enable it to resist if attacked by Europe? And why should every nation expect to be attacked by Europe? And if not every nation, why any? What is the imperious necessity that is to make a nation unable to sleep at nights, for fear of being attacked by Europe? Has human knowledge never pointed to any arrangement by which this necessity could be prevented? How has it been prevented in the case of individuals? Every man does not keep watchful nights, lest every other man in the world should join to attack him. If there are individuals in such unhappy case, nobody will doubt that there is something peculiar about them, which for the future at least might be amended. Great, apparently, is the progress which human knowledge might make on this kind of question, if pursued with the pertinacity employed in correcting the moon's place, or adjusting the number of the planets.

To be called Utopian, is a stage through which everything good must pass. That men's notions of war and peace are not what they once were, or are now in the portion of European society of which the author of "*Les Limites*" is the representative, is what may safely be averred, without proposing the chairman of the Peace Society for First Lord of the Admiralty, or even for her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for foreign affairs. But that great numbers of men in all countries have their eyes open to the evils and general unprofitableness of war, is what must at all events produce a fractional effect on the conduct of nations, which it would be as unreasonable to call Utopian when it exists practically, as to refer to a Utopian rise of stocks, or a Utopian good harvest.

It is clear that with the party of which the author is the representative, the necessary of life is Belgium, and the first innocent luxury the Rhenish provinces. It hence becomes a duty to examine what, with the exception of mere force, is their prospect of obtaining these objects.

And here the first difficulty is, that there is nothing inviting to the Belgians in foreign nationality, and a great deal that is inviting in their own. The Belgians are, by all their antecedents and all their actualities, as much a distinct nation as the Spaniards are. The priesthood may form an exception to the general feeling; but the exception is for interested purposes, and in no portion of Europe will the interests of the priesthood permanently bear exclusive rule. The use of the same language is an accident, like wearing the same fashions in dress; neither the language nor the dress descends to the multitude, who are resolutely Flemish, and much nearer akin in these

respects to their neighbours of Yorkshire and Norfolk. The party of which "*Les Limites*" may be taken as the manifesto, have greatly miscalculated if they think there is anything in their theory that touches the hearts of the people of the rest of Europe. It may be ignorance or it may be folly, but the European mind is not occupied with the "*besoin d'un maître*," and it is powerfully engaged instead with speculations on "*la liberté passive*" and "*la liberté active*," and "*l'association de l'homme libre à la souveraineté*," and "*la participation de tous au pouvoir exercé sur tous*." These are the ideas stirring in the hearts of men of all countries, from the electors in England who have just removed an obstructive ministry, to those farthest from the enjoyment of like powers. The people of Europe hunger and thirst after constitutional governments, rega land hereditary if they are wise, departing from that form only under well-proved circumstances of inapplicability. The friends of freedom all over the world have often used the word republic, merely as being the opposite of despotism. But experience demonstrates, that in the condition of most parts of modern Europe, constitutional monarchies are more favourable to the substantial and permanent "participation of all in the power exercised over all," than any other form. For the United States of America, a king might be as little applicable as for the Anti-Corn-Law League to appoint a hereditary ruler, with or without a law Salique, and with provision for the contingency of the chairman's being in swaddling-clothes. But the lesson of history is, that in the actual state of Europe, which cannot be altered by bidding, human interests collect in three great channels,—monarchic, aristocratic, democratic. When *one* sets up by itself, the others combine against it; and when *two*, the third lives in a state of smouldering enmity. This is true as regards both within and without. The republican form, therefore, rejects powerful elements both of assistance and neutralization of hostility; it starts with two to one against it. The consequence has been, that in Europe, since the death of Elizabeth, the worst constitutional monarchy has, in point of permanence and ultimate results, been of more successful operation than the best republic. When the three elements have each their portion of legitimate enjoyment, they tolerate each other. The theory of the impossibility of balance, is a fallacy founded on an inaccurate metaphor. A metaphor may illustrate, but cannot prove; and if wrong, it may mislead. The question is not of a balance like that by which a needle is asked to stand upon its point. It is much more like the Newtonian problem of the three bodies, where, instead of one necessarily swallowing up the other, there is a perpetually shifting composition of forces, producing results

which never exactly tally in one year with what they were in another, but sufficiently uniform for human purposes.

The truth is, the world does not want energetic rulers; it wants understanding ones. Men are born in a crisis, and will die in a crisis; but the idea is utterly intolerable, of living in a crisis as a normal state. Your elective sovereign, which the chief of a republic is, is a man for a crisis; and the man for a crisis, will make a crisis for the man. Illustration may be taken from what happens in India. Every Governor-General who is raised to that elective sovereignty by the will of the virtual electors for the time being, beguiles the tedium of the outward passage, by straining to discover what extension of territory or augmentation of power shall give him the best chance of a step in the peerage on his return. There never was but one that did not do it. Compare this with the history of a European country under an ordinary succession of constitutional sovereigns, though all of them may not have been the ablest individuals, any more than they were the strongest or the most learned. An invaluable talent in a sovereign, is that of being able to let well alone. A *bon petit roi d'Yvetot* is a greater blessing in a civilized country, than all the conquerors that ever made the lieges uneasy, in pursuit of the *limites naturelles*.

And here, while on the subject of constitutional monarchies, may be noticed that other unreasonableness, irreconcilable with a claim to civilization, and a courting of an outward and visible sign of the perpetuation of feudal bondage,—the barbarism of a Salique law. A people which hampers itself with such a law, declares that it cannot tolerate the exhibition of right as distinguished from might, in the person of a woman. It can tolerate an old gentleman of any degree of disagreeable fatness, with gout superadded; but it must be an old gentleman. To kiss the hand of a youthful queen instead, would be revolting to the national feeling of the fitness of things. It must have somebody to capriole, surmounted with a *chapeau à trois cornes*, at the head of a procession or a review. Could it not take a drum-major? It professes to want a rule of right, and nothing will satisfy it that does not typify the rule of wrong. It is by the same kind of perversity, that while a country is periodically thrown into excitement by some natural consequence of the celibacy of the clergy, the thing of all others against which the public animosity is directed, is a married priest.

Sufficient evidences are given of the author's willingness to speculate on the contingencies of an invasion of England, to warrant canvassing that subject with the author and his party. And first for the circumstances on which they probably rely. These may be collected to be, the shortness of the passage, the

alterations in naval warfare consequent on steam, the mass of land power at command if it can be made available, the apparent absence of allies, the division of religions as in the time of the Armada, the indecision of the Protestant Dissenters as *not* in 1688, the possible effect of a legate *à latere* from the Pontiff who is in the keeping of an army at Rome, the inclination of a portion of the Anglican Church to be reconciled to the Papacy, the extension of principles opposed to resistance of any kind. That there is weight in these, or some of them, there can be no doubt; but there are also weights on the other side.

The great counterpoise is, that all these are no secrets on one side of the Channel more than on the other. The length of the passage is a thing perfectly understood, and the alterations consequent on the introduction of steam in naval warfare, are as well calculated as anything which has happily not been tried. On the possible accumulation of naval power by other nations, there is not the smallest delusion in England, whatever may once have been. Everybody is wide awake to the extent to which enthusiasm may be directed to naval objects, in countries which happen to have a smaller relative quantity of sea-board than our own. In the opinion of naval men, the Northern sailors are, and possibly always will be, superior in the management of ships in heavy weather. But it is no sealed book in England, that naval battles are not all fought in heavy weather. If the question was of working up Swin, or playing a match of anchors and cables in the Downs, a harmful security might be built on such a basis. But where there is no illusion, there is no mistake. England will be prepared, as well as her means can make her; and her admirals will not be taken in bed, like the generals of the 2nd of December.

The Protestant Dissenters act under a feeling of dislike to the Church Establishment. The pressure of danger, joined to a disposition on the other side to abandon claims attended with more detriment than profit, would make the mass of the Dissenters imitate the sturdy Bunyan rather than the compromising Penn. The portion of the Anglican Church who sigh after union with Rome, is greater in show than in substance. Men may intone the service, preach in a surplice, light candles by daylight, bow at the creed, turn to the communion-table, deck it with daffodils, march to it in Indian file, pass before it in a minuet step and file back again, date from the eve of St. Perpetua, eat fish on Friday, breakfast on a pea on Saturday, go about with Christmas carols, confess charity-girls, teach Sunday-school children to sing "Rich banquet of thy flesh and blood," quarrel with dead Dissenters, refuse to dine with living ones, study the fathers, set at defiance the apostles, Judaize in the Post-office, be Inquisitors in

the House of Commons, fly in the face of their bishop, vote their archbishop a heretic, wear coats of the M. B. cut,* maintain the divine procession through Rome, doubt whether continental Protestants have it, inculcate cruciform prostrations for grown girls, encourage making over their property to "y^e ladye superioure," set up crosses, honour Madonnas or "painted brods" to that effect,—men may do these and more, and yet not be much to be depended on by an Armada in the Channel.

The division of religions, and the power of playing an important piece in the shape of the Roman Pontiff, are circumstances of gravity. But they have been tried before, in positions more favourable for success, and failed. A Pope's legate landed in Ireland from an invading fleet, and calling upon all Romanists on peril of their souls to join, would be a serious move; and he would probably be accompanied in due time, by the *enfant de miracle*, the descendant of the Stuarts,† who is passing the heavy hours of exile in America, but cannot help printing his manifestos as "William III. *de jure*" and corresponding with members of parliament,‡ holding out the temptations of abolition of the national debt, and equality of religions after the manner of James II. Four years ago, such phenomena were little thought of; experience has taught that nothing is impossible.

The operation of principles opposed to all resistance, would not be great after a score of houses had been fired, either by an enemy, or to prevent his occupying them. The use of Anti-War Associations is to prevent war from being foolishly entered into; but there it would stop. The dislike of such Associations,

* M.B., "Mark of the Beast." An abbreviation of London tailors, for a coat of a particular form.

† For particulars, see the "Quarterly Review," No. LXXXI., p. 57. From some cause or other, there appears to be no reference to the subject in the Index.

In August 1830, a stranger presented himself at the office of a quarterly publication in Wellington Street, and requested to challenge a principal, or if more convenient, a subscriber, for having placed in the window an advertisement (to be found in the *Morning Chronicle*) inviting subscriptions for the wounded of the "Three Days" and headed by Mr. Hume with fifty guineas, which contained the words "the obsolete tyranny of the Stuarts." A principal made his appearance, and presented his card; but symptoms of a mob appearing about the door, the stranger departed without taking it with him. The card left, described the owner as a lieutenant in the navy. He declared himself "a descendant of the Stuarts," and announced his determination to "punish the calumniators." There can be little doubt that this was the man of the "Quarterly Review," in some stage of his immortality. He was described as between thirty and forty; therefore the present man may be his son.

It is interesting to think how, for at least six years, cockpit and galley must have rung with the fact that there was a claimant to the throne on board. For he evidently was not a man to hide his claims under a bushel.

‡ "Hansard's Debates," 12th February, 1851, p. 487.

whether they know it or not, is to war whose *object* they do not approve. There is all the difference in the world between discussing the beauties of peace while sitting at home at ease, and witnessing the discomforts attendant on invaders in a man's back parlour. If affairs were not very pressing, the men of peace would go to the rear, and do what wanted doing there, as in 1793 they sent flannel waistcoats to the army in Flanders. But they would not bear being irritated. There is not a stalwart Quaker among them, who if he seriously thought the wife of his bosom in danger, would not mount on horseback and do his best to die a Major-General.

The most serious part of the question is to come. England wants allies. But *would* England want allies, three days after danger was declared? The situation would have some resemblance to that of her opponent in 1792. If absolutism made war on her, she must make war on absolutism, and through the means which absolutism most dreads, the friends of civil and religious liberty wherever they could be found. An attack on England would be to light the match which at present sleeps. The people of the continent are sick of military government; men—women—are tired of rearing children for transportation, like slaves in the regions of the south. There is no appetite for playing the part of types in the forms of those standing armies which the author considers to be as great a blessing as the printing-press. A family in England is sometimes thrown into despair by the determination of Ralph or Diggory to see the world in a marching regiment. But this is a modified public evil, compared with the forcible taking of three or four hundred thousand young souls per annum, to waste their lives in that *métier d'enfer* a continental private soldier's. As long as no hope is seen of remedy or escape, it will be submitted to like any other pestilence. But let the cry be once raised of constitutional governments, to be followed by peace to the cottage and mutual guarantees, and there will be no lack of following the lead. Even now, if there be such a thing as statesmanship, and the concerns of nations are not to be left to chance like a ship abandoned at sea, the thoughts of those who are responsible must have been directed to these points. There is a wonderful difference between the responsibility of a minister, and of a speaker at a public meeting; and nothing sharpens a man's wits like being in charge. Three considerable powers—to say nothing of minor ones—might, by possibility, club their naval forces. A wise statesman will be thinking of what he would do in such a case, as Philo-Philidor calculates what he would do with a certain board. He will take a further lesson from the same teacher, and try what he can do to hinder it. He will not come to par-

liament for means to fight all three; but he will be looking around him for the means by which he may render improbable the having to fight at all. Protestantism, too, will come into play; for Protestantism has been overtly threatened, and Protestantism has a history. It is not afraid to invite comparisons. Let Italy, for example, think what would have been the difference now, if she had taken up Luther instead of Loyola. There are many moves upon the chess-board of the world, and many temptations to try a fall with arbitrary power, if arbitrary power will not keep at home.

The times are not inviting for playing at the game which children call shutting the eyes and opening the mouth, and seeing what heaven will send you. There is a reasonable care and an unreasonable. The best laid human projects end in disappointment, and heirs succeed to fortunes which they never made. There are men who reap what they did not sow, and men who may sow but never reap. But all these are in the debateable land where fortune revels, and the law of the great settled territory is, that what man gains or loses comes by forethought. Factories and South-Sea whalers do not spring up spontaneously, but are the result of connected effort, sometimes perhaps erroneously directed, but much oftener right. If England intends to hold her own in the perplexed currents of this world, she must use the means, as she has done before. On some points she is on more than even terms. If England, for instance, has honest interests in countries where Northern man dries up and perishes, why should not she raise a race of tropical Englishmen, with no more reference to their colour than in the horses of her cavalry? Those born under the British crown are English, and their posterity, though dark as soot, for ever. Greenwich, and probably Chelsea, can testify that colour is not essential to good service. Knaves cannot amalgamate; it is a provision of nature like what in other cases checks the multiplication of hybrids. It will be discovered by and by, that here is the counter-weapon,—the others cannot do it. It would be matter of curiosity to know how long Tubal-cain burned his fingers in attempts to handle his torrid materials, before he discovered that he could do it by the intervention of another substance. What tongs were to the primæval blacksmith, might the *solidarity* of races be to England. One or two splendid experiments have been lately made; and it is only to go on.

Other countries have their reasons, too, for wishing the war party put down. War may make regimental and staff officers; but on winding up its books it makes a miserable show. Troops would pay badly as railway passengers, and *l'Algérie* would be grievously disturbed. The arguments are insufficient, the prospects

of advantage all too scant, to tempt wise men to throw dice for which shall take up all, when each might keep his present good in peace.

The second publication is a defence of the new Empire, at all points of its history. As it has been extensively circulated in an English translation, it will be sufficient to notice the salient points.

It is stated by the author, that in 1833, the young Louis Napoleon (he was then twenty-five) had serious communications with La Fayette and with Carrel, whose disappointed republicanism led them to incline to entertain such an association. Of the latter it is said, that "his patriotism swallowed up his liberalism," and "he was a hero of antiquity, who had lost his way in the forum of modern liberty." Carrel, it is stated, admitted, that "if the young man was able to understand the new interests of France, he might one day be called to play a *grand rôle*."*

Passing over what intervenes between this and the Presidency, the thesis at once presents itself, which may be said to be the object of the book.

"Louis Napoleon being raised to the President's chair by the immense majority of the nation, the Constituent Assembly immediately sank into minority."—*Portraits, &c.*, p. 107.

This is the great idea of the book, presented in various forms. Parliamentary government is an evil and a nuisance. All men are to be free and equal, but their first operation is to be to chuse a Grand Regulator, and his heirs for ever.

The right of initiating measures is represented as what may do very well for England, but is a contradiction in terms (*contre-sens*)

* It may be doubted whether the celebrated Carrel was perfect in the new interests himself. In November 1834, the writer of this was allowed to visit him in the prison of Ste. Pelagie. In person and manner he was another edition of Mr. Roebuck. The Englishman congratulated him on Belgium having ceased to be a back-door kept open for the Holy Alliance to enter, and said there were Liberals in England who before the change would have been glad to see Belgium revert to its old connexion. Carrel asked if it was meant to tell him, there ever was a man in England who wished to see Belgium revert to its old connexion. He was assured, that there were publications in England which had distinctly advocated it. A Liberal leader ought to have been better informed of what was going on in connexion with the new interests.

Carrel said another thing. He said there could be no good understanding between his country and England, till *revenge had been had for the bombardment of Havre in 1759*. This did not look like understanding the new interests. But if a leader like Carrel thought so, there may be others who do the same.

As a man in prison knows he is a lion, and means all his roars to be reported, there can be no objection to the introduction of these particulars.

under a government where the chief holds his powers from the people, and where consequently mistrust of the legislature is impossible. It is the people that governs by the hands of the elect whom it has chosen, and who consequently cannot be suspected by the people. It is evident that a simple deputy, who holds his mission from a minute fraction of the electors, is not in a high sphere enough to appreciate the wants of legislation and the country. Besides, the disorderly and almost always fruitless exercise of the parliamentary initiative, causes disturbance in men's ideas, and among the various interests into which the public is divided. It is time for this machine for quarrelling to be broken up. Violence and mischief will be the only losers; true liberty will lose nothing." (p. 205.) And such is the virtue of this determination of the elect, that it extends to his remote posterity.

Laws are nothing but the means of setting in operation the justice of the country. *Therefore*, having the sole right of initiating them is the first instrument of government. (p. 206.)

A story (p. 149) is told of Philip II. of Spain, who was insisting on an unpopular measure, and the court fool said to him, "Sire, what will your Majesty do, if when you say *yes*, the people says *no*?" The application of this being, that the Constituent Assembly said *yes*, when the people said *no*. Query thereupon, Why a Constituent Assembly is more likely to say *yes* when the people says *no*, than the hereditary rulers who were elected in the person of their ancestor in December 1851?

The history of the English Parliament in the Civil Wars is appealed to, as proof of the mischief of parliaments. Did the Parliament of England say *yes*, when the people said *no*? And if both Parliament and people had not interfered with a magnanimous "*No*," where would either of them have been at the present time?

The description of the process of putting down a parliament is the most picturesque thing in the book. "'Gentlemen,' cries the President or Speaker, 'remember that Europe has its eyes upon you, and posterity will be your judge!' A corporal makes his appearance; and they go and show him the Constitution. An officer comes next; and they read to him Article sixty-eight of the Constitution. But discipline, which is the Constitution of the soldier, tells him to obey orders, and move on. The gentlemen representatives are arrested, put between a double line of bayonets, and carried so to the barracks on the Quay d'Orsay, while the people in the streets are more inclined to stare than take any other interest in the matter."—*Portraits, &c.*, p. 172.

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"See what kind of end has been made by the sovereignty of parliaments in France! That system which has caused so many revolutions, shaken so many governments, overturned two dynasties,—vanished before the instructions of a corporal and the word of command of a regimental officer. Sixty years before, it made its victorious entry into the court of the Jeu de Paume [the tennis-court to which the deputies at Versailles adjourned on the 20th of June, 1789, when they found the doors of their place of meeting guarded by soldiers]. On the 2nd of December it made its entry as prisoner into a barrack. Louis Napoleon avenged Louis XVI., and reinstated in its honours the authority on whose ruins the Revolution had built its spouting-box, to work upon and mislead the masses.

"No doubt, it was a painful scene to see these two hundred honourable members made prisoners by a company of *voltigeurs*, shut up in a barrack, and carried to Mount Valerian in cellular vans [a *cellular* van, is one where each prisoner is shut up in a separate box]. Men of mark, generals, orators, men learned in the law, who had never served their country but honourably, some of them with distinction, were treated like a street mob. The blame is on nothing but the fatality of events which brought about this conclusion. The representatives of parliamentary government did what their honour required, in protesting. Louis Napoleon followed his destiny and fulfilled his mission, in destroying all obstacles to social safety."—*Portraits*, &c. p. 172.

It may be doubted whether language like this is politic. Nothing has more strongly struck foreigners, than that in spite of any quantity of unfavourable recollections, there was a strong affection for the Revolution in the masses, and a lively belief that it had made a huge improvement in their general condition. To be "counter-revolutionary" was always the last reproach which disputants threw out; and government after government, including beyond doubt the present, have felt the prudence of disavowing the intention of subverting the Revolution. The concluding speculations on "following a destiny," and "social safety," have a tendency to the burlesque. And the perpetual recurrence to the "*salut social*," and "*qui a sauvé la France*," will have a wonderful aptitude for caricature, if in the mutability of human things that mode of tempering the powers of government should ever come into vogue.

Yet, after all this, "France is a democracy" (p. 187). She is a democracy by the division of her soil; a democracy by her capital, which is common to those who can get it; a democracy by her manners; a democracy by her code; a democracy by her army. She is a democracy in everything, which the Revolution gave her, and succeeding governments have not taken away.

Among other vices of the parliamentary system, *l'interpellation*, [calling for an explanation of the measures of government] holds a high place. It is nothing but a weapon of opposition. If an honourable member has a grudge against a minister for a favour

refused, he *asks for an explanation*. Does a speaker of some note want to produce a change of ministry for his own advantage or his friends,—he *asks for an explanation*. Does some orator who is surprised to find himself upon his legs, wish to make the best of his good fortune, with empty phrases and unmeaning action,—he *asks for an explanation*. The thing a respectable government cannot tolerate, is *to be asked for an explanation*.

The “Programme of the Empire” is pacific. The Empire is to employ itself “in the moral and material improvement of the suffering classes, without illusions and without deceptions.” It is difficult to say whether there is or is not any intended allusion to the freedom of commerce or the contrary. It might be imagined, that in a country where men work with the negative sign in algebra, and understand the theory of projectiles, it was practicable to comprehend, that when any commodity is obtained by the exertions of citizens whose trade is in foreign commerce, cheaper than it could be made by the exertions of other citizens at home, the quantity of employment on the whole is the same, only the consumer, who is everybody, gets something instead of nothing, for the difference of price. That it is, in short, of the same nature as when a citizen is allowed to ride in an omnibus for five sous, instead of expending twenty on a cabriolet; the result of which is, that the sum total expended on industry of one kind or other, including, of course, the expenditure of the fifteen sous wherever that may light, is the same in both cases;—only in one case the citizen gets something for his fifteen sous, and in the other nothing. As Napoleon said, “experience must decide,”—not whether the dealer in enforced cabriolets says he is the better for it, but whether, taking everything together, the public is the better for it. If every citizen who rides was doomed to lose the value of fifteen sous a time, all other gains and losses remaining in the aggregate as before, the amount would be worth demanding a reason for. All this might be supposed within the reach of intellects which can compass the things before mentioned. But everything must have time.

The production of the “Avocat” is an appeal to the lowest class of feelings engendered by national hostility. It is the kind of thing which might be expected in England, from a boatswain with a literary turn.

In these pamphlets are stirred questions which the present generation of men will have enough to do to solve. In the statement of their contents, there has been no wilful misrepresentation; and in the comments appended, no gratuitous hostility. Where lively interests are handled, a certain latitude must be allowed; and he does his duty well, who makes no attempt to irritate an opponent, or conceal a truth.

ART. VI.—RUTH AND VILLETTE.

1. *Ruth: a Novel.* By the Author of "Mary Barton." 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.
2. *Villette.* By Currer Bell, Author of "Jane Eyre." Smith, Elder, and Co.

SHOULD a work of Art have a moral? In other words, must the Artist, during creation, keep the wandering caprices of his fancy within the limits of some didactic formula? The question has been often, but somewhat confusedly, debated. It has been seen, on the one hand, that the merely didactic tale frustrates, in a great measure, its own objects: the reader resents having his pill gilded—resents having the leaves of a religious tract slipped in between the pages of a novel; and in the spirit of reaction, it has been said that the Artist has nothing to do with morality. On the other hand, there are people whose first question is, What is the moral? What does this prove? Hegel has said very truly, that "there is a moral in every work of art, but it depends on him that draws it." George Sand, in the preface to her last novel, makes a decided stand against this moral requisition, and both in her own person, and vicariously for all other novelists, declares that "art can prove nothing, nor should it be expected to prove anything." She says that readers have always wished to see vice punished and virtue rewarded; and that, in this respect, she is one of the public. But poetical justice proves nothing either in a story or in a drama. When vice is not punished on the stage or in a book—as it very often is not in life—this does not prove that vice is unhateful and unworthy of punishment; for a narrative can prove nothing. If the vessel which carried "Paul and Virginia" had not been wrecked, would it have proved that chaste love is always crowned with happiness? And because this vessel goes to the bottom with the interesting heroine, what does "Paul and Virginia" prove? It proves that youth, friendship, love, and the tropics are beautiful things, when Bernardin de Saint Pierre describes them. If "Faust" were not led away and vanquished by the devil, would it prove that the passions were weaker than reason? And because the devil is stronger than the philosopher, does it prove that philosophy can never vanquish the passions? What does "Faust" prove? It proves that science, human life, fantastic images, profound, graceful or terrible ideas, are wonderful

things, when Goethe makes out of them a sublime and moving picture. So far George Sand; but this does not meet the question. Although a *narrative* is not a *demonstration*, and cannot be made one; although, therefore, in the strict sense of the word, Art *proves* nothing; yet it is quite clear that the details of a narrative may be so grouped as to satisfy the mind like a sermon. It is an exhortation, if you like, not a demonstration, but it does not the less appeal to our moral sense. What does a sermon prove? And can a sermon prove anything? Yet, by appealing to the moral sense, it works its purposes. The debaters of this question seem to leave out of view the fact that in fiction as in real life, while our emotions are excited by the narrative, and, so to speak, by the physical accidents of the story, our moral sense requires to be gratified; and the meaning of poetical justice is, that the satisfaction required by this moral sense should be furnished in the conclusion of the story. If we hear of an actual injustice done upon earth, remaining unpunished, we are indignant and dissatisfied, and exclaim, "Oh! I wish I could punish that fellow." Precisely the same feeling is left in our minds when poetical justice is violated. In a fiction, we are angry with the author for not doing what our moral sense demands should be done. When the incidents of the story, besides exciting our interest, run along moral lines, and call up *tableaux vivans* of just retribution, and the happy terminations of worthy lives, then not only is that faculty gratified to which fiction more immediately appeals, but the moral sense is also gratified. The illustration of a sermon will help to make this clear. When we hear a beautiful discourse, we do not expect the preacher to prove anything before unproven, we only expect him to call up further illustrations of truth long since ratified by our consciences.

Now, in the question of the moral as respects fiction, it is quite clear, from French practice more than any other, that without formally inculcating any immoral *dogma*, the writer may very successfully produce an immoral *effect*. Who can mistake the immoral moral which breathes through the pages of Eugène Sue? Who can mistake the foregone conclusion employed in his selection of main incidents and characters? in his flattery of the people, which consists in making the virtuous poor, and the vicious rich; linking together, as in necessary connexion, virtue and dirty hands, maculate consciences and immaculate linen? On the other hand, there is no mistaking the moral influence of good novels; even when no specific formula can be appended to the closing chapter. The novel may carry its moral openly on its very title-page, through all its conclusions; or, it may carry within it, not one but many moral

illustrations, naturally arising out of the way the incidents are grouped, and the way the characters express themselves.

These two forms of moral are illustrated in "*Ruth*," and "*Villette*," two works by our most popular authoresses. "*Ruth*" has a moral carried in the story; not preached, but manifested. It is a story of seduction—a subject of the most delicate nature that can well be taken up; being one which has rarely if ever been looked fairly in the face; and one on which, of all others, it is the rarest to hear a rational word spoken. The circulating libraries have furnished, and will continue to furnish, abundance of sickly sentimentality on this subject, wherein heroines strive to atone by consumption and broken hearts, for their lapse from virtue; or, if they do not take this "rose-pink" turn, present a frigid and barren morality, under which the luckless maiden, if her mind be very much set upon re-entering the Eden of Respectability, lingers through the remainder of her life under a deadly weight of patronage and encouragement, "her sincere repentance and subsequent good conduct" being like a badge of infamy perpetuating the memory of her shame: a scarlet letter flaming upon her breast, attracting every eye; until one wonders how any being can be found able to live under such a restoration to social amnesty! In a very different spirit does the authoress of "*Ruth*" approach this delicate subject. She approaches it like a woman, and a truly delicate-minded woman; with a delicacy that is strong in truth, not influenced by conventions. In "*Ruth*" there is no confusing of right with wrong; no tampering with perilous sympathies; no attempt to make a new line of action such as the world's morality would refuse to warrant, but a clear insight into the nature of temptation, and wise words of exhortation to those who have fallen—showing them, that no matter what clouds of shame may have gathered around them, they may still redeem themselves if they will only rise and do honestly the work that still lies before them to be done, and that, in every position, however dark or degraded, there is always a certain right course which, if followed, will lead them once more into light. It is only women who can help women, and it is only women who can really raise those that have "fallen;" not indeed by "countenancing" them, but by appealing to their self-respect. As the world goes, a woman's fault is always painted irretrievable; and she is, in consequence, nailed up as a scare-crow on the barn-door of society, to protect the interests of female virtue! That ancient punishment of burying alive was surely less terrible than the pitiless finality which thus pronounces judgment.

Ruth is introduced to us as a beautiful girl, left an orphan in

a singularly friendless condition. She is apprenticed to a milliner, and in this position is seduced; but under such "extenuating circumstances," that the question of "guilt" is reduced to a point of casuistry. We may observe in passing, that in using the words "guilt," or "crime," or "sin," we are for the moment accepting what in reality we do not accept, the current language on this subject. We wish to show how Mrs. Gaskell treats the subject, and in her exposition we follow, as she has followed, ordinary notions. The guilt, then, of Ruth is accompanied by such entire ignorance of evil, and by such a combination of fatalities, that even the sternest of provincial moralists could hardly be harsh with her; and this we think a mistake on the part of the authoress. Her position would have been stronger had Ruth been older, and had she more clearly perceived the whole consequences of her transgression. We think, for the object Mrs. Gaskell had in view, the guilt should not have had so many extenuating circumstances, because as it is, Ruth, although she has much to regret, cannot in her conscience have much to repent. But this by the way: Ruth is seduced, and therefore has practically incurred all the penalties of social reprobation. Her lover has fallen ill, and his mother is come to nurse him. Poor Ruth, who, till then, had been his nurse, must now slink out of the mother's virtuous presence; and very touching is the picture of her anxiety, crouching like a dog at his door, knowing what must be going on within the room, and yet not allowed to enter it. The scene of watching we must quote for its exquisite beauty.

"It was summer; there was no black darkness in the twenty-four hours, only the light grew dusky, and colour disappeared from objects, of which the shape and form remained distinct. A soft grey oblong of barred light fell on the flat wall opposite to the windows, and deeper grey shadows marked out the tracery of the plants, more graceful thus than in reality. Ruth crouched where no light fell. She sat on the ground close by the door; her whole existence was absorbed in listening; all was still—it was only her heart beating with the strong, heavy, regular sound of a hammer. She wished she could stop its rushing, incessant clang. She heard a rustle of a silken gown, and knew it ought not to have been worn in a sick room; for her senses seemed to have passed into the keeping of the invalid, and to feel only as he felt. The noise was probably occasioned by some change of posture in the watcher inside, for it was once more dead-still. The soft wind outside sank with a low, long, distant moan among the windings of the hills, and lost itself there, and came no more again. But Ruth's heart beat loud; she rose with as little noise as if she were a vision, and crept to the open window to try and lose the nervous listening for the ever-recurring sound. Out beyond, under the calm sky, veiled with a mist rather than with a cloud, rose the high, dark outlines of the mountains, shutting in that village as if it lay in a nest. They stood, like giants, solemnly

watching for the end of Earth and Time. Here and there a black round shadow reminded Ruth of some 'Cwm,' or hollow, where she and her lover had rambled in sun and in gladness. She then thought the land enchanted into everlasting brightness and happiness; she fancied, then, that into a region so lovely no bale or woe could enter, but would be charmed away, and disappear before the sight of the glorious guardian mountains. Now she knew the truth, that earth has no barrier which avails against agony. It comes, lightning-like, down from heaven, into the mountain house and the town garret; into the palace and into the cottage. The garden lay close under the house; a bright spot enough by day, for in that soil, whatever was planted grew and blossomed in spite of neglect. The white roses glimmered out in the dusk all the night through; the red were lost in shadow. Between the low boundary of the garden and the hills swept one or two green meadows; Ruth looked into the grey darkness till she traced each separate wave of outline. Then she heard a little restless bird chirp out its wakefulness from a nest in the ivy round the walls of the house. But the mother-bird spread her soft feathers, and hushed it into silence. Presently, however, many little birds began to scent the coming dawn, and rustled among the leaves, and chirruped loud and clear. Just above the horizon, too, the mist became a silvery grey cloud, hanging on the edge of the world; presently it turned shimmering white; and then, in an instant, it flushed into rose, and the mountain tops sprang into heaven, and bathed in the presence of the shadow of God. With a bound, the sun, of a molten fiery red, came above the horizon, and immediately thousands of little birds sang out for joy, and a soft chorus of mysterious, glad murmurs, came forth from the earth; the low whispering wind left its hiding-place among the clefts and hollows of the hills, and wandered among the rustling herbs and trees, waking the flower-buds to the life of another day. Ruth gave a sigh of relief that the night was over and gone; for she knew that soon suspense would be ended, and the verdict known, whether for life or for death. She grew faint and sick with anxiety; it almost seemed as if she must go into the room and learn the truth. Then she heard movements, but they were not sharp or rapid, as if prompted by any emergency; then, again, it was still. She sat curled up upon the floor, with her head thrown back against the wall, and her hands clasped round her knees. She had yet to wait. Meanwhile, the invalid was slowly rousing himself from a long, deep, sound, health-giving sleep. His mother had sat by him the night through, and was now daring to change her position for the first time; she was even venturing to give directions, in a low voice, to the old nurse, who had dozed away in an arm-chair, ready to obey any summons of her mistress. Mrs. Bellingham went on tiptoe towards the door, and chiding herself because her stiff, weary limbs, made some slight noise. She had an irrepressible longing for a few minutes' change of scene after her night of watching. She felt that the crisis was over; and the relief to her mind made her conscious of every bodily feeling and irritation, which had passed unheeded as long as she had been in suspense.

"She slowly opened the door. Ruth sprang upright at the first sound of the creaking handle. Her very lips were stiff and unpliant with the force of the blood which rushed to her head. It seemed as if she could not form words. She stood right before Mrs. Bellingham. 'How is he, madam?'

"Mrs. Bellingham was for a moment surprised at the white apparition which seemed to rise out of the ground. But her quick, proud mind, understood it all in an instant. This was the girl, then, whose profligacy had led her son astray, had raised up barriers in the way of her favourite scheme of his marriage with Miss Duncombe; nay, this was the real cause of his illness, his mortal danger at this present time, and of her bitter, keen anxiety. If, under any circumstances, Mrs. Bellingham could have been guilty of the ill-breeding of not answering a question, it was now; and for a moment she was tempted to pass on in silence. Ruth could not wait; she spoke again:

"'For the love of God, madam, speak! How is he? Will he live?'

"If she did not answer her, she thought the creature was desperate enough to force her way into his room. So she spoke.

"'He has slept well; he is better.'

"'Oh! my God, I thank thee,' murmured Ruth, sinking back against the wall.

"It was too much to hear this wretched girl thanking God for her son's life; as if, in fact, she had any lot or part in him, and to dare to speak to the Almighty on her son's behalf! Mrs. Bellingham looked at her with cold, contemptuous eyes, whose glances were like ice-bolts, and made Ruth shiver up away from them.

"'Young woman, if you have any propriety or decency left, I trust that you will not dare to force yourself into his room.'

Poor Ruth is abandoned, her lover is carried off; she has no resource but suicide. Succour comes, however, in the shape of the Bensons—a dissenting clergyman and his sister—who, pitying her forlorn condition, and believing in her real goodness, agree to adopt her into their own family till she be able to earn a living for herself.

In the midst of their unostentatious self-denying charity a touch of human weakness shows itself: partly from the desire to spare Ruth's feelings and save her from the terrible tongues of a provincial town, and partly to save themselves and make their task smoother and easier, they agree to pass her off as a distant relative—a widow. Admirable is the stroke of nature by which Ruth cannot be made to feel "sorry" that she is to have a baby! This revelation, which so disturbs Miss Benson, and does so materially complicate Ruth's position, is to the young girl nothing but a source of joy. It is new life, new strength, new hope! Admirable also is Miss Benson's confession to her brother, that she cannot help enjoying the novelty of "filling up the outline they had agreed upon, and inventing a few details of Ruth's widowhood."

Yielding to the temptation of this piece of specious worldly wisdom is the one flaw in an otherwise perfect act of Christian charity, and its consequences are ably worked out. There is no strain to save the moral, all follows naturally upon one false step taken at the onset, which, at the time, seemed scarcely to be a dereliction from the straight path; but as all who have read John Bunyan know, "By-path Meadow" leads to "Doubting Castle, and Giant Despair." It was Tom Paine who said that "*A lie is strength in the beginning, and weakness in the end,*" and all find it to be so in this instance.

Ruth's baby is born under the Bensons' roof, and the mother's love is made the main influence which strengthens her to rise up under her load of shame, and begin her life afresh, endeavouring, with all her might, to be worthy of the blessing and the responsibility of a child.

The author has treated this phase of the history of a fallen woman with immense truth and delicacy. She has separated the consequences of an action from the action itself. The natural and pure relationship between a mother and her child ought not to be considered as poisoned and vitiated, because the antecedents of that relationship are to be regretted; it is an opportunity afforded to her of rehabilitating her life, by nobly and courageously accepting the responsibility she has incurred, and qualifying herself to discharge the trust committed to her. If women who have placed themselves in Ruth's position only could find the moral courage to accept the duties entailed upon them by their own conduct, it would much lessen the misery and social evil that now follows in the train of illicit connexions.

Under the influence of her new duties, and the instructions of Mr. Benson, Ruth's character and talents develope themselves, and she becomes, in all respects, an educated gentlewoman. Nature had already made her a "born lady." We confess that, for the sake of the teaching, we should have preferred having Ruth more homely, and less richly endowed in good qualities and good looks. We should have preferred a more simple trust in the principle involved, and less attempt to interest and propitiate the reader by all manner of graceful accessories. Ruth, as the governess to the children of the ostentatious, hard-judging merchant, has won golden opinions, and been, in all respects, a most exemplary and valuable servant; in fact, her superiority to all around her has shone out bright and clear, when the fatal secret of her previous life is rumoured about, and comes to the ears of Mr. Bradshaw, who, never having had any mercy on anybody in his life, but always piquing himself on being a Roman stoic, and trampling on his feelings, is, of

course, prodigiously indignant at having been imposed upon by Mr. Benson and his governess. His wrath flames out like the indignation of a fishwoman, and, after speaking his coarse mind, he turns Ruth out of doors, breaks off his friendship with Mr. Benson, withdrawing from attendance at his chapel, and conducts himself, in all respects, like an angry and much-injured man. The gossip and scandal of the whole affair is very great, and the indignation against Mr. Benson for his "want of truth" is only equalled by horror at Ruth for her want of virtue, and the rage at having been so long defrauded of the facts is greater than all!

The bitterest portion of Ruth's punishment has now overtaken her, she has to tell the secret of her shame to her son, then eleven years old. However, this painful and sudden uprooting of all worldly prospects is the final perfecting of Ruth's character.

The following scene takes place immediately after she has spoken with her son:—

"Ruth's hand was on the latch when Mr. Benson came out. Her face was very white, except two red spots on each cheek—her eyes were deep sunk and hollow, but glittered with feverish lustre. 'Ruth,' exclaimed he. She moved her lips, but her throat and mouth were too dry for her to speak.

"'Where are you going?' asked he, for she had all her walking things on; yet trembled so, even as she stood, that it was evident she could not walk far without falling. She hesitated; she looked up at him still with the same dry, glittering eyes. At last she whispered (for she could only speak in a whisper) 'To Helmsby—I am going to Helmsby!'

"'Helmsby! my poor girl!—where is Helmsby?'

"'I don't know—in Lincolnshire, I think.'

"'Come here,' said he, authoritatively, drawing her into the study; 'sit down in that chair—I will come back directly.' . . .

"He went for the cup of tea. 'Drink this,' he spoke as you would to a child, if desiring it to take medicine. . . .

"Mr. Benson sat down by her. 'Now, Ruth, we must talk a little together. I want to understand what your plan was. Where is Helmsby? Why did you fix to go there?'

"'It is where my mother lived,' she answered. 'Before she was married, she lived there, and wherever she lived the people loved her dearly; and I thought—I think that, for her sake, some one would give me work. I want to tell them the truth,' said she, dropping her eyes; 'but still they would, perhaps, give me some employment—I don't care what—for her sake.' . . .

"'Mr. Benson's heart was very sore. 'Ruth, you must be still and quiet. I cannot have this. I want you to listen to me. Your thought of Helmsby would be a good one if it were right for you to leave

Eccleston; but I do not think it is. I am certain of this, that it would be a great sin in you to separate yourself from Leonard. You have no right to sever the tie by which God has bound you together.'

"But if I am here, they will all know and remember the shame of his birth, and if I go away they may forget——"

"And they may not. . . . No dread of shame, either for yourself or even for him, can ever make it right for you to shake off your responsibility. . . . Besides, Ruth,' he continued, 'we have gone on falsely, hitherto. It has been my doing, my mistake, my sin. I ought to have known better. Now, let us stand firm on the truth. You have no new fault to repent of. Be brave and faithful. It is to God you answer, not to men. The shame of making your sin known to the world should be as nothing to the shame you felt at having sinned. We have dreaded men too much, and God too little, in the course we have taken. But now be of good cheer. Perhaps you will find your work in the world very low, . . . nay, perhaps, Ruth, you may have to stand and wait for some time; no one may be willing to use the services you would gladly render; all may turn aside from you, and speak very harshly of you. Can you accept all this treatment meekly, as but the reasonable and just penance God has laid upon you—feeling no anger against those who slight you—no impatience for the time to come?—(I speak as having the word of God for what I say.) When He, having purified you even as by fire, will make a straight path for your feet? My child, it is Christ the Lord who has told us of the infinite mercy of God. Have you faith enough in it to be brave, and bear on, and do rightly in patience and in tribulation?"

"Ruth had been hushed and very still until now, when the pleading earnestness of his question urged her to answer.

"Yes,' said she, 'I hope, I believe, I can be faithful for myself, for I have sinned and done wrong. But Leonard——' she looked up at him.

"But Leonard,' he echoed. 'Ah! there it is hard, Ruth. I own the world is hard and persecuting to such as he.'

"He paused to think of the true comfort for this sting. He went on.

"The world is not everything, Ruth, nor is the want of men's good opinion and esteem the highest need which man has. Teach Leonard this. You would not wish his life to be one summer's day. You dared not make it so, if you had the power. Teach him to bid a noble Christian welcome to the trials which God sends, and this is one of them. Teach him not to look on a life of struggle, and perhaps of disappointment and incompleteness, as a sad and mournful end, but as the means permitted to the heroes and warriors in the army of Christ, by which to show their faithful following. . . . Oh, Ruth,' he exclaimed, 'when I look and see what you may be—what you *must* be to that boy, I cannot think how you could be coward enough for a moment to shrink from your work! But we have all been cowards hitherto,' he added, in bitter self-accusation; 'God help us to be so no longer!'"

To those who "are wearied with the greatness of their way,"

meeting with this passage will be like the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Ruth *does* bear her trial. For two years the offended virtue of the people of Eccleston keeps her excommunicated. At the end of that time a work seems opened to her; she goes out as sick nurse, for which office she has a decided vocation. Had she been a Catholic, she would have been a Sister of Charity. A terrible fever comes, sweeping away alike the nurses, the doctors, and the patients. The hospital of the town is left almost without attendants, so great is the fear; and yet not greater than the danger. Ruth comes forward, and offers herself at the fever ward, and stays there until the pestilence is abated. From an outcast she is now become a heroine; addresses, and votes of thanks, and testimonials pour in upon her. Her simple, childlike unconsciousness of any merit in what she has done, is beautifully indicated. But, just when all the difficulties and contradictions of her life are reconciled, the *end* comes. Her lover and betrayer, who has come down to Eccleston to see after his election, lies at the hotel in the town ill of the fever, with no one to nurse him; Ruth hears it, and insists upon going, (no one being aware of his identity except herself). Her old passion had been sternly burnt out of her; she had learned to see him in his true nature, which was simply worthless. Still, lying there, helpless and abandoned, something which—if not love, is yet more than compassion—impels her to go to him. He is delirious; there is no recognition; but he takes a favourable turn; and in the same hour Ruth is stricken down by the disease, and—dies! followed by the love and reverence of those who had once been the most bitter against her. The working up of the concluding scenes is beautiful, and yet they are so simple and unexaggerated, that they haunt the reader like a reality. The author has gone into no vituperation of Ruth's seducer, but he is so drawn as to suggest all that could be said; the interview between him and Mr. Benson, by the side of Ruth's dead body, satisfies the requirements of poetical justice. He is none the less miserable and contemptible that he does not know himself to be so.

The moral, or morals of "Ruth" (for there are two), without being formally inculcated, are legible enough. The first is, that if women are to have their lives rehabilitated, it must be through the means of women, who, noble and pure in their own lives, can speak with authority, and tell them that in this world no action is final; and that, to set the seal of despair and reprobation upon any individual during any one point of his career, is to blot out the inner life by which we live. The

second moral is suggested in the untruth by which the Bensons endeavoured to shield their protégée. They were willing in their own persons to disregard conventionalisms, to believe in the purity of one who had sinned, to take her to their hearts and to their homes, like a child of their own; but, what they could believe in for *themselves*, they could not believe in for *others*. They faced the truth, and yet were afraid lest others should face it! Had they confronted conventionalism, they would have awed and conquered it; their own high characters would have been a coat of mail against the sarcasms of virtuous indignation; and the comments of a gossiping town would have been powerless. The real goodness and purity of Ruth, which endeared her to their hearts, would have endeared her to all the hearts of Eccleston, slowly, indeed, but surely. The Bensons have but suffered for their want of reliance on truth, and the moral of the whole is plainly this,—however dark and difficult our course may seem, the straight path of truth is the only one to lead us through it into the light.

“Ruth,” then, besides being a beautiful novel, satisfies the highest moral sense by the pictures it suggests. It is a sermon, and of the wisest, but its teaching is unostentatious. We need only allude in passing, to the wonderful beauty of some of the descriptions; to the clear truthful portraiture of the characters, especially Sally, Bradshaw, his meek Wife, and the sensible Farquhar, and to the somewhat common-place incidents by which the novel is carried on. We have not space for lengthened criticism, but we must protest against one portion of the work, which strikes us as being conventional and unnatural: we allude to the intensity of grief with which Ruth’s child is afflicted on hearing that his mother has not been married.

“Leonard threw his arms tight round her, and hid his face against her bosom. She felt him pant there like some hunted creature. She had no soothing comfort to give him. ‘Oh, that she and he lay dead!’

“At last, exhausted, he lay so still and motionless, that she feared to look. She wanted him to speak, yet dreaded his first words. She kissed his hair, his head, his very clothes; murmuring low inarticulate moaning sounds.

“‘Leonard,’ said she, ‘Leonard, look up at me! Leonard, look up!’ But he only clung the closer, and hid his face the more.”—p. 79.

“His health seemed shaken, he spoke half sentences in his sleep, which showed that in his dreams he was battling on his mother’s behalf against an unkind and angry world. And then he would wail to himself, and utter sad words of shame, which they never thought had reached his ears. By day, he was in general grave and quiet; but his appetite varied, and he was evidently afraid of going into the streets, dreading to be pointed at as an object of remark. Each separately in

their hearts longed to give him change of scene, but they were all silent, for where was the requisite money to come from?

"His temper became fitful and variable. At times he would be most sullen against his mother; and then give way to a passionate remorse."—pp. 120, 121.

This language is sheerly impossible. No child would at once realize any such shame, even were it a fact, that illegitimacy in actual life *did* bring with it disgrace, so that the illegitimate child must "go forth branded into the world, with his hand against every man's, and every man's hand against him;" the least reflection will tell Mrs. Gaskell that in our day no such brand affects the illegitimate child. And as to Leonard's anticipating this social degradation, to render *that* intelligible to the reader there should have been scenes of insult and opprobrium from his companions and the world at large, to make him bitterly aware that the misfortune of his birth was regarded as a brand. We are, however, in no mood to point out the defects of so charming a work, and close this notice with the following little bit—we had almost said little poem—describing Ruth's feelings on the eve of her departure from that place where she has been so happy with her love, and where she has been so wretched under abandonment.

"When the black gown, at which she had stitched away incessantly, was finished—when nothing remained but to rest for the next day's journey—Rut could not sit still. She wandered from window to window, learning off each rock and tree by heart. *Each had its tale, which it was agony to remember; but which it would have been worse agony to forget.* The sound of running waters she heard that quiet evening, was in her ears as she lay on her death-bed; so well had she learnt their tune."

Turning from "Ruth" to "Villette," the contrasts meet us on all sides. Never were two women's books more unlike each other. There is a moral too in "Villette," or rather many morals, but not so distinctly a *morale en action*. It is a work of astonishing power and passion. From its pages there issues an influence of truth as healthful as a mountain breeze. Contempt of conventions in all things, in style, in thought, even in the art of story-telling, here visibly springs from the independent originality of a strong mind nurtured in solitude. As a novel, in the ordinary sense of the word, "Villette" has few claims; as a *book*, it is one which, having read, you will not easily forget. It is quite true that the episode of Miss Marchmont, early in the first volume, is unnecessary, having no obvious connexion with the plot or the characters; but with what wonderful imagination is it painted! Where shall we find such writing as in that

description of her last night, wherein the memories of bygone years come trooping in upon her with a vividness partaking of the last energy of life? It is true also that the visit to London is unnecessary, and has many unreal details. Much of the book seems to be brought in merely that the writer may express something which is in her mind; but at any rate she *has* something in her mind, and expresses it as no other can. We have objected to Mrs. Gaskell's portraiture of a child's feelings as unnatural, and we have heard Currer Bell's portrait of little Polly also objected to, but we cannot agree in this latter objection. Polly's quaintness and primness are not more than the experience of many people will guarantee. Where the defect lies, is in an occasional "over-ageing" of her feelings and emotions, such as at page 13, where her nurse says, "Be a good child, missy," and she replies, "I am good, but I ache here," putting her hand on her heart, and moaning, while she reiterated "papa! papa!" Now that is not the language of a child of six years old; children have no such anatomical knowledge; and to make it credible, it would be necessary to surround it, and the other "old-fashioned things," she says, with the prattle of childhood and nonsense which is best sense to it and to parents, in order that the reader might feel he had a child before him, and not a little idealism. The want of attention to reality is certainly not the complaint we can make against Currer Bell, and therefore were we the more surprised to find her saying, for instance, that John Bretton was accustomed to take up the Greek dramatists, and read off a translation of them for the benefit of the family circle. To any one who has ever read a Greek dramatist, the supposition of this feat will be extremely amusing. It would be a large demand upon our credulity, to imagine a man reading off in that way a French or German dramatist, without terribly fatiguing his audience, but considering the difficulty of reading the Greek with all appurtenances, the idea of "improvising" a translation is preposterous. In the same way Currer Bell makes M. Paul read aloud novels and plays to the young ladies, and whenever he comes upon any passage not very well adapted to young ladies' reading, (which must be very often, one would think) we are told, that he improvised passages to supply their places, and that these were often better than the original. She gives us sufficient evidence of M. Paul's vigour of intellect without having recourse to such a weak expedient. While we are thus hinting at defects in a book for which we can scarcely find measured language to express our admiration, let us further note the melodramatic character of Madame Beck, who passes into unreality simply from the want of a little light and shade, and the occasional indistinctness in the drawing of John Bretton.

Curren Bell has also the fault of running metaphors to death sometimes, and is oppressively fond of the allegorical expression of emotions; thus making passages look mechanical and forced, which if more directly put before us would be very powerful. The power with which she writes at times is marvellous: read this, for example, and read it slowly, not as you read it in the hurry of running through the volumes for the story.

"At last a day and night of peculiarly agonizing depression were succeeded by physical illness, I took perforce to my bed. About this time the Indian summer closed, and the equinoctial storms began; and for nine dark and wet days, of which the Hours rushed on all turbulent, deaf, dishevelled, bewildered with sounding hurricane, I lay in a strange fever of the nerves and blood. Sleep went quite away. I used to rise in the night, look round for her, beseech her earnestly to return. A rattle of the window, a cry of the blast only replied—Sleep never came!

"I err; she came once, but in anger. Impatient of my importunity she brought with her an avenging dream. By the clock of St. Jean Baptiste, that dream remained scarce fifteen minutes—a brief space, but sufficing to wring my whole frame with unknown anguish; to confer a nameless experience that had the hue, the mien, the terror, the very tone of a visitation from eternity. Between twelve and one that night a cup was forced to my lips, black, strong, strange, drawn from no well, but filled up seething from a bottomless and boundless sea. Suffering, brewed in temporal or calculable measure, and mixed for mortal lips, tastes not as this suffering tasted. Having drank and woke, I thought all was over: the end come and past by. Trembling fearfully—as consciousness returned—ready to cry out on some fellow-creature to help me, only that I knew no fellow-creature was near enough to catch the wild summons—Goton, in her far distant attic, could not hear—I rose on my knees in bed. Some fearful hours went over me; indescribably was I torn, racked and oppressed in mind. Amidst the horrors of that dream I think the worse lay here. Methought the well-loved dead, who had loved *me* well in life, met me elsewhere, alienated; galled was my inmost spirit with an unutterable sense of despair about the future. Motive there was none why I should try to recover or wish to live; and yet quite unendurable was the pitiless and haughty voice in which Death challenged me to engage his unknown terrors. When I tried to pray, I could only utter these words:—

"'From my youth up Thy terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind.'

"Most true was it.

"On bringing me my tea next morning, Goton urged me to call in a doctor. I would not; I thought no doctor could cure me.

"One evening—and I was not delirious—I was in my sane mind, I got up—I dressed myself, weak and shaking. The solitude and the stillness of the long dormitory could not be borne any longer; the

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ghastly white beds were turning into spectres—the coronal of each became a death's head, huge and sun-bleached—dead dreams of an elder world and mightier race lay frozen in their wide gaping eye-holes. That evening more firmly than ever fastened into my soul the conviction that Fate was of stone, and Hope a false idol—blind, bloodless, and of granite core. I felt, too, that the trial God had appointed me was gaining its climax, and must now be turned by my own hands, hot, feeble, trembling as they were. It rained still, and blew; but with more clemency, I thought, than it had poured and raged all day. Twilight was falling, and I deemed its influence pitiful; from the lattice I saw coming night-clouds trailing low like banners dropping. It seemed to me that at this hour there was affection and sorrow in Heaven above for all pain suffered on earth beneath; the weight of my dreadful dream became alleviated—that insufferable thought of being no more loved, no more owned, half-yielded to hope of the contrary—I was sure this hope would shine clearer if I got out from under this house-roof, which was crushing as the slab of a tomb, and went outside the city to a certain quiet hill, a long way distant in the fields. Covered with a cloak (I could not be delirious, for I had sense and recollection to put on warm clothing,) forth I set. The bells of a church arrested me in passing; they seemed to call me in to the *salut*, and I went in. Any solemn rite, any spectacle of sincere worship, any opening for appeal to God was as welcome to me then as bread to one in extremity of want. I knelt down with others on the stone pavement. It was an old solemn church, its pervading gloom not gilded but purpled by light shed through stained glass.”

Or this—

“The drug wrought. I know not whether Madame had over-charged or under-charged the dose; its result was not that she intended. Instead of stupor, came excitement. I became alive to new thought—to reverie peculiar in colouring. A gathering call ran among the faculties, their bugles sang, their trumpets rang an untimely summons. Imagination was roused from her rest, and she came forth impetuous and venturous. With scorn she looked on Matter, her mate—

“‘Rise!’ she said. ‘Sluggard! this night I will have *my* will; nor shalt thou prevail.’

“‘Look forth and view the night!’ was her cry; and when I lifted the heavy blind from the casement close at hand—with her own royal gesture, she showed me a moon supreme, in an element deep and splendid.

“To my gasping senses she made the glimmering gloom, the narrow limits, the oppressive heat of the dormitory, intolerable. She lured me to leave this den and follow her forth into dew, coolness, and glory.

“She brought upon me a strange vision of Villette at midnight. Especially she showed the park, the summer-park, with its long alleys all silent, one, and safe; among these lay a huge stone-basin—that basin I knew, and beside which I had often stood—deep-set in the tree-shadows, brimming with cool water, clear, with a green, leafy, rushy

bed. What of all this? The park-gates were shut up, locked, sentinelled; the place could not be entered.

"Could it not? A point worth considering; and while revolving it, I mechanically dressed. Utterly incapable of sleeping or lying still—excited from head to foot—what could I do better than dress?"—pp. 258, 259.

"Quiet Rue Fossette! I find on this pavement that wanderer-wooing summer night of which I mused; I see its moon over me; I feel its dew in the air. But here I cannot stay; I am still too near old haunts; so close under the dungeon, I can hear the prisoners moan. This solemn peace is not what I seek, it is not what I can bear; to me the face of that sky bears the aspect of a world's death. The park also will be calm—I know, a mortal serenity prevails everywhere—yet let me seek the park.

"I took a route well-known, and went up towards the palatial and royal Haute-Ville; thence the music I had heard certainly floated; it was hushed now, but it might awaken. I went on; neither band nor bell-music came to meet me; another sound replaced it, a sound like a strong tide, a great flow, deepening as I proceeded. Light broke, movement gathered, chimes pealed—to what was I coming? Entering on the level of a Grande Place, I found myself, with the suddenness of magic, plunged amidst a gay, living, joyous crowd.

"Villette is one blaze, one broad illumination; the whole world seems abroad; moonlight and heaven are banished: the town, by her own flambeaux, beholds her own splendour—gay dresses, grand equipages, fine horses, and gallant riders, throng the bright streets. I see even scores of masks. It is a strange scene, stranger than dreams. But where is the park?—I ought to be near it. In the midst of this glare the park must be shadowy and calm—*there*, at least, are neither torches, lamps, nor crowd!"—pp. 262, 263.

We were speaking just now of standing by the truth—see what Curren Bell says of facing it:—

"I always, through my whole life, like to penetrate to the real truth; I like seeking the goddess in her temple, and handling the veil, and daring the dread glance. O Titaness amongst deities! The covered outline of thine aspect sickens often through its uncertainty, but define to us one trait, show us one lineament, clear in awful sincerity; we may gasp in untold terror, but with that gasp we drink in a breath of thy divinity: our heart shakes, and its currents sway like rivers lifted by earthquake, but we have swallowed strength. To see and know the worst is to take from Fear her main advantage."—pp. 290, 291.

This is not the writing of fiction; it is prose poetry of the very highest order. Here, again, is a passage which has a rhythm and a cadence of its own, not surpassed by the march of verse:—

"Dim I should not say, for the beauty of moonlight—forgotten in the park—here once more flowed in upon perception. High she rode,

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and calm and stainlessly she shone. The music and the mirth of the fête, the fire and bright hues of those lamps had out-done and out-shone her for an hour, but now, again, her glory and her silence triumphed. The rival lamps were dying: *she held her course like a white fate*. Drum, trumpet, bugle, had uttered their clangour and were forgotten: with pencil-ray she wrote on heaven and on earth records for archives everlasting. She and those stars seemed to me at once the types and witnesses of truth all regnant. The night-sky lit her reign: like its slow-wheeling progress, advanced her victory—that onward movement which has been, and is, and will be from eternity to eternity.”—p. 297.

We could go on quoting and commenting through several pages, for indeed it is as a book that “Villette” most affects us, and every chapter contains or suggests matter for discourse. We say emphatically, a book; meaning by a book, the utterance of an original mind. In this world, as Goethe tells us, “there are so few voices, and so many echoes;” there are so few books, and so many volumes—so few persons thinking and speaking for themselves, so many reverberating the vague noises of others. Among the few stands “Villette.” In it we read the actual thoughts and feelings of a strong, struggling soul; we hear the cry of pain from one who has loved passionately, and who has sorrowed sorely. Indeed, no more distinct characteristic of Currer Bell’s genius can be named, than the depth of her capacity for all passionate emotions. Comparing “Villette” with “Ruth,” in this respect, we are comparing sunlight with moonlight, passion with affection; and there is no writer of our day, except George Sand, who possesses the glory and the power which light up the writings of Currer Bell. She has not the humour, so strong and so genial, of Mrs. Gaskell. There are, occasionally, touches approaching to the comic in “Villette,” but they spring mostly from fierce sarcasm, not from genial laughter. Ginevra Fanshawe is “shown up” in all her affectations and careless coquetry, but there is something contemptuous in the laugh, nothing sympathetic. Nor has Currer Bell any tendency towards the graceful, playful, or fanciful. There is more of Michael Angelo than of Raffaello in her drawing; more of Backhuysen than of Cuypp; more of Salvator Rosa than of Claude. Very characteristic of her style is this little bit of scenery—

“A new influence began to act upon my life, and sadness, for a certain space, was held at bay. Conceive a dell, deep-hollowed in forest secrecy; it lies in dimness and mist: its turf is dank, its herbage pale and humid. A storm or an axe makes a wide gap amongst the oak-trees; the breeze sweeps in; the sun looks down; the sad, cold dell, becomes a deep cup of lustre; high summer pours her blue glory and

her golden light out of that beauteous sky, which till now the starved hollow never saw.

"A new creed became mine—a belief in happiness."

Or, still more so, is this exquisite description of Paulina—

"Her eyes were the eyes of one who can remember; one whose childhood does not fade like a dream, nor whose youth vanish like a sunbeam. She would not take life, loosely and incoherently, in parts, and let one season slip as she entered on another: she would retain and add; often review from the commencement, and so grow in harmony and consistency as she grew in years."

Indeed, one may say of Currer Bell, what a contemporary has already said, that her genius finds its fittest illustration in her "Rochesters" and "Jane Eyres;" "they are men and women of deep feeling, clear intellects, vehement tempers, bad manners, ungraceful, yet loveable persons. Their address is *brusque*, perhaps unpleasant, but, at any rate, individual, direct, free from "shams" and conventions of all kinds. They outrage good taste, yet they fascinate. You dislike them at first, yet you learn to love them. The power that is in them makes its vehement way right to your heart. 'Propriety,' ideal outline, good features, good manners, ordinary thought, ordinary speech, are not to be demanded of them. They are the "Mirabeaus of Romance."

If, as critics, we have one thing to say with regard to the future, it is, that Currer Bell, in her next effort, should bestow more pains on her story. With so much passion, with so much power of transmuting experience into forms of enduring fiction, she only needs the vehicle of an interesting story to surpass the popularity of "Jane Eyre."



ART. VII.—EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. *Educational Institutions in the United States: their Character and Organization.* By Dr. P. A. Siljström. Translated from the Swedish, by Frederica Rowan. Post 8vo. London: John Chapman.*
2. *Annual Reports of Controllers of Public Schools of the City and County of Philadelphia, composing the First School District of Pennsylvania.* 1844—1852. Philadelphia.
3. *Annual Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools of the State of New York.* Transmitted to the Legislature, January 1st, 1852.
4. *Practical Illustrations of the Principles of School Architecture.* By Henry Barnard, Superintendent of Common Schools in Connecticut. Hartford.
5. *Notes on Public Subjects, made during a Tour in the United States and Canada.* Post 8vo. London: John Murray.

WHOEVER will look out upon the nations of the world shall perceive two Englands. The one grey with antiquity, yet having the vigorous muscle, and elastic step of youth; the compeer of mighty nations as old or older, larger in extent, greater in population, more endowed with natural advantages than herself, yet moving steadily and stately in their van, by means of a mechanism of internal structure peculiarly her own. Allied to them by commerce, by interchange of literature, by religion, to some of them even by race; yet presenting a mental conformation, habits, customs, institutions, laws, and a process of development utterly distinct from them. Exposed like them to the eternal conflict of the old and new, but a conflict, as respects herself, sometimes fretful, for the most part amicable, seldom violent; ever in progress, never in all directions progressive; here bounding with generous confidence towards the future, there hesitating with servile adherence to the past; now wisely using prescription as a rudder, now slavishly bound by it as by a chain. In material development, audacious; in moral or religious development, craven. Viewed politically, a monarchy in form, almost a republic in action. Viewed socially, a Mezentian coupling of life with death, great wealth with great

* The translation of this work has not yet been issued, but we have been enabled to read it during its passage through the press.

poverty, fastidious comfort with hideous squalor, brilliant knowledge with revolting ignorance, delicate refinement with repulsive manners. This is the European England we call Britain; a country great, powerful, and free; proud even to arrogance; commanding much respect and little sympathy; but beginning to be better understood and less disliked.

Now, if we follow the Atlantic to where its western waves break on the shores of the American continent, we shall find another England similar, yet unlike. There Time has left no noble and no obstructive relics. The past is present, not by its monuments, nor its prescription, but by whatever of power through knowledge it has bequeathed for the use and prosperity of man. There nothing save the forest has to be destroyed, all to be created. Pre-existence has no prerogative and no monopoly; that which is, does not exist by virtue of any grudging licence from that which has been; that which is to be, comes on its own merits, irrespective of any fiat from that which is. The wants of the present, the possibilities of the future, these are the only elements in its calculation. If there be a superstition, it is the fear of being stationary; if a fanaticism, it is the desire of moving on. Movement, indeed, everywhere, in laws, in religion, in manners; great energy, great ability, with much vanity and some swagger. A stern love of political equality, with an effeminate pleasure in social gradations. Aristocracy despised when presented as an institution; welcomed in the shape of a feeling; carefully mimicked by wealth in its display and pretensions. The practical English mind everywhere in action, for the most part predominant, but through large spaces rendered unsteady by the excitement of adventure, the loose discipline of pioneer life, the rude habits of societies suddenly extemporized, and unable to attain at once to more than a secondary civilization. This is the American England, which we call the United States; a country likewise great, powerful, and free, whose career seems a marvel and has been a necessity; in which, if there be something to ridicule and deplore, there is much to admire and envy—whose performance has been great, and whose promise is still greater.

It is obvious, however distinct we may consider these two countries, geographically or politically, that genealogically and psychologically they are one. As no arbitrary division into kingdoms or territories causes us to regard the peoples of Austria, Prussia, Saxony, and Baden otherwise than as Germans, so neither can it justify us in regarding the people of the United States and of Great Britain as otherwise than English. But if this be so, we shall be obliged to regard every act performed by the Americans as that which would be done, under the same

circumstances, by ourselves; and whenever we have reason to suspect that Time will create similar circumstances for us, we shall have the advantage of knowing beforehand the kind of action that will be required.

Such a crisis is arriving. The rapid development of the democratic principle in this country is a thing unquestionable and unquestioned. The transfer of power to the masses is a visible fact to everybody that has sight. Some twenty years ago, the Reform Bill was regarded as a revolution, opposed as such, and mourned over as such. Men who had been all their lives working for reform were astonished at it—some of them found it more than was wanted—others rejoiced in it as a final adjustment. The framer of the bill of 1832, who believed he had done the thing so handsomely, that there would be no more grumbling in his time, and so talked of its finality, now declares that the great object of his public life is the further extension of the representation of the people. The great party who, under great alarm, gave that bill their most strenuous opposition, now listen to his intention of extending it, if not with pleasure, at least with indifference,—may not be indisposed, perhaps, to win their way to power by outbidding him. Truly, then, the Reform-Bill was a revolution, and a successful and accepted one, of which all are prepared to carry out the principle. The stopping places may be various, but the end of the journey is universal suffrage, or what we call so. But whenever this shall happen, we shall then have one of the most important institutions of our country placed upon the same basis as that of the United States, and thus be situated in this respect as are our trans-Atlantic countrymen—the Anglo-Americans.

How, then, do they deal with this mighty power? Have they any check upon it? Do they believe the natural intelligence, the wise self-interest of their citizens a sufficient guarantee for its proper exercise? By no means. They are, on the contrary, convinced that the intelligence of every class, cultivated to its highest attainable point—the information of every class, extended to its utmost practical reach—the mental discipline of every class, through skilful processes of intellectual instruction, secured in the highest possible degree, are indispensable to the safe and beneficent working of the universal power. Hence that universal and immense exertion for the establishment of public schools visible in every part of the Union—that anxious and unremitting attention to the great task of providing instruction for the masses. The road to the ballot-box must, they think, lie through the school. No doubt. The sovereignty of the people implies that each man is a governor; the safety of the people, therefore, requires that to the greatest possible extent

each man should be an enlightened governor. Consequently, to discipline and fortify the minds of every rising generation is a supreme necessity, which this sagacious republic fully recognises, and cheerfully obeys. To us, of all the nations of Europe, the example is most precious, as a practical lesson from one set of Englishmen dealing with universal suffrage, to another set, who, sooner or later, must also have to deal with it. But there is a principle in the working of the school system of the United States which, familiar to us, has a great importance for the nations that surround us.

It was to a desire to study and appreciate the working of this principle that we are indebted for the elaborate work at the head of this article, on the Educational Systems of the United States.

In an interesting preface, M. Siljström explains the motives that urged him to undertake this task. Hitherto it has been the office of France to lead the civilization of Europe. Impulsive, sympathetic, eminently social; touching the nations of Europe at various points, her extensive border population exhibiting close affinities of language and manners with theirs; her broad territory, a connecting link between the countries of northern and southern Europe, thus compelling her to close and constant communion with them, whether in war or peace, as confederate or foe; bold, ardent, intelligent, and penetrative, it has been the province of France to exercise a powerful sway over her neighbours, through the diffusion of her literature, language, and manners. But the destiny of England has been different. Shut up within her cliffs, living, as it were, apart, isolated, and uncommunicative, she, in fact, wanted in some sort the element of neighbourhood; though even in her the traces of French influence are still visible, not only as the result of the Norman Conquest, but even of much later date, in her language and manners. Nor is it unlikely she may be more indebted to that country for her *political* philosophy, than many of us are aware of, or willing to admit: witness the wonderful reception which was given to Bodin's book, "*De Republica*," its admission into our universities as a text book, and the curious assertion of Dugald Stewart, that many more of our eminent writers are indebted to that work than have chosen to acknowledge it. Whatever she borrowed or developed, however, she worked up in a fashion and by means of institutions essentially her own. So that when the fabric of her greatness and her liberty arose, it was admired, but not understood. The processes of her elevation were considered too "peculiar and eccentric" for general use, and foreigners had but small motive to investigate a system which they believed to be an anomaly it was impossible to copy. But, as M. Siljström observes, "a great change has taken

place." Our English language and literature, once admired and studied by a few of his countrymen, are now "considered an indispensable part of education, and even of the education of young women, whose mental training was formerly regarded as pretty nearly complete when they had learned to repeat, parrot-like, a few common-place French phrases." The number of his compatriots visiting England increases, and the impression carried back with them is in favour of English civilization, and the manifest result is, "that sympathy with England is in this country daily increasing at the expense of French sympathies which have hitherto prevailed." Even in France, he observes, a more friendly disposition is evinced and a greater desire to study and adopt English manners and literature, while it becomes rarer to hold up Englishmen to ridicule on the stage. It is gratifying to find that he imputes a considerable influence in this respect to the Great Exhibition of 1851—a consequence confidently predicted by its best supporters, and the expectation of which we have reason to know was the chief inducement with some of them to give it their strenuous aid. But the main cause of this growing interest and attention he ascribes to a gathering conviction on the part of foreigners that it is from the *English race* they are to learn the solution of those social problems which have so long puzzled the continental states, and which they have endeavoured to solve in vain. Strange as it may seem, the republican tendencies of the continent are seeking examples for imitation in monarchical England, and they who are conducting the struggle for the obligations of society to the individual, and to each individual alike, have recourse to a country especially characterised by an aristocracy of birth and money; practice having demonstrated that England, though constituted in this way, offers "surer guarantees for national prosperity and individual liberty than any of the republics that have of late been tried on the continent."

A visit to England in 1848 had given M. Siljström a pretty good insight "into the nature of the forces which had in that country led to such great political results." But he found, he says, "a difficulty" which would be strongly felt by a foreigner, and can be easily appreciated by an Englishman—namely, that "these forces were so hemmed in by antiquated and sometimes conflicting institutions, that it was often difficult to form a clear judgment of their activity." He therefore turned his attention to the United States, where, though the form of government be different, "the fundamental powers at work are the same," but freer in their development, and therefore more appreciable in their results. To enable him to prosecute this inquiry extensively, the Swedish government gave him a grant of money.

The cause of the stability and healthy development of English

order and liberty he had easily found in that remarkable local or self-government, which is the distinguishing feature of our political organization. Too familiar ourselves with this phenomenon to reflect much upon it, we can yet easily understand the surprise of the foreigner, when for the first time he notes the two kinds of life that are in presence amongst us, the national life and the local life. A monarchy dotted over with little self-acting republics, administering their own local affairs, choosing their own magistrates, their own parliaments, having their own sources and measures of finance, their own means of enforcing order, even their own political conflicts, must seem to him a great anomaly with a plentiful promise of confusion. Accustomed to a rigid centralization where an active centre communicates an unresisted action to passive parts, and permits no movement not originated by itself, he must necessarily be perplexed at a system which recognises a special and distinct vitality in its parts, and confers on them an exclusive privilege of action within a certain sphere. It is natural he should fancy himself in the presence of two incompatible forces, since it is not unusual among ourselves to hear of self-government as opposed to centralization. This is erroneous. Had there been antagonism, there would have been friction and disturbance. Our self-government, our municipal machinery, on the contrary, is of central creation. Derived from the crown, it represents the operation of the central power discharging itself of certain powers and functions, and devolving them on certain bodies, which being the most interested in their wise application, could be best entrusted with them. But in thus transferring these functions, the central power reserved to itself a certain control over the bodies endowed with them, being able, whenever they refused or neglected their execution, to step in by means of its executive, or, as now, its judiciary, and compel them to do their duty. More recently, too, we have seen these newly recast and remodelled by parliament—that is, the nation acting in unity; thus clearly showing that their rights are purely derivative, and that they are simply delegations from the central power. But the very source of this delegation was the necessity under which the Crown found itself of making the industrial class a counterpoise to the territorial class—of fostering local associations, skilled in the art of self-government, trained to deliberation, possessing an independent action and public opinion of their own. In raising ramparts for its own protection, however, the central power was also providing ramparts against its own excess. In filling the country with nurseries of local liberty, it provided an organization which the people of England may suffer to be retouched and improved, but which they will

never suffer to be mutilated or effaced. In other countries, centralization has invaded local liberties, and finally destroyed them. It is true, the principle of the rights of the individual has in some instances successfully re-acted, but with what results? Unsupported by organization, without places of refuge, without strongholds, without the experience of associated action, it has only conquered to be subdued:—

“Thus,” says M. Siljeström, in his excellent preface, “the final effect of the principle of individualism has merely been to place the individual in face of despotism, powerless, isolated, and shorn of all support from class, corporation, or commune. What would be the results where such a state of things existed, it was easy to foresee, and the experience of our own day proves it but too clearly; for it is through these means alone that despotism has been enabled to celebrate its supreme triumph, by letting centralization assume its ideal form in that military dictatorship whose iron sceptre presses heavily upon Europe, and from which, as circumstances now stand, there seems to be no means of rescue save through violent revolutions. Will this revolution again result in an increase of despotism? and will Europe constantly be kept balancing between the two?”

“My conviction is, that there is but one means by which to escape from this unfortunate position—viz., *national self-government*, such as it is understood by England and America. Nothing but a gradual extension of well-established local liberties, and a gradual development of a sound system of association, can restore the lost equilibrium of the European communities.”

This impression is gradually gaining ground, he tells us, among the continental nations, and to this feeling he refers the fact, which it is cheering to know, of their tendency “to draw closer to the Anglo-Saxon race—the only one which has as yet developed in any prominent degree the idea of self-government.” Such language in the mouth of an intelligent foreigner will be interesting, and must be important as indicating that the mind of other countries is anxiously intent on the puzzling, because unexamined problem involved in our science of government, and inquisitively observant of the great working models which have furnished as yet the safest solutions.

Proceeding to America with the sanction and support of his government, it would have been a delicate matter for M. Siljeström to trace the working of self-government, as acting under purely democratic forms, and bringing out the value of republican institutions. He chose, therefore, rather to study it as developed in the department of public instruction, where the observer can trace its action undisturbed by political partisanship or other causes, and where the “exertions of individuals and of individual association for the promotion of public objects are

most clearly manifest." Hence the volume before us, containing a valuable exposition of the educational resources of the States, which are considered under three aspects. First, as regards the organization of popular schools, and the general education of the people; secondly, as respects charity-schools (in a very summary manner); thirdly, as concerns the higher branches of education, and the especial means provided for obtaining a learned and practical education.

When those grand iron men, the pilgrim fathers, full of liberty and despotism, intrepid assertors of religious freedom in the country they abandoned, its austere opponents in the land to which they fled, had taken firm possession of their new asylum, their attention was forthwith directed to the subject of public education.

In 1620, they set foot on Plymouth Rock, and in 1635, Boston being then five years old, it was unanimously resolved, that "our brother Philemon Purmont should be appointed school-master, for the instruction and education of our children," thirty acres of land being at the same time appropriated to Philemon's support. Five years after, our pilgrim fathers, never doing things by halves, enjoin that wherever there shall be found a family "in which so barbarous a state of things exists, as that the head thereof did neither by his own efforts, or those of others, endeavour to give his children and servants sufficient instruction to enable them to read fluently the English language, and acquire *a knowledge of the penal laws*, a penalty of twenty shillings (a heavy fine at the time) should be imposed for such neglect." But as punishing the parent did not instruct the child, they further enjoined that of such parents and masters as after warning persisted in their neglect, the children or servants might be placed by the authorities under the guardianship of other heads of families worthy of being substituted for such unworthy parents—the boys until the age of twenty-one, the girls until eighteen. Compulsory education being thus established, it was further ordained, in 1647, that every town of fifty families should be bound to support a schoolmaster competent to teach reading and writing; while every town of one hundred and fifty families should be bound to support a grammar school, with teachers competent to qualify pupils for the university.

Nor was the sister State of Connecticut much behindhand in the race of education.

In 1650, a law similar to that of Massachusetts was passed respecting public schools; and in the penal code of the second puritan State was found this singular clause: "If any child above the age of sixteen, and naturally of sound mind, swears at or strikes his or her father or mother, he or she shall be

punished with death, except in cases where it can be fully proved *that the parents have utterly neglected the education of the child.*" A very singular case of benefit of no clergy, evincing a higher sense of the value of education than the benefit of clergy itself. The provisions for further education being thus extensively made, it soon became "an unheard-of thing in New England to meet an adult possessed of sound mind who could not read or write." We here see plainly enough the foundation of that extraordinary influence the eastern people have exercised over the destiny of the States.

The war of independence necessarily interfered with the progress of education, and in the ferment of their new existence the people very naturally forgot—to use the quaint expression of our author—"while trying on for the first time the Republican costume, that the schoolmaster is the only tailor who is able to make a garment of that kind strong enough to bear wear and tear."

Though education was far from being unprovided for through the Union in the first part of this century, yet its progress, whether in extension or improvement, was far from marked. It was not until after the year 1835, that a new era of educational exertion commenced. The public mind, then becoming aware of a large and unexpected amount of ignorance in the States, was justly alarmed. It is the opinion of M. Siljiström that General Jackson's presidency greatly increased this apprehension. This rough and energetic man had not only developed the democratic action in its coarsest form, but by giving away all the official appointments at the disposal of the federal government—from the highest to the lowest—as the rewards of political services, had converted the elections "into an arena for the struggles of contemptible demagogues who lived by the 'spoils,' thus rendering the promotion of education among the electors more than ever necessary as a means of counteracting these evil influences."

But surely the main cause of anxiety and the principal inducement to action must have arisen from the visible results of the great emigration, which for years had been going on. First, there was the great tide of pauper life incessantly flowing in from Ireland, bringing its hundreds of thousands of ignorant men, who, speedily manufactured into electors, were producing constituencies on which Washington and Hamilton would have looked with disgust, and which, not even Jefferson could have regarded with a relish. Secondly, there was that more potent and remarkable emigration from the settled parts to the unsettled; from the disciplined habits and mental cultivation of the old sea-

board, to the irresponsible life of the prairie and the forest; scattering rapidly through the fertile wilderness of the west the seeds of an intense existence, full to excess of physical energy, and unballasted intelligence; developing with magical swiftness into a vast population, with an enormous capacity of material progress, but rude in manners, reckless in conduct, and greatly deficient in intellectual and moral restraint. It is true, indeed, that the Yankee or stout-hearted Eastern man, the intrepid colonizer of the west, faithful to the revered custom of his State, introduced wherever he went the *church* and the *school*, as soon as circumstances would permit; but his school was both too defective in itself, and too badly supported by the motley population flowing into the new settlements to which his courage and enterprise had marshalled the way, to present an efficient barrier against the tendencies to rudeness and ignorance which such societies could not fail to develop. This was the aspect of affairs in 1835. But such a condition of things obviously indicated the necessity of a corrective to a nation watchful over its own prosperity, and will alone sufficiently account—whatever coincident inducements may have existed—for the ardour with which it went to work in setting up new educational breastworks, or restoring old ones, against a low Irish civilization that required elevation, and a degenerated American civilization that needed repair.

As may be easily conceived, it was in that part of the Union where popular education had been most carefully cherished, that the new impulse was most powerfully felt. Among the other old States, New York signalized herself by her efforts, which soon placed her second in rank to New England in the amount and quality of her school-provision. Pennsylvania, on the contrary, exhibits but little progress, and New Jersey is also in arrears. In the former, the presence of a large German population—much of it of old standing, its elder generations not brought up under the actual educational system of Germany, and therefore not anxious for instruction—presents a serious obstacle. In many parts of the State not only does German continue to be spoken, but English is not at all understood. M. Siljiström ascribes the deficiency to the influence of the quakers, who preponderate in these States. Though by no means indifferent to education, and highly philanthropic, their attention has been chiefly directed to the establishment of gratuitous *poor* schools, while the children of the rich have confined themselves to private schools, from which cause the public schools want that high character they possess in Massachusetts, where children of all classes are found in them. The concentration of property in

fewer hands would also favour this inauspicious tendency to private schools for the rich, and charity schools for the poor. Improvement is however going on, and the schools of Philadelphia can now bear comparison with those of Boston and New York; while a general improvement is taking place throughout the State. Of one remarkable feature in the school system of Philadelphia—its high school—we shall have occasion presently to speak.

The minute account given by M. Siljström, in his third chapter, of the system of national schools in Massachusetts, is extremely interesting and will repay attention. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which the educational fibre has been made to extend itself through every portion of the social body, so that the care of education is involved in the act of citizenship. The township, either undivided or distributed into districts, is the simple element of the process. The manner in which it is brought into action is as follows:—

“Each town, however small it may be, is bound to maintain at least *one* school, in which instruction is imparted during six months of the year; or two or more schools, the period of instruction in which shall together form a term of six months. Every town comprising one hundred families or households, is bound to maintain one school throughout the year, or two schools each during six months in the year, &c. Every township comprising one hundred and fifty families, must maintain two schools during nine months of the year, or three schools each during six months, &c. Every township comprising five hundred families, must maintain two schools throughout the year, or three schools each during eight months, &c. In these schools are taught reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, English grammar and geography, and good behaviour.

“Each township comprising five hundred families, must, in addition to the schools already mentioned, maintain a school in which (together with the branches named above) instruction shall be given in the history of the United States, in geometry, algebra, land surveying, and book keeping; and this school must be in activity at least nine months in the year. These schools are denominated *English high-schools*. Townships comprising a population of 4000 souls, must, in addition to the schools already enumerated, maintain one in which instruction shall be given in the Greek and Latin languages, in general history, logic and rhetoric, besides all branches taught in other schools. Such schools are called *Latin high-schools*.

“All these schools are open without distinction to every child in the community who has attained the age required; the two last mentioned class of schools being in common for the whole township, whereas, the district schools are open only to the children of the respective districts where they are situated.”

The result of this arrangement is, that while common schools everywhere abound, there is, or rather will be—for the law in

this respect has not, it appears, been strictly carried out—an effective provision for the highest course of gratuitous instruction open to the whole community. According to official reports of 1850, there were twenty-five townships liable to the maintenance of a Latin High School, or one for every fifty square miles, and every 32,000 inhabitants; sixty-five liable to the maintenance of an English High School, or one for every third square mile and every 12,300 inhabitants. Townships, not by their size liable, may unite with other townships for the maintenance of High Schools, or make agreements with such towns as are legally compellable to have them. For the purposes of education, every township becomes a corporation, with its privileges and responsibilities. The amount of school-rate leviable upon the township is determined at a public meeting of rate-payers, who also annually appoint a school committee of three, five, or seven members, for towns under 4000 inhabitants; beyond that amount there may be an addition of members not exceeding seven. The school committee administers, generally, all matters connected with the schools, assisted by a prudential committee of two or three members in each district, which superintends the building, repairs, &c., of school-houses, in all cases where the townships do not undertake their erection and maintenance. The school committee generally appoints teachers; or sometimes the prudential committee, whose choice, however, is restricted to persons bringing certificates from the former. These certificates are only valid for a year, and for the township, and may be withdrawn at any time. Rigid duties of inspection are enjoined upon the committee, and, to insure their performance, the law allows a dollar, besides expenses, to each of the members so engaged, the township being at liberty to fix a higher fee whenever it deems fit.

Such is the very remarkable school system which has flourished in Massachusetts from her foundation, and given her a popular education, which is certainly without a rival. But in order to impart a higher efficiency to each of this singular congeries of self-acting educational unities, and give them a harmonious and uniform action, some centralizing processes have taken place, which, at first regarded with a certain suspicion, have now become popular. These are the establishment of a common fund for the support of schools in 1834; of a central board of education, and of normal schools in 1838.

As respects the fund, it was resolved that a sum not exceeding a million of dollars should be set apart for the purpose of education, and its interest distributed to the respective townships, in proportion to the number of children in them between five and fifteen, and on condition, first, that they voted an annual

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school-rate of one-and-a-half dollar for every such child;* and, secondly, that they answered faithfully, through their school committee, the questions proposed to them by the Board of Education, and supplied the yearly reports as required by law. This fund had, in 1849, accumulated to above 860,000 dollars, and had acted beneficially on the various townships, stimulating without gorging them. The functions of the Board, which consists of ten members, including the governor and lieutenant-governor, *ex-officio*, the other eight being chosen by the governor and council for eight years, one member retiring every year, explain its utility. These functions are, to collect all useful information that can bear upon popular education; to obtain, by a series of questions addressed to school committees—to which, as a condition of their receiving their share of the State fund, they must reply—and persons connected with them, an accurate knowledge of the condition and working of each school; to communicate to these committees such improvements or additions as had come to its cognizance; to lay before the legislature every year an abstract of the school reports sent in to the Secretary of State, and also to make an annual report of its own operations, together with such experience and information as it may have acquired. The members of this Board are unpaid, save as regards any travelling expenses officially incurred. The secretary has a salary of 1600 dollars a year; his business is to make extensive tours of inspection, and, by lectures and addresses, to keep the public mind always on the alert with reference to the school system. Both the “School Abstracts” and the “Annual Reports” are regularly published; of the former 1750 copies, of the latter as many as 8000 are published, and one or more copies of each given to each member of the legislature, and to the members of the school, and prudential committees. The annual reports of the Hon. Horace Mann, the first Secretary, have become text-books for the educationist. Though the power of the Board is strictly recommendatory, and without any executive control, the vast benefit that results from the publicity given to its operations can easily be conceived. How great an advantage in this country would it be, even if beside the separate reports of the Government inspectors, a digest, by a responsible officer, of their contents, and any other matter that had

* In Massachusetts, as we learn from the official reports of last year, the rate raised by taxation amounted to 4 dollars 71 cents, or 19s. 7d. for each child between 5 and fifteen. The number of children in the United Kingdom will be about 7,500,000. If, then, we were doing for our children what Massachusetts is doing for hers, we should be annually taxing ourselves solely for common school education to the amount of above £7,000,000 a-year.

come within their experience, should be annually presented to Parliament, and widely distributed among members of school committees and all concerned in the management of schools.

As respects the variations introduced in the other eastern states it suffices to say, that while they have much in common with Massachussetts, they borrow more or less some additions or changes from the practice of the State of New York. In this State M. Siljström notices:—

“One of the most interesting circumstances connected with the latest development of the national life of America; the introduction of increased centralization, but in such a form that, without encroaching in any way on the people's right and practice of self-government, it serves to introduce greater uniformity in the administration, while on the one side it stimulates, and on the other controls the action of the local bodies.”—pp. 12.

There is, indeed, hardly a problem more important to be solved than that which is to determine in what amount the action of the whole may be brought to bear upon its parts, so as to bring them into harmonious action with it; and while imparting to them the benefit of its larger experience, and the stimulus of its powerful wants, to regulate without checking, and impel without constraining, the independent activity on which their prosperity depends. In the United States, the solution has been attempted in various forms, and with great success; but nowhere, if we are to judge from the frequency with which it is copied, more successfully than in the working of the school system in the great and flourishing State of New York. In this State, as in Massachussetts, the primary division is into townships, averaging between 2 and 3000 souls. Each township elects a town superintendent of schools for two years, whose business, among other things, is to divide the township into districts, and make such changes in existing districts as are desirable; to undertake a minute inspection, and deliver an annual report to the Secretary of State; to examine candidates for teaching, and recommend them for appointment. His duties are analogous to those of the school committee of Massachussetts. Three trustees are also elected for three years, one going out of office each year; their business, like that of the prudential committee, is to attend to the building and repairs of school-houses, to make agreements with teachers, to determine what children are to be exempt from “rates of tuition”—that is, school fees, where they are exacted, to attend to the discipline of the schools, and to make annual reports to the town superintendents. But the township in this State, though not, as we see, by any means shorn of its self-government, is, however, more or less regulated by the general administration of the county, averaging about 50,000 inhabitants.

Instead of the "select men," who manage the affairs of a New England township, the management is vested in a *supervisor*, and the supervisors of the various townships of the county form a *board of supervisors*, exercising the administrative power over all the townships. For school purposes, the townships are divided into districts; of which there are 11,000 in the State, with an average population of from 200 to 300 souls. Thus the county being only a larger form of local administration, the next step is to establish, through a centre, a constant interaction of the various members on each other acting as unity. The way in which it is done is this: the Secretary of State is *ex officio* the "superintendent of common schools;" below him is a "deputy superintendent," on whom the actual working is devolved. The duty of this officer, elected by the people for two years, is to apportion the State grant among the respective counties to the districts, which have also the privilege of levying a trifling tax for school libraries, and school materials. The teachers' salaries are sometimes helped out by school fees. The average amount paid in fees is less than two-thirds of a dollar a head per year—a trifling sum where wages are so high. In some districts, however, the schools are free, while in those that have fees, certain children are exempted, so that the actual sum per head of those that do pay is something larger. Small as these fees are, they are found to obstruct the progress of education, to shorten the school period during the year, and to have a bad influence on the teachers. The system of free schools is decidedly gaining ground. In 1845, as we learn from the report of the superintendent of common schools of the State of New York for 1849, eleven cities and towns had legally established free schools, representing a fifth of the whole State population; if to these we add others which have voluntarily adopted them, we may state the free school system as having obtained the sanction of a fourth of the population. It is the opinion of Mr. Morgan, that the majority of the rate-payers would prefer having the schools supported entirely by taxation. No doubt this is the prevailing feeling throughout the Union. In the Eastern States, the schools are everywhere nearly free, often absolutely so. In Indiana, the people called upon for their opinion on the same subject, declared, by a great majority, in favour of free schools. Wisconsin at once established them. "Even in South Carolina," says the New York superintendent, the "schools are free to the free." He adds, "I believe it is true that, in every state, county, town, or village, where the question has been submitted to the decision of the people, they have found in favour of the free system." That this system will be adopted in the State of New York, there can be but little doubt. In 1851, the governor of the State was empowered to appoint a commissioner

to embody, in a single act, a common school code for the State. In the beginning of last year Mr. Randall, who had been selected for his eminent services in the cause of common school education, presented to the legislature a draught of a code, prefaced by a report. In it he recommends and justifies a clause in the code, substituting a mill-tax, or one dollar for every thousand dollars of taxable property, real or personal, which a man may possess—in lieu of the actual state-tax of 800,000 dollars. By this tax increasing with the value of property, he expects that the schools in the 12,000 districts can be made *free* schools, and kept open for twelve months in the year.

He also strongly urges the re-appointment of county superintendents, and brings forward a mass of evidence to prove their admirable influence on the prosperity and efficiency of the schools. These superintendents were salaried officers chosen by the Board of Supervisors for two years, whose business it was to inspect schools, suggest all such improvements as their experience dictated, and decide any disputes that might arise in the township, subject to an appeal to the State superintendent. These officers existed from 1841 to 1847, when, having become unpopular, the office was abolished. It was to this body of superintendents that the distinguished educationists of the other States pointed as the brilliant and crowning excellence of the New York system. The loss of their services has been so severely felt, that the necessity of their re-appointment is fully recognised. It is more than probable that Mr. Randall's recommendation with respect to them, as well as with respect to the mill-tax, will be adopted, and that then a variety of imperfections and drawbacks which now disfigure the school system being eradicated, it will be the glory of the empire State to exhibit the most perfect apparatus for popular education.

While this remarkable activity is conspicuous in the eastern States and New York, the new States of the west are not neglecting their duty. Congress has voted one thirty-sixth of all public lands for the support of education in them. In all the townships occupying areas of thirty-six square miles, laid out in exact squares—the sides facing the four cardinal points, and again subdivided into regular sections of one square mile—section No. 16, a central one, is termed the "School Section," and is allotted to the support of schools. Rude enough indeed are often the school-houses; improvised of logs, or provisionally occupying any house that can be procured, for the use of the emigrants, frequently very poor and very ignorant, but anxious to be taught. "I began school on the 23rd November with four scholars," writes a female teacher from Wisconsin; "the number soon increased to forty, between the age of six and twenty-two. The scholars are very backward." They had scarcely any books;

four or five must use the same book. Then, too, "my school-house is eighteen feet long, fourteen feet broad, and is built of logs, and is cold, very cold." But our brave friend does not despond. "Next winter," she says, hopefully, "we shall have a well constructed building for school and church." Meanwhile all is going on well. There is a zeal for learning among the poor ill-clad children that come to her. "Two girls of the age of twelve and fourteen have come a distance of a mile and a half through the snow, with no other covering than a little shawl not larger than a pocket-handkerchief, the rest of their clothing being proportionably scant." No doubt this earnest, devoted school-mistress will allure all the little ragged community to school. Nothing indeed is more curious than this missionary spirit of the American women in the cause of education. Besides volunteers, as many as forty or fifty young women under the auspices of the Ohio Board of Education, "collected from various parts of New England, assemble at Hartford in Connecticut, and after passing muster as duly qualified, and going through some little further training for five or six weeks, proceed, accompanied by one of the society's superintendents, to take charge of their western schools. The wags, of course, say they go to get married; but though some, neglectful of their high calling, may now and then fall at once into matrimony, the great majority do good service as professional teachers, before in another form they continue their instruction as wives and mothers. We had ourselves, recently, direct evidence of the zeal for teaching which is widely diffused in the States. Paying a visit last summer to Rock City,* in Catteraugus County, in the State of New York, we stopped at a lone farm-house, as directed, to take a guide. A young man presented himself, who took us through the "city," and much surprised us by his intelligence and information, especially by his accurate knowledge of various statistical facts respecting England. We found on inquiry that he had been and was a teacher. On returning to the farm-house he invited us to go in and rest; we there found a vigorous-looking man of fifty, who some years ago had come into the forest, cleared a few hundred acres, and reared a family of ten children. All but two were there, verging from six to twenty years of age, and among them two pretty well-mannered girls, busily engaged in household work. We soon discovered that they also had been out as teachers, the youngest as far as Wisconsin. They and our friend the guide had now returned to the homestead for the pur-

* A remarkable denudation caused by some vast rush of waters, whereby an extensive formation of millstone grit has been laid bare, to a depth of several feet, and broken into huge masses, the passages between which have been thought to bear a fantastic resemblance to streets, courts, and galleries. Hence it is named Rock City.

pose of completing their own education in the highest branches of instruction, by attendance at the high or normal schools. On asking them to insert their names in a pocket-book, that we might forward them a book they wished to see, we could not help smiling when we found that one had written down her name Belinda, the other Cleopatra. For these fine names, however, they were not responsible. Modest, sensible, and sincerely devoted to their calling, and as far as their opportunities of acquirement admitted, well qualified for it, these young girls, like many hundreds of their countrywomen, will go forth to help to diffuse the blessings of sound education throughout the yet much neglected portions of their vast country. When will our farm-houses send forth such sisters of mercy as these?

It is of course in the large towns that educational efforts are the greatest, and educational machinery the most complete. Here, in regular gradation, are found the "primary,"—for children from four to seven,—teaching spelling, reading, and a little arithmetic. The grammar school, to which children of seven are admitted, on certificate of competency from primary schools, teaching in one division reading, grammar, composition, declamation, geography, history, natural history, and physiology; in another, writing, drawing, arithmetic, book-keeping, algebra, and sometimes geometry and natural philosophy. The English High School, where pupils are admitted at twelve, and may remain three years, developing these studies to a greater extent, and adding to them natural theology, the evidences of christianity, moral and mental philosophy, rhetoric, the constitution of the United States, trigonometry, and land-surveying. Finally, the Latin School, devoted principally to classical acquirements, with the addition of mathematics, history, and a repetition of English grammar, &c. Pupils are admissible at ten, and may remain five years. This division and graduation of schools and studies, with some variations, is pretty much the same in the principal towns, and all gratuitous. As evidence of the facilities for good education which are offered to the American children, M. Siljström's chapter on Education in the Cities will be read with interest. We had ourselves recently an opportunity of some examination of the schools of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, especially of the former, and regret that our space will only permit a general testimony to the excellent order and arrangement of the schools; to the remarkable proficiency and intelligence of the pupils; to the ability, tact, gentleness, and adaptability of the male and female teachers. The care which is bestowed on correct enunciation and emphasis is very remarkable, and must have the best results. Nor is the care confined to the city schools. In the pretty town of Middleton, in Connecticut, at a very well-conducted school there, we heard young children read

with an expression and regard for punctuation, which would be difficult to find in our English schools. In Boston we were permitted to address questions to the scholars, on branches of study which had been discontinued for several months; and were surprised at the fulness and accuracy of their information. The schools of this city are indeed admirable, from the lowest to the highest; the buildings spacious, airy, and commodious, and the school furniture ornamental, as well as convenient. The condition of school buildings has been hitherto very defective throughout the States, but, as will be collected from the title of Mr. Barnard's useful book, prefixed to this article, much attention is now paid to the subject, and M. Siljström remarks, that if there be the same ratio of improvement in the next ten years as the last, every district school building, before another generation passes away, will be transformed into a neat and pretty cottage, with a play-ground and small plantation attached to it, and every external and internal convenience. The Free Academy of New York is a noble institution, copied from the High School of Philadelphia. As these institutions are of a remarkable nature, a notice of the latter, taken from official documents, may be interesting.

The object of the school is twofold. First, to supply a higher education than can be acquired in the Primary and Grammar Schools to those of the pupils in them who, by their industry and talent, merit and desire a more extensive range of instruction. Secondly, by offering such an advantage, to re-act beneficially on these schools, by keeping them up to the highest pitch of exertion and efficiency. These objects have been completely answered. Between 1838—1850, as appears from the thirty-second Annual Report of the controllers of public schools of the city and county of Philadelphia, composing the school district of Pennsylvania for 1850 (p. 108), as many as 2130, or a yearly average of about 177 pupils, have been admitted. The effect upon the popular schools is thus described in the report:

“ After considerable discussion of the question suggested, the propriety of admitting candidates from private schools, the controllers at length unanimously resolved to restrict the admissions to pupils of the public schools. The result has been a greater and more beneficial change in the character of the lower schools, than was ever effected probably in any similar institutions in the same space of time. No one can read the records of the controllers without concurring in the opinion expressed by them in their twenty-sixth annual report, in which they say, ‘ the influence of the institution upon other schools is believed to be worth more than all it costs, independent of the advantages to actual pupils.’ This influence is exerted *solely through the examinations for admissions*. The privileges of the High School are held forth

to the pupil as the reward for successful exertion in the lower schools. They are kept constantly and distinctly in his view, and operate as a powerful and abiding stimulus to exertion through all successive stages of promotion, from the lowest division of the Primary to the highest division in the Grammar School. *The influence is felt by those who do not reach the High School quite as much as by those who do.* It is an influence pervading the whole public school system."—p. 85.

Such, after several years experience, has been the effect of this admirable institution. Every precaution has been taken to make the admission-examination effective as a test, and impartial beyond suspicion. The acquirements of candidates are carefully ascertained in spelling, in the use and definition of words, in geography, in the history and constitution of the United States, in grammar, arithmetic, algebra, and mensuration. Especial care is devoted to the examination in grammar and arithmetic, as the foundations of further attainments. Ten questions are put on these subjects, with the exception of grammar and arithmetic, which have twenty allotted to them. The answers to the questions, being all written, furnish also a test for penmanship, the quantity of which affects each individual's average. They are moreover bound up and arranged with facilities of reference. They thus contain the evidence on which the different examiners have founded their decision. Persons dissatisfied with the results have every facility for examining them; this, it is stated, is often done, and with a uniform result. Another very important benefit derived from this practice is, that visiting directors of different schools, and parents of different boys, often discover in these papers the proof of a deficiency not before suspected, and which is usually corrected before the next examination.

That the influence of this school on all other schools must be such as is described, can easily be conceived, but another point of interest to ascertain is, what is the influence on the future career of the pupils themselves. It is but too much the custom when we are endeavouring to rouse the poorer class to a sense of the value of education, to appeal to the ambition of the most intelligent among them, by showing how many men of their social condition have reached the highest prizes and honours of the State—in other words, have been able to escape from their own class. But how much better would it be for them, and for all, could we point to men pursuing the same humble—as they are foolishly called—occupations as themselves, but nevertheless exhibiting and enjoying a mental cultivation worthy of the highest sphere, in close and immediate connexion with their own rank. By the agency of such men it is manifest that the intellectual elevation of the whole class would be secured; its just

dignity be conferred on toil through all its branches; the absurd distinction of occupation, as honourable or humble, gentlemanly or ungentlemanly, be effaced; and an equality of mental culture be diffused that eventually brings about the other equalities, which, as they must come, had better come with imperceptible approach, without difficulty and without jar. It was, therefore, with much anxiety we inquired into the subsequent career of the pupils who had passed through the high schools. Fortunately, nothing is easier to discover, it being an admirable rule of the schools to register both the occupations of the parents, and, as far as can be ascertained, the future occupations of the scholars. The following illustration of the subsequent career of the pupils, taken from the 'Thirty-second Annual Report of the Controllers of Public Schools, is certainly remarkable:—

“Occupations of the 1467 pupils who graduated or left during the eight years, ending July 26, 1850. Architects, 2; bakers, 2; Blacksmiths, 32; blindmakers, 8; cadets, 3; carpenters, 120; chairmakers, 3; chemists, 6; clergymen, 6; clerks, 137; conveyancers, 44; coopers, 8; cordwainers, 50; curriers, 12; cutlers, 2; dentists, 5; druggists, 44; dyers, 2; engineers, 24; engravers, 37; farmers, 70; gasfitters, 2; gilders, 4; glasscutters, 2; goldbeater, 1; grocers, 11; hatters, 11; iron-founders, 2; jewellers, 12; lawyers, 17; locksmiths, 2; machinists, 65; manufacturers, 13; mariners, 31; masons, 4; merchants, 3; miller, 1; millwrights, 3; ironmongers, 2; painters, 13; paperhanger, 1; physicians, 19; plasterers, 2; ploughmaker, 1; plumber, 1; potter, 1; riveters, 54; saddlers, 14; sailmakers, 2; ship-carpenters, 6; ship-joiners, 2; ship-wrights, 22; stereotypists, 2; stonecutters, 4; store-keepers, 332; tailors, 12; tanner, 1; teachers, 55; tinsmiths, 4; tobacco-nists, 3; turners, 4; typefounders, 4; watchmakers, 4; weavers, 4; wheelwrights, 7; not ascertained, 29; deceased, 6. Total, 1467.”

Well may the Report assert that the *alumni* of the High School are already scattered through every branch of useful industry, nor will it be matter of surprise, “that many of our leading mechanics, manufacturers, merchants, and others, are in the habit of sending to the school whenever they are in want of desirable young men to be trained to business.” The whole importance of such results it is hardly possible to measure; but that they will produce an unparalleled elevation in the working-classes of Philadelphia it is easy to conceive. One hundred and eighty well-educated youth annually sent forth, almost all of them to gain their livelihood by the various industrial occupations, and set to those around them the example of the tastes and habits which may be expected from high mental culture, is a phenomenon of rare importance, which is well worthy of our serious reflection. To us it is of the highest concern, as showing the possibility of achieving the high educational training of

working men, without separating them from their class; and as demonstrating to those who may be doubtful about it, the practicability of usefully combining tastes which distinguish intellectual culture with the *supposed* drudgery of mechanical toil.

In chapter xv., M. Siljström touches upon the state of religious instruction in the United States, and his evidence is important, as coming from a foreigner accustomed to schools in which catechetical instruction is a part of the scholastic routine, and who appears to set a high value on religious education. It is his decided opinion that a beneficial influence "on the Christian religious culture" is produced by separating the religious instruction of the country from the secular. The following remarks are so judicious, and so borne out by a mass of evidence which has been collected in illustration of our own popular schools, that we cannot overlook them:—

"I stated above that a truly religious spirit may reign in a school, notwithstanding that religion is excluded as a subject of positive instruction; but, may we not go further, and assert, that in reality religion suffers from being made a subject of instruction in the daily schools? As religious instruction in the common schools must alternate with the temporal studies, is it not probable that in the minds of the pupils it will be placed on a level with the other subjects? Is it not probable that even the teachers will treat the one subject in exactly the same manner as the other, that is to say, they will treat it as an intellectual exercise, and nothing more? And can we suppose that all this will not contribute to degrade and profane religion in the thoughts of the young? At least, as far as my experience goes, it tells me that thus it is. Observe the tone which generally rules in schools where, nevertheless, religion is daily taught! If there be an hour of schooltime from which it is thought absence will be of no consequence, it is the hour of prayer. And who, that has ever frequented a school, has not as many bitter or disagreeable recollections connected with the religious teaching as with any other lessons? Who has not witnessed daily ebullitions of temper in teacher as well as pupils, and found these as often called forth by the religious exercises as by any other? And is it not most desirable that everything of this kind should be avoided in connexion with such a subject as religion?"

So well does the system work that it is highly approved by all Protestants, whether clergy or laymen, "although, of course, a dissentient voice is now and then raised." The only opposition of importance is from the Roman Catholic clergy, who wish, of course, to have the education of their own sect exclusively in their own hands, and who frequently, through their influence over the new Irish emigrants, succeed in establishing schools of their own by forcing children into them, whose parents, if they dared, would send them by preference to public schools. But we are inclined to think, from what we heard in the United

States, that when the tide of emigration slackens, the policy will have no success. It is in this huge network of Sunday-schools which, in America, as in England, encompasses the rising generation with its dogmatic teaching, that a sufficient supplement is found, as far as scholastic means are concerned, for the dogmatic education of the people. But there is a peculiarity connected with these which deserves to be noted. Profuse as are the Americans of their money for educational purposes and for church provision, there is an indisposition to give money for the support of exclusively *denominational* Sunday-schools, though numbers of them are to be found. The result is, that the various Protestant "evangelical" denominations,—Episcopal, Methodist, Independent, Baptist, &c., have been obliged to associate for the purpose of establishing Sunday-schools, in which the points of faith common to them all are taught—those in which they differ being excluded. This association bears the name of "The American Sunday School Union;" the central agency of which is at Philadelphia. A tendency like this is highly characteristic, and much in contrast with the sharp distinctions that prevail in this country, proving a disposition among the "orthodox" sects "to conceive that true Christianity exists beyond and independently of these sectarian differences." Hence the general character of instruction in the Sunday-schools is in accordance with this view, although there may be isolated attempts at sectarian influence. This Association is very active, and sends out annually about fifty missionaries to carry out its objects in the Western States. It may be readily supposed that the Roman Catholics are opposed to such a system, and not only they, but those also who come nearest to them—the Ultras of the high church party. Amongst these there is much grumbling, both against these Sunday Schools and the National day-school system. It was, indeed, under their influence, and his own bias, that Mr. Tremeneere, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, was misled into an extravagant estimate of the amount of disapproval exhibited towards the secular school system, and induced, in his "Notes," to caricature its results. Now, as our clergy readily clutch at any supposed facts by which they can excite religious fears, it may be worth while to give a sample or two of the amount of reliance which is to be put upon this gentleman's evidence. Among several statements, hastily collected during a flying pleasure tour of a couple of months, and of no value, he ushers in, with great parade, the testimony of a Dr. Edson, the episcopal clergyman of Lowell, *avowedly* written to influence public opinion in England. The doctor is very considerably alarmed, and with good reason, for he foresees an approaching infidelity and corruption of morals, worse than

that of the heathen world, as the inevitable consequence of the school system. It may be easily conceived that no one would have troubled himself about such rhodomontade as this; but unluckily for the doctor, he must needs give a specific description of the religious ignorance exhibited in the population of Lowell, reminding us of the accounts given by her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, of the "spiritual ignorance" to be found in their districts, and something like what may be met with in some of our "national schools." Lowell, it will be remembered, is a large manufacturing place, to which persons from different parts of the country resort; and it is necessary, also, to note that, as the charge of spiritual ignorance does not include the Irish, who have the happiness of being looked after by their priests, it must be received as an illustration of the religious instruction of Americans. This charge coming from such a quarter, and published for such a purpose, caused so much surprise, that a statistical inquiry was undertaken in reference to it, not only in Lowell, but in five or six other towns, as nearly as possible circumstanced as it was. Well, the result, as we are able to declare on the distinguished authority of Professor Ticknor, was completely to disprove, both in Lowell and the other towns, Dr. Edson's statements, and to show that but a very trifling per centage of the children in them had not attended Sunday schools, and that the alleged cases of ignorance were no more samples of the religious education of American children, than a score of Chelsea pensioners, without arms or legs, would be samples of the rank and file of the British army. Nobody seems to have anticipated this result more clearly than Dr. Edson, who did all he could to evade and balk the inquiry as respected Lowell. Now, it is very hard that such evidence as this should be exhibited as trustworthy, and placed in the hands of our Denisons for the purpose of obstruction. But Mr. Tremeneere has been very careless, to say the least of it, in adducing authorities. Thus, in enumerating his adverse testimonies, he represents the Bishop of Massachusetts as saying, that he would prefer in the interests of religion a mixture of religious with secular teaching, but that this is not attainable. But we were assured by the bishop that he was misreported. Being asked whether he would not prefer having the schools more under his control, he said, "Yes;" but added, that this was impossible, and that he was "*quite satisfied with the working of the present system*;" of which satisfaction we are not favoured with a hint. Again, Mr. Tremeneere speaks of Dr. Potter, the Bishop of Pennsylvania, as another dissident. Now we hold this to be impossible; and as our reasons for doing so will show what the best informed citizens think of their school system, and thus confirm M. Siljström's impartial evidence, it may be worth while

to give them. We have before us an "Appeal" to the inhabitants of Boston, from an "executive committee" appointed in 1849, at a public meeting, to carry out its wishes with respect to the establishment of public evening schools. It speaks with great pride of Philadelphia having within twenty years added her common schools to her churches, in which nearly 50,000 of her children were then receiving the rudiments of mental and moral culture. It points to the diminution of crime, and though not ascribing this to education alone, it believes that "education will be found to be one of the most powerful of the causes." While acknowledging that intellectual culture is not all-sufficient, it calls attention to the fact, that "though apparently employed in imparting only secular knowledge, every well-regulated school must even, in performing that work, be instrumental in forming good habits, and in cultivating the better affections of our nature." It enumerates various beneficial influences, and adds—"It is on these grounds that the undersigned, in common with all enlightened friends of popular education, anticipate great service from the multiplication of good schools;" and it concludes by saying, "that religion, pure and undefiled, will flourish among the young the more their hearts are predisposed, through the instruction and discipline of good schools, to serious reflection, and an active employment of their higher faculties In the name, then, of our common faith, of a common humanity, and our common abiding-place, we ask your co-operation." It would be difficult, we conceive, to express higher commendation than is found in the language of this document. Yet appended to it are the names of some of the most distinguished citizens of Philadelphia, including that of the gentleman who so ably represents his country at this Court; and the first name, that of the chairman, is Alonzo Potter, D.D., Bishop of Pennsylvania. That this right reverend gentleman is any more than his brother of Massachusetts opposed to the actual school system, we must, in the presence of such conclusive evidence, take leave to doubt.

It is evident that, like the distinguished fellow-townsmen he was acting with, and like all persons we ever heard express an opinion on the subject, he looks upon the school system of his country with regard and gratitude. No doubt there is here and there a little *coterie* that carps. The wonder is it is not larger. For in Upper Canada, where the school system is such that even Mr. Tremenhoe can recommend the clergy to support it, some in the Church are disinclined towards it, and have subscribed largely towards sectarian schools. Mr. Tremenhoe seems to have fallen in with some of the same sort of people in the States, and their agreeable buzz has so filled his ear as to make him fancy

he has heard the voice of a party in the prattle of a *coterie*. They who have been misled by him would do well to learn, from the work before us, the reasons which induce its author "to conceive how it is possible that *true Christian* culture may exist in America in a much higher degree than perhaps in any other country, although regular religious instruction is not imparted in the popular schools."

What we have said will furnish a tolerably accurate idea of the efforts which Transatlantic Englishmen are making to reduce ignorance to a minimum. In city, in town, in village, in the forest and prairie, in the Indian preserves, in the "coloured" school, in the well-appointed free academy and the miserable log-house school, everywhere you have evidence of their extensive anxiety for the omnipresence of a large and liberal provision for popular instruction. To be taxed for education is not a grievance, where to make public opinion enlightened is a personal security. Whatever faults we may please to ascribe to democracy, there is one peculiar and crowning merit we cannot deny it—the obligation it imposes upon every man to be interested in the well-being, mental and physical, of every other. Where all are equal in power, it is necessary that all, as nearly as possible, should be equal in condition. Where the majority is the governing power, knowledge, honesty, contentedness, must be the rule; ignorance, fraud, discontent, the exception; or the wise will be at the mercy of the foolish, the honest of the dishonest, the prosperous of the unfortunate. Hence the cheerfulness with which the English republicans of the United States tax themselves for education as a security for good government through a well-informed majority. But is this lesson of no interest to us? Are *we* not verging every day towards—no matter under what form—the same state of government by majority without any adequate preparation for meeting it? Yet, whenever we shall meet it, it must be with great social inequalities, with many social antipathies, with a minority glittering with great wealth, and a majority oppressed by great poverty, having neither the well being of the American population, nor the proprietary rights of the French peasantry—with classes arrogant from long rule, and other classes that may be equally arrogant in extinguishing it. No very agreeable prospect, this. Still, by some inexplicable fatality, while Englishmen on the other side of the Atlantic see, in the development of national intelligence through universal instruction, the essential preservative of a democracy under the most favourable condition, we, on this side, take hardly any thought of this preservative, though hurrying into a democracy of much more difficult solution. Education with us, indeed, is not a citizen's question, but a priest's question. It is

not how the country shall be filled with intelligent, self-reliant men, but how church or tabernacle shall be filled with submissive, uninquiring congregations. We ought to be getting ready for a virtual democracy, and we proceed as if we had no higher purpose than a theocracy. The school, which should be a seminary of citizens, is to be made a net for proselytes. The school-master, who ought to be as independent and as sacred as the priest, must be his shadow or his tool. As Protestants, indeed, we are bound to assert, in the face of "Papists," that religion is a matter of private judgment, and that each man, on his own responsibility, must choose his own. But, as educators, we are bound to render such a dangerous practice impossible. We must catch the child as soon as he can learn—we must get him into a day-school, where he shall be swathed in formulas, catechisms, and prayers—we must carefully see that he never gets his secular knowledge pure—we must mix up dogmatic religion with his spelling, his reading, his arithmetic, and his geography; we must make him accept our views of religious truth as true, and look upon every one else's as false. When we have done this during the most plastic period of his life, when we have given him a bias from which we think it will be difficult for him to recover, drilled him into impressions we have taught him to venerate, carefully excluded from him all reasoning or testimony adverse to our own, cramped him in his secular acquirements, and completely indisposed him to freedom of inquiry,—we can then safely, and without a blush, send him out into the world as a valuable illustration of the blessings of Protestant liberty, and an eloquent witness of the glorious privilege of private judgment. Whether, on the Protestant principle, honestly interpreted, such second-hand birch-rod religion can secure him a place in heaven, may be a doubt, but that is *his* affair. It is calculated that it will induce him to take a seat in church, and that is the educator's affair.

Now, that this is the use to which education in this country has been put, is now put, and is wished to be put by every sect, no one not absolutely ignorant will deny. Yet the precious attempt to raise up a catechism-taught, or God-fearing community, by means of day schools, has been a ridiculous failure. Not only has the secular instruction been at zero, but also the religious instruction, or even below it. Reverend and lay inspectors of schools, inquiring into the matter, can scarcely describe without a smile the irrational jumble that constitutes the religious knowledge of our "national" schools. Even Mr. Tremenhoe, so prudish about the American secular system, will remember his getting into a serious scrape with the Committee of the British and Foreign School Society, by his

exposé of the religious acquirements in their schools. How completely this system has turned out a blunder, may be collected from the unwelcome admission everywhere made, that to secure anything like an intelligent reception of the religious knowledge which is so much desired, there must be a large communication of that secular knowledge which is so much feared. Yet the patrons and perpetrators of this blunder, the clergy and ministry, still claim to be received as oracles on the subject. Though popular instruction, under their administration, has been a most costly failure, they still claim to be its administrators; what is worse, their boldness, instead of offending, imposes. One of the most eminent of our statesmen quails before them. He means to dedicate, he says, the rest of his political career to two great questions—the extension of the suffrage and national education. He proposes even to do something respecting the latter—a great improvement, he says, it will be, but not a great and comprehensive measure. From that he shrinks, and why? He is afraid of the professional religionists, the clergy and ministry. Look, too, at the public Press, generally so free spoken, and all you can get from it on this subject is discreditable silence or irresolute whispers. It seems to regard national education as a religious question, and as such removed beyond its domain. If a foreigner were to ransack the files of *The Times*, he might conclude there were still many very serious imperfections or wants in the country, but he would hardly discover that national education was among them. There is, indeed, not an important question affecting the interests of the nation that does not supply matter for discussion, save this one. But on this subject (confessedly a difficult one, even when all are agreed)—on this, on which public opinion requires to be formed, to be disabused of prejudice and gross ignorance, to be made acquainted with the causes of past failure and the essential conditions of future success; above all, to be lifted from petty views to great views;—the Press declines to take upon itself the responsibility of advice, and ignores a subject on which it fears to touch.

The result of this timidity would be ludicrous, were it not lamentable. We are, in educational efforts, not only distanced by the greatest nations of the world, but by the most insignificant. In this respect, we blush *magna componere parvis*. Tahiti can cry shame to England. King Kamehameha is richer in educational apparatus than Queen Victoria. While the latter can only point to a veiled Committee of Council on Education, with a paltry annual sum of 150,000*l.*, or less than the *three hundredth part* of the national revenue at her disposal, the former has his responsible minister of public instruction, with 5000*l.* a year, or one-third of

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the national revenue for his school requirements. The Lilliputian apparatus may be ridiculous, but the spirit that works it is greater than we can boast.

There, the religious question, the torment of this great country, presents no difficulty. If there be in any place fifteen Catholics without a school, the State endows in part a Catholic school: if fifteen Protestants, then, in like manner, a Protestant school. In this country, if the State gives money towards the support of a Catholic school, it is charged with the endowment of error. There is no such imbecile prattle in Tahiti. Yet the missionaries, who virtually govern it, have been unexceptionable zealots, driving away the Catholic missionaries, until France enforced their readmission—and to this day ordering their puppet, Kamehameha III., to maintain the laws of their former puppet, Kaahumanu II., which punish with hard labour, fine, and imprisonment, any native wicked enough to obey the obligations of religious conscience and use the privilege of private judgment, by adhering to the Pagan rites of his forefathers. What else can it be but impertinence or Pharisaism in our professional religionists, to affect to be more scrupulous than such men?—yet to them the religious aspect of education presents no embarrassments. Assuredly, in matters of education, Tahiti, as far as the largeness of its views are concerned, may look with compassion upon England.

We regret we cannot find space for doing more than merely allude to the important matter which M. Siljström has collected respecting the pay and training of teachers, the amount and duration of school attendance, the collegiate and academical institutions of the United States, and the deficiency of high scientific instruction compared with what is found in Europe, on which subject he has some very interesting remarks, distinguished by his usual good sense and remarkable liberality. We may mention, that in his opinion there is a vast promise in American literature which he thinks in a few years will take Europe by surprise.

We cannot conclude without calling the attention of our statesmen to the suggestion of an American citizen, who has distinguished himself nobly in the cause of public education. "How much better," says Mr. Barnard, in his first report, as secretary to the Connecticut Board of Education, "would it be in every respect, if the *right of suffrage were based upon the evidence of school attendance and proficiency, than upon any property qualification whatever*. Whoever shall discover a mode of securing a certain degree of instruction on the part of every individual of society, without violating the spirit of the age and of our institutions, will do more to advance the cause of civilization,

and our American liberty, than we can conceive it possible to do in any other way." What is true in this respect of America, is true of England. But is there then not any of the anonymes who compose the "Committee of Council on Education," who will render his country the service of endeavouring to promote education by connecting it with the franchise, or to increase the efficiency of the franchise by basing it as far as possible on an educational qualification? Surely it would require no transcendent wit to construct a scheme by which, on the one hand, so much attendance at an efficient school, and so much tested acquirement duly certified should qualify a youth on his attaining his majority to exercise the franchise; and by which, on the other, every parent who would make the sacrifice of allowing his two or three children to stay the requisite time at school himself acquire the franchise. Eagerness for the franchise and indifference for education are but too often found united in the same person. How possible, then, to make the franchise he seeks a means of awakening in him a desire for the education he needs—which not only *he* needs, but which it is perhaps even more important to us than to him he should possess. For the present, however, we have but little hope. While America is teeming with eminent and earnest men, pressing forward in the cause of popular education, our English notabilities are but too happy if, without seeming to ignore, they can evade it. It is either beneath their ambition or beyond their courage. Lord Lansdowne, who has the subject nearest at heart, is too aged to champion it; and, unfortunately for the country, the son who auspiciously began his public career by devoting himself to the cause of popular education was too early lost to him. The youth of Brougham was brilliantly devoted to it: his age forsakes it. It is manifest, the statesman is not yet in the midst of us, wise and bold enough to build his fame upon its triumph.

ART. VIII.—POEMS OF ALEXANDER SMITH.

Poems. By Alexander Smith. London: David Bogue.

GOETHE has told us how much easier it is to wear a laurel crown than to find the head worthy to be crowned:

“Ein Kranz ist gar viel leichter binden
Als ihm ein würdig Haupt zu finden”—

but, little accustomed as critics are to weave crowns for poets now a days, Glasgow has this year shown us the head of a young poet who will, we believe, ere long make good his claim to the honour. Considering the mass of matured mediocrity and polished incapacity which is every year thrust upon a supremely inattentive public in the guise of poetry, one cannot conceive a more unattractive title than that of the volume we have undertaken to introduce to the reader's notice. *Poems*, and by Alexander Smith! who could be expected to look at them, unless previously assured that these poems were veritable poems—the blossoming of a young plant growing high up on the sides of the double-peaked Parriassus? Yet we venture to assure the reader that no competent person can glance at these pages without at once discovering that they belong to a category in every way removed from that of the “poetry” which each quarter produces in abundance. Alexander Smith is a born singer; a man of genius; not a musical echo of other singers. He has faults enough to occupy an academy of critics, and these we shall presently indicate, but the faults are mainly those of youth—he is, we hear, only twenty-one. No such first publication can we remember; what he will hereafter produce, if his intellectual progress be proportionate, will, we cannot doubt, place him among the foremost of English poets. But, to achieve this, to grow into the stature prophesied by his youth, he must deepen and extend his experience, enlarge the compass of his diapason, and prune the over-luxuriant imagery which clusters about his thoughts thick as the blossoms in spring.

Leaving the future to the future, let us glance at what he has already achieved. This volume contains a long dialogue, misnamed a drama, setting forth the struggles of a young poet. Besides this *Life-Drama*, as it is ambitiously entitled, there are three short poems, and eight sonnets. Most of these have appeared in the *Critic* and the *Leader*, from which they are reprinted with slight alterations. The most striking characteristic of these poems is, their abundant *imagery*. And, by imagery, we do not mean what young gentlemen having “the

accomplishment of verse" fatigue us with; but fresh, vivid, concrete images actually present to the poet's mind, and thrown out with a distinctiveness and a delicacy only poets can achieve. Nature is written over with varied symbols, and the poet reads them into intelligible meanings. Our extracts will make this sufficiently apparent. But while we note that—to use his own simile—

"his chief joy
Is to draw images from every thing;
And images lay thick upon our talk
As shells on ocean sands"—

we must also note the youthful prodigality which, as in Keats, renders the verse cloying from its sweetness. He would seem richer were he not so rich. Something of this over-luxuriance is due to youth, and something to the extremely sensuous nature of his style.

And this leads us to the second characteristic—sensuousness. Because he is young, and has not yet learned wisdom, chastened by suffering—*μαθηματα παθηματα*—his eager senses have embraced the world, and only sensuous offspring issue from his muse. The heights and depths of our nature have been seen by him as yet only in swift anticipative glimpses, not in full and steady contemplation. That grave burden of imperious thought, and sad delicious suffering, quickening the spirit to higher impulses and to profounder utterances—that region of speculation and of sorrow which great poets have always traversed, and which impregnates their music as the bed of violets impregnates the south wind passing over it—has hitherto been no more than suspected by him. So that, on rising from his poems, we do not feel bettered; we do not feel that a great spirit has spoken from its depths to ours; we feel that a young and eager spirit has been singing in exultant life of all the glories and intoxications of beauty, joy, ambition, and wild hopes. Love, love, love! is the eternal hymn; and that, too, love of a brief and passionate kind, transient as the glowing colours of a sunset, eager as youth, impetuous and careless of the morrow: the love, in short, of youthful dreams, and not the grave devotion of a life.

With the sensuousness of imagery, and directness of fervid expression, there is necessarily connected a certain voluptuousness, which has excited the too hasty condemnation of some readers more refined than healthy. We cannot accept the objection. It is quite true that his muse is passionate, and sincere in the language of passion. If it seem too voluptuous, the reason is, that, from the causes before alluded to, it is too *exclusively* sensuous. But the language of passion, when sincere and reverent,

is the language a poet is bound to use; one of the poet's functions is that of beautifying and ennobling such feelings; and he only merits reprobation, when, by cynicism, irreverence, insinuation, or conscious lubricity, he disgraces his office. No one can for an instant say that Alexander Smith incurs any such charge. He is pure, and reverent, earnest and sincere. With a strong sense of enjoyment, he mingles the most refined perceptions of what is beautiful and tender. There are, indeed, many who object to any expression whatever of these imperishable and holy instincts; but the objection springs from a perverted and unhealthy conception of literature. It belongs to that mistaken view of Art which has idealized disease: which has created the type of sickly heroines and impossible refinements. We have deserted Nature for the Hospital, and our most poetic flowers are *immortelles*.

We do not, therefore, bid Alexander Smith to tame the impassioned fervour of his language, we only want him to deepen and extend the nature of his passion, making it the flaming utterance of his *whole* being, sensuous, moral, and intellectual, and then no one will have a fault to find. This, we have no doubt, will come to him in time, for he is essentially a *young poet*, one whose experience is of the varied aspects of earth and sky, and of his own fitful desires, not of the complexities and perplexities of life. What he has experienced he sings; and as Jean Paul notes of young poets, in his curious "*Vorschule der Aesthetik*," the novelty of their feelings seems to them a novelty of subjects, and that is the reason why they always either throw themselves into the Unknown and Unnamed, in foreign lands and epochs, without any individuality, or else throw themselves into the Lyrical—for in this last, there is no other nature to imitate than that which is within them—*oder vorzüglich auf das Lyrische; denn in diesen ist keiner Natur nachzuahmen als die mitgebracht*. Lyrical, indeed, Alexander Smith is above all things, and his poems are but the outpouring of this Lyrical feeling, excited by Nature, by Ambition, and by Love.

In the extracts we are about to quote, everyone will recognise the magnificence of imagery, the rare felicity of expression, the intensely musical feeling, and the originality with which old materials are used. Much of the imagery reminds us of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, but the poet most constantly recalled is Keats. The *Life-Drama* is but of slender substance—a canvas whereon is woven tapestry of varied and exquisite pictures. Walter, a young poet, is followed,

"By strong ambition to outroll a lay,
Whose melody will haunt the world for aye,
Charming it onward on its golden way."

But this hope is frustrated; he cannot be what he desires, the laurel-crowned victor:—

"Oh, that my heart was quiet as a grave
Asleep in moonlight!
For, as a torrid sunset boils with gold
Up to the zenith, fierce within my soul
A passion burns from basement to the cope.
Poesy! Poesy! I'd give to thee,
As passionately, my rich-laden years,
My bubble pleasures, and my awful joys,
As Hero gave her trembling sighs to find
Delicious death on wet Leander's lip.
Bare, bald, and tawdry, as a fingered moth,
Is my poor life, but with one smile thou canst
Clothe me with kingdoms. Wilt thou smile on me?
Wilt bid me die for thee? O fair and cold!
As well may some wild maiden waste her love
Upon the calm front of a marble Jove.
I cannot draw regard of thy great eyes.
I love thee, Poesy! : Thou art a rock,
I, a weak wave, would break on thee and die.
There is a deadlier pang than that which beads
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,
When one has a big heart and feeble hands,—
A heart to hew his name out upon time
As on a rock, then in immortality
To stand on time as on a pedestal;
When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are weak,
We find our aspirations quenched in tears,
The tears of impotence, and self-contempt,
That loathsome weed, up-springing in the heart,
Like nightshade 'mong the ruins of a shrine;
I am so cursed, and wear within my soul
A pang as fierce as Dives, drowsed with wine,
Lipping his leman in luxurious dreams;
Waked by a fiend in hell!—
'Tis not for me, ye Heavens! 'tis not for me
*To fling a Poem like a comet, out,
Far-splendouring the sleepy realms of night.*
I cannot give men glimpses so divine,
As when, upon a racking night, the wind
Draws the pale curtains of the vapoury clouds,
And shows those wonderful, mysterious voids,
Throbbing with stars like pulses.—Naught for me
But to creep quietly into my grave."—pp. 2—4.

And he has the right sense of the poet's office:—

"My Friend! a Poet must ere long arise,
And with a regal song sun-crown this age,

As a saint's head is with a halo crown'd;—
 One, who shall hallow Poetry to God
 And to its own high use, for Poetry is
 The grandest chariot wherein king-thoughts ride;—
 One, who shall fervent grasp the sword of song
 As a stern swordsman grasps his keenest blade,
 To find the quickest passage to the heart.
 A mighty Poet whom this age shall choose
 To be its spokesman to all coming times.
 In the ripe full-blown season of his soul,
 He shall go forward in his spirit's strength,
 And grapple with the questions of all time,
 And wring from them their meanings. As King Saul
 Called up the buried prophet from his grave
 To speak his doom, so shall this Poet-king
 Call up the dead Past from its awful grave
 To tell him of our future."—pp. 25, 26.

Let Alexander Smith meditate on this his own conception, for hitherto he has shown little tendency to "grapple with the questions of his time." To resume: after having loved, and struggled, been unhappy and disappointed, Walter rises to a clearer appreciation of his destiny, learns to care less for fame, and more for actual deed: indeed the "moral" of the poem may be found in this passage:—

"My life was a long dream; when I awoke,
Duty stood like an angel in my path,
And seemed so terrible, I could have turned
Into my yesterdays, and wandered back
 To distant childhood, and gone out to God
 By the gate of birth, not death. Lift, lift me up
 By thy sweet inspiration, as the tide
 Lifts up a stranded boat upon the beach.
 I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,
 But in the armour of a pure intent.
 Great duties are before me and great songs,
 And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall
 It matters not, so as God's work is done.
 I've learned to prize the *quiet lightning-deed,*
Not the applauding thunder at its heels
 Which men call Fame. Our night is past;
 We stand in precocious sunrise, and beyond
 A long day stretches to the very end.
 Look out, my beautiful, upon the sky!
 Even puts on her jewels. Look! she sets,
 Venus upon her brow. I never gaze
 Upon the evening but a tide of awe,
 And love, and wonder, from the Infinite,
 Swells up within me, as the running brine

From the smooth-glistening, wide-heaving sea,
Grows in the creeks and channels of a stream
Until it threatens its banks. It is not joy;
'Tis sadness more divine."—pp. 200, 201.

It will be seen that this *Life-Drama* is a poem of episodes through which a passion runs—

"Like honeysuckle through a hedge of June."

Here is one in a different style from anything we have quoted:—

"Within a city One was born to toil,
Whose heart could not mate with the common doom,
To fall like a spent arrow in the grave.
'Mid the eternal hum, the boy clomb up
Into a shy and solitary youth,
With strange joys and strange sorrows, oft to tears
He was moved, he knew not why, when he has stood
Among the lengthened shadows of the eve,
Such feeling overflowed him from the sky.
Alone he dwelt, solitary as a star
UnspHERed and exiled, yet he knew no scorn.
Once did he say, 'For me, I'd rather live
With this weak human heart and yearning blood,
Lonely as God, than mate with barren souls;
More brave, more beautiful, than myself must be.
The man whom truly I can call my Friend;
He must be an Inspirer, who can draw
To higher heights of Being, and ever stand
O'er me in unreach'd beauty, like the moon;
Soon as he fail in this, the crest and crown
Of noble friendship, he is nought to me.
What so unguessed as Death? Yet to the dead
It lies as plain as yesterday to us.
Let me go forward to my grave alone,
What need have I to linger by dry wells?
Books were his chiefest friends. In them he read
Of those great spirits who went down like suns,
And left upon the mountain-tops of Death
A light that made them lovely. His own heart
Made him a Poet. Yesterday to him
Was richer far than fifty years to come.
Alchymist Memory turned his past to gold.
When morn awakes against the dark wet earth,
Back to the morn she laughs with dewy sides,
Up goes her voice of larks! With like effect
Imagination opened on his life,
It lay all lovely in that rarer light.

He was with Nature on the sabbath-days,

Far from the dressed throngs and the city bells, |
 He gave his hot brows to the kissing wind,
 While restless thoughts were stirring in his heart,
 'These worldly men will kill me with their scorn,
 But Nature never mocks or jeers at me;
 Her dewy soothings of the earth and air
 Do wean me from the thoughts that mad my brain.
 Our interviews are stolen, I can look,
 Nature! in thy serene and griefless eyes
 But at long intervals; yet, Nature! yet,
 Thy silence and the fairness of thy face
 Are present with me in the booming streets.
 Yon quarry shattered by the bursting fire,
 And disembowelled by the biting pick,
 Kind Nature! thou hast taken to thyself;
 Thy weeping Aprils and soft-blowing Mays,
 Thy blossom-buried Junes, have smoothed its scars,
 And hid its wounds and trenches deep in flowers.
 So take my worn and passion-wasted heart,
 Maternal Nature! Take it to thyself,
 Efface the scars of scorn, the rents of hate,
 The wounds of alien eyes, visit my brain
 With thy deep peace, fill with thy calm my heart,
 And the quick courses of my human blood.'
 Thus would he muse and wander, till the sun
 Reached the red west, where all the waiting clouds,
 Attired before in homely dun and grey,
 Like Parasites that dress themselves in smiles
 To feed a great man's eye, in haste put on
 Their purple mantles rimmed with ragged gold,
 And congregating in a shining crowd,
 Flattered the sinking orb with faces bright.
 As slow he journeyed home, the wanderer saw
 The labouring fires come out against the dark,
 For with the night the country seemed on flame:
 Innumerable furnaces and pits,
 And gloomy holds, in which that bright slave, Fire,
 Doth pant and toil all day and night for man,
Threw large and angry lustres on the sky,
And shifting lights across the long black roads.

Dungeoned in poverty, he saw afar
 The shining peaks of fame that wore the sun,
 Most heavenly bright, they mocked him through his bars.
 A lost man wildered on the dreary sea,
 When loneliness hath somewhat touched his brain,
 Doth shrink and shrink beneath the watching sky,
 Which hour by hour more plainly doth express
 The features of a deadly enemy,

Drinking his woes with a most hungry eye.
 Ev'n so, by constant staring on his ills,
 They grew worse-featured; till, in his great rage,
 His spirit, like a roused sea, white with wrath,
 Struck at the stars. 'Hold fast! Hold fast! my brain!
 Had I a curse to kill with, by yon Heaven!
 I'd feast the worms to-night.' Dreadfuller words,
 Whose very terror blanched his conscious lips,
 He uttered in his hour of agony.
 With quick and subtle poison in his veins,
 With madness burning in his heart and brain,
 Wild words, like lightnings, round his pallid lips,
 He rushed to die in the very eyes of God.
 'Twas late, for as he reached the open roads,
Where night was reddened by the drudging fires,
The drowsy steeples tolled the hour of One.
 The city now was left long miles behind,
 A large black hill was looming 'gainst the stars.
 He reached its summit. Far above his head,
Up there upon the still and mighty night,
God's name was writ in worlds. Awhile he stood,
Silent and throbbing like a midnight star.
 He raised his hands. Alas! 'twas not in prayer—
 He long had ceased to pray. 'Father,' he said,
 'I wished to loose some music o'er Thy world,
 To strike from its firm seat some hoary wrong,
 And then to die in autumn with the flowers,
 And leaves, and sunshine I have loved so well.
 Thou mightst have smoothed my way to some great end—
 But wherefore speak? Thou art the mighty God.
 This gleaming wilderness of suns and worlds
 Is an eternal and triumphant hymn,
 Chanted by Thee unto Thine own great self!
 Wrapt in Thy skies, what were my prayers to Thee?
 My pangs? My tears of blood? They could not move
 Thee from the depths of Thine immortal dream.
 Thou hast forgotten me, God! Here, therefore here,
 To-night upon this bleak and cold hill-side,
Like a forsaken watch-fire will I die,
 And as my pale corpse fronts the glittering night,
 It shall reproach Thee before all Thy worlds.
 His death did not disturb that ancient Night.
 Scornfullest Night! Over the dead there hung
 Great gulfs of silence, blue, and strewn with stars—
 No sound—no motion—in the eternal depths.

EDWARD.

Now, what a sullen-blooded fool was this,
 At sulks with earth and Heaven! Could he not

*Out-weep his passion like a blustering day,
And be clear-skied thereafter? He, poor wretch,
Must needs be famous. Lord! how Poets geck
At Fame, their idol. Call 't a worthless thing,
Colder than lunar rainbows, changefuller
Than sleeked purples on a pigeon's neck,
More transitory than a woman's loves,
The bubbles of her heart—and yet each mocker
Would gladly sell his soul for one sweet crumb
To roll beneath his tongue.*

WALTER.

Alas! the youth,
Earnest as flame, could not so tame his heart
As to live quiet days? When the heart-sick Earth
*Turns her broad back upon the gaudy sun,
And stoops her weary forehead to the night,
To struggle with her sorrow all alone,
The moon, that patient sufferer, pale with pain,
Presses her cold lips on her sister's brow,
Till she is calm. But in his sorrow's night
He found no comforter. A man can bear
A world's contempt when he has that within
Which says he's worthy—when he contemns himself,
There burns the hell. So this wild youth was foiled
In a great purpose—in an agony,
In which he learned to hate and scorn himself,
He foamed at God, and died.*—pp. 131—9.

There is not a page of this volume on which we cannot find some novel image, some Shakspearian felicity of expression, or some striking simile. Our long extracts have shown the crowded wealth of imagery carried by his verse: we will now select some shorter passages—every one a gem:—

UNREST.

“Unrest! unrest! The passion-panting sea
Watches the unveiled beauty of the stars
Like a great hungry soul. The unquiet clouds
Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,
And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.
Summers, like blushes, sweep the face of earth;
Heaven yearns in stars. Down comes the frantic rain;
We hear the wail of the remorseful winds
In their strange penance. And this wretched orb
Knows not the taste of rest; a maniac world,
Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.”—p. 85.

A CHILD.

"Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee,
'Tis ages since he made his youngest star,
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday,
Thou later Revelation! *Silver Stream,*
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow!"—pp. 85, 86.

LISTLESSNESS.

"*My drooping sails*
Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent.
I rot upon the waters when my prow
Should grate the golden isles."—p. 104.

SOLITUDE.

"'Twas here I spent my youth, as far removed
From the great heavings, hopes, and fears of man,
As unknown isle asleep in unknown seas."—p. 178.

RESOLUTION.

"I will throw off this dead and useless past,
As a strong runner, straining for his life,
Unclassps a mantle to the hungry winds.
A mighty purpose rises large and slow
From out the fluctuations of my soul.
As, ghost-like, *from the dim and tumbling sea*
Starts the completed moon."—*Ib.*

HOPELESSNESS.

"I see the future stretch
All dark and barren as a rainy sea."—p. 83.

Here is a string of pearls:—

"The lark is singing in the blinding sky,
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair—
All glad, from grass to sun! Yet more I love
Than this, the shrinking day, that sometimes comes
In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,
It seems a straggler from the files of June,

Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,
 And half its beauty; and, when it returned,
 Finding its old companions gone away,
 It joined November's troop, then marching past;
 And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world
 With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,
 And all the while it holds within its hand
 A few half-withered flowers."—pp. 111, 112.

Bettina says, that Goethe is always great upon the stars, as Homer is upon the sea. Alexander Smith seems to love both with an insatiable passion, and perfectly marvellous it is to see how incessantly they furnish him with images always new, always varied. Compare the passage just quoted, about the bridegroom sea, with this:—

"Better for man,
 Were he and Nature more familiar friends?
 His part is worst that touches this base world.
 Although the ocean's inmost heart be pure,
Yet the salt fringe that daily licks the shore
 Is gross with sand."—p. 8.

Or this:

"If ye are fair,
 Mankind will crowd around you, thick as when
 The full-faced moon sits silver on the sea,
 The eager waves lift up their gleaming heads,
 Each shouldering for her smile."—p. 7.

Equally fresh and manifold are the images with which he invests those primeval themes—sunset and moonlight. By the way, we commend this exhaustless novelty on old subjects to the consideration of all who have little faith in the latent resources of the human mind, and who suspect that it has done its best and greatest in literature and art. Here are some passages in which the symbolic descriptions are of startling aptness and beauty:—

"One dreary morn
 Your Book came to me, and I fondled it,
 As though it were a pigeon sent from thee
 With love beneath its wing. I read and read
 Until the sun *lifted his cloudy lids*
And shot wild light along the leaping deep,
 Then closed his eyes in death. I shed no tear,
 I laid it down in silence, and went forth
 Burdened with its sad thoughts: slowly I went;
 And, as I wandered through the deepening gloom,
 I saw the pale and penitential moon
 Rise from dark waves that plucked at her, and go
 Sorrowful up the sky."—p. 196.

"I walked with him upon a windy night;
We saw the streaming moon flee through the sky
Pursued by all the dark and hungry clouds."—p. 185.

"Our troubled age shall pass, as doth a day
That leaves the west all crimson with the promise
Of the diviner morrow, which even then
Is hurrying up the world's great side with light."—p. 105.

"The moon hides with a cloak of tender light
A scarr'd heart fed upon by hungry fires."—p. 89.

The imagery is sometimes brief and pregnant in expression, as when he says:—

"And laughter fluttered thro' their after talk
As darts a bright bird in and out the leaves."

Or in the Shakspearian wealth of imprisoned thought here:—

"I am drunk with joy.
This is a royal hour—the top of life.
Henceforth my path slopes downward to the grave."

In Currer Bell's novel, "Shirley," there is a beautiful passage describing an April day, when "a sunbeam kissed the hill tops, making them smile in clear green light, or when a shower wept over them, hiding their crests with the low-hanging dishevelled tresses of a cloud;" it is probable that Alexander Smith may have seen this passage, and that it was murmuring indistinctly in his ear when he wrote the following, for plagiarism is the last charge to be preferred against one so opulent.

WALTER.

"Poor child, poor child!

We sat in dreadful silence with our sin,
Looking each other wildly in the eyes:
Methought I heard the gates of heaven close,
She flung herself against me, burst in tears,
As a wave bursts in spray. She covered me
With her wild sorrow, as an April cloud
With dim dishevelled tresses hides the hill
On which its heart is breaking. She clung to me
With piteous arms, and shook me with her sobs,
For she had lost her world, her heaven, her God,
And now had nought but me and her great wrong.
She did not kill me with a single word,
But once she lifted her *tear-dabbled face*—
Had hell gaped at my feet I would have leapt
Into its burning throat, from that pale look.
Still it pursues me like a haunting fiend:

It drives me out to the black moors at night,
 Where I am smitten by the hissing rain,
 And ruffian winds, dislodging from their troops,
 Hustle me shrieking, then with sudden turn
 Go laughing to their fellows. Merciful God!
 It comes—that face again, that white, white face,
Set in a night of hair; reproachful eyes,
 That make me mad. Oh, save me from those eyes!
 They will torment me even in the grave,
 And burn on me in Tophet.

GIRL.

Where are you going?

WALTER.

My heart's on fire, by hell, and *on I drive*
To outer blackness like a blazing ship.

[*He rushes away.*]

To youth must be put down a certain carelessness of style, and occasionally of grammar, surprising in one so keenly alive to the felicities of expression; there are Scotticisms and common-places no good reader of the proofs should have passed; and we were amazed to find him on the first page using this threadbare image:—

“As Moses' serpent the Egyptians' swallowed
 One passion eats the rest.”

Nevertheless, the extracts we have given must have made manifest the fact, that here is a man possessing in an unusual degree the “vision and the faculty divine,” which, when moved by the momentum of richer experience, will create great poems. As Johnson was wont to say, “Sir, a man can only coin guineas in proportion to his gold,”—the finest faculty will be little more than sterile, unless it be employed on the right material. If a Phidias carve an image out of clay, it will perish like clay; the finest marble must be under the sculptor's hands, or all his genius will be wasted. That Alexander Smith has the creative faculty, we cannot doubt: it remains for the future to show whether that faculty will be exercised on common-place clay, or on rare and priceless marble.



ART. IX.—EARLY CHRISTIANITY, ITS CREED AND HERESIES.

1. *Οριγένους Φιλοσοφούμενα ἢ κατὰ πασῶν αἱρέσεων ἔλεγχος. Origenis Philosophumena sive omnium hæresium refutatio. E codice Parisino nunc primum edidit Emmanuel Miller. Oxonii: e Typographeo Academico. 1851.*
2. *Hippolytus and his Age; or, the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus: and Ancient and Modern Christianity and Divinity compared.* By Christian Charles Josias Bunsen, D.C.L. In Four Volumes. London. 1852.

WHEN a stranger knocks at the gate of the Clarendon printing-house, and presents his petition for aid, the University of Oxford maintains its national character for good-natured opulence,—gives its money and signs its name, without very close inquiry into the case. The documents are really so respectable that there cannot be much amiss: and a venerable institution, well known to be fond of the house, cannot be expected to go trudging through the back-lanes of history and exposing its nostrils in the purlieus of heresy, in order to identify a literary petitioner, evidently above all common imposture. So it supplies all his wants upon the spot, dresses him handsomely, and sends him out into the world as its worthy (though eccentric) friend, the catechist of Alexandria. The introduction, being left at the Prussian Legation, falls into the hands of no stay-at-home benefactor, but of one who knows the bye-ways of human life, and has an ear for the dialects of many a place. M. Bunsen—as Oxford might have remembered—is not unacquainted with Egypt; and no sooner does he raise his eyes from the credentials to the person of the stranger, than he discovers him to be no disciple of the Alexandrine Clement; recognises the accent of the West; is reminded of the voice of Irenæus; and, finally, being even more familiar with the Tiber than the Nile, detects a Roman beneath the mask of Origen. We do not in the least grudge the friend of Niebuhr the honour of a discovery which no one could turn to more effectual account: but every English scholar must feel mortified that the *Imprimatur* of our great Ecclesiastical University should appear on a title-page manifestly false; that the first reader should see at a glance what the learned proprietors had missed; and that their *Editio Princeps* of a recovered monument of Church antiquity should be superseded within a year or two of its publication. They are

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not principals, it is true, but only secondaries to the Editor, in the commission of this error: still, a lay bibliographer might reasonably expect, in resorting for aid to so renowned and reverend a body, that his own judgment would be kept in check: and their very consent to issue the work implies *some* critical opinion of its value, as derived from age and authorship. Whether they are called upon to adopt at once M. Bunsen's proposed title-page, and substitute the name of Hippolytus for that of Origen, we will not say; but that the present title gives the book to the wrong author, seems placed beyond the reach of doubt.

M. Emmanuel Miller, one of the curators of the National Library in Paris, was the first to make himself acquainted with the contents of this work, and to appreciate their importance. Among the manuscripts under his care was one on cotton paper of the fourteenth century, which had been brought from Mount Athos in 1842, by M. Mynoides Mynas, a Greek agent employed by the French Government, to search the neglected treasures of that celebrated spot. The superscription, "On all Heresies," was not inviting: but on turning over the leaves, some lines, unknown before, of Pindar and of another lyric poet, were found and copied: and the value of these excerpts being ascertained, M. Miller's attention was directed to the body of the treatise containing them. The treatise had already been described, in the *Moniteur* of the 5th of January, 1844, as a Refutation of all Heresies, in ten books, but with the first three missing, as well as the conclusion of the whole; and he soon became aware, that of the three missing books, the first already existed, and had been printed under the name of "Philosophumena," in the editions of Origen's works. Its very title is found in the manuscript at the end of the fourth book, and denotes that the portion of the work there concluded completes the sketch of philosophical systems, which the author prefixes to his account of ecclesiastical aberrations; and there are mutual references, backwards and forwards, between the printed book and the manuscript, which leave no doubt that the latter is a sequel to the former. The Editor, therefore, has very properly reprinted the "Philosophumena" as the commencement of the newly recovered work; which thus exhibits a regular plan and consists of two parts:—viz., first, four books,—of which the second and third are lost,—expounding the Pagan philosophies, especially the Greek, from which, the author contends, the various heresies of Christendom are mere plagiarisms; then six books, containing an account, in an order prevalingly historical, of thirty or thirty-two heresies, supported by extracts from their standard writings, and wound up in the recapitulatory book at the

end by the writer's own profession of faith. Now who is the author?

Not Origen; for, as Huet had already remarked respecting the "*Philosophumena*," the writer speaks of himself in terms implying an episcopal position: and, in the ninth book, he gives an account of transactions in Rome, extending over many years, in which he was evidently an eye-witness and an actor. While the scene is thus laid at a distance from Origen's sphere, and the date also of the personal matter runs back into his boyhood, the cast of the theological doctrine is wholly different from his: for instance, in a certain "*Treatise on the Universe*," to which the author refers as his own, and of which a fragment is preserved, the penal condition of the wicked after death is said to be immutable;* but Origen, it is well known, taught a doctrine of final restoration. Add to this, that no such work as the present is attributed to Origen by any ancient witness, and the case against his name may be regarded as complete.

The evidence which disappoints this claim narrows also our choice of others. The personal transactions to which we have referred took place at Rome, while Zephyrinus and his successor, Callistus, presided over the Christian community there, that is, during the first twenty years of the third century. We must, therefore, look for our author among the metropolitan clergymen of that period. Still closer is the circle drawn by the fact, that the writer largely borrows from the treatise of Irenæus on the same subject; and though vastly improving on that foolish production, and copiously contributing fresh materials, betrays the general affinity of thought which unites the stronger disciple with the feebler master.

The problem then being, to find a pupil of the Bishop of Lyons among the ecclesiastics of Rome at the beginning of the third century, two names are given in as answering the conditions—those of Hippolytus, a suburban clergyman, and of Caius, whose charge lay within the city itself. In order to vindicate the claim of the first, it has been necessary for M. Bunsen to prove that his locality is right; and that the "*Portus Romæ*," of which he was bishop, was not, as Le Moyne and Cave had groundlessly supposed, the Arabian "*Portus Romanus*" of the district of Aden,

* τοῖς μὲν εὖ πράξεισι δικαίως τὴν αἰδίων ἀπολαύσιν παρασχόντος, ταῖς δὲ τῶν φαυλῶν ἑρασταῖς τὴν αἰώνιον κόλασιν ἀπονείμαντος. Καὶ τοῖτοις μὲν τὸ πῦρ ἀσβεστον διαμένει καὶ ἀτελείτητον, σκώληξ δὲ τις ἔμπυρος, μὴ τελευτῶν, μηδὲ σῶμα διαφθείρων, ἀπαύστῳ δὲ ὁδύνῃ ἐκ σώματος ἐκβράσσων παραμένει. Τούτους οὐχ ὕπνος ἀναπαύσει, οὐ νύξ παρηγορήσει, οὐ θάνατος τῆς κολάσεως ἀπολύσει, οὐ παράκλησις συγγενῶν μεσιτευσάντων ὀγήσει. S. Hippol. adv. Græcos. Fabricii Hipp. Op. p. 222.

but the new harbour made, or at least enlarged, by Trajan, on the northern bank of the Tiber, immediately opposite to Ostia. That he suffered martyrdom there, and was buried in a cemetery on the Tiburtine road, is generally admitted, on the evidence of Prudentius, who has left a poem describing his memorial chapel on that spot, and of a statue of him, seated in a cathedra, which was dug up there three hundred years ago, and now stands in the library of the Vatican. It is certainly perplexing to find Jerome avowing ignorance of the see over which he presided, if, for a quarter of a century, he was active at the centre of the Christian world; and not less so to discover in Rome itself, nay, in a Pope, or his transcriber, at the end of the fifth century, the impression that his scene of labour had been in Arabia; and under the influence of these facts it has been supposed that though, coming to Italy, he had fallen among the martyrs of the West, he ought to be reckoned among the bishops of the East. On the whole, however, the reasons preponderate in favour of his residence as "Episcopus Portuensis," within the presbytery of Rome. The title itself is an old one, still always assigned to some dignitary of the curia, and, no doubt, deriving its origin from the time when the Northern Harbour of the Tiber—of which, in the ninth century, scarce a trace was left—was a flourishing emporium. The name of Hippolytus is associated by tradition with the spot; it is given, our author assures us, to a certain tower, near Fiumicino; and in the eighth and ninth centuries, a basilica of St. Hippolytus was restored at Portus by Leo III. and IV. An episcopal palace still remains. By acute and skilful combinations, effected with evidence scanty as a whole, and suspicious in every part, M. Bunsen has endeavoured to reproduce the historical image of Hippolytus. His office of "bishop" implied simply the charge of the single congregation at Portus: the members of that congregation were the "plebs" committed to his supervision: the city or village in which they lived was his diocese. His vicinity to the great capital drew him however into a wider circle of duties. For while Rome itself was divided into several ecclesiastical districts, each of which had its own clergyman and lay deacons, the suburban bishops were associated with these officers to form a committee of management, or presbytery, presided over by the metropolitan. By his seat at this board, he was kept in living contact with all the most stirring interests of Christendom, which, wherever their origin might be, found their way to the imperial city, and more and more sought their equilibrium there. At a commercial sea-port, his own congregation would largely consist of temporary settlers and mercantile agents, Greek brokers, Jewish bankers, African importers, to whom Italy was a lodging-house rather than a home; and by

the continual influx of foreigners he would hear tidings of the remotest churches, and carry to the clerical meetings in the city the newest gossip of all the heresies. Possibly this position, with its opportunities of various intercourse, may have contributed to form in him the agreeable address, and faculty of eloquent speech, which tradition ascribes to him; and induced him to commence the practice of writing with studious care the homilies which were to be delivered in the congregation. At all events he is the first of whom we distinctly hear as a great preacher. His period extends, it is supposed, from the reign of Commodus (180—193) to the first year of Maximin (235-6); and so brought him into the same presbytery-room with five popes—Victor (187—198); Zephyrinus (201—218); Callistus (219—222); and Urbanus (223—230); and Pontianus (230—235); with the last of whom he shared, in the last year of his life, a cruel exile to Sardinia, and returned only to fall a victim to fresh informations, and suffer martyrdom by drowning in a canal. It cannot be denied that, in order to recover this picture of Hippolytus, and still more in order to fix his literary position, the materials of evidence have to be dealt with in somewhat arbitrary fashion, and their *lacunæ* to be filled by conjecture. Prudentius, for instance, is called as an historical witness, yet convicted of fable in much of what he says. His poem declares that at one time Hippolytus had supported Novatus in his attempt to close the gates of repentance against the *Lapsi*, but had been reconciled to the catholic doctrine before he died. He must in this case have joined in the opposition raised by Novatianus (in 251) to the election of Cornelius to the papacy, and have died in the Decian persecution, which continued till the year 257. Moreover, the painting seen by the Spanish versifier on the walls of the memorial chapel introduces us to so ridiculous a story, as only to show how completely the martyrological legends had already escaped all the restraints of history. In this fresco the mythical fate of Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, is transferred to the Roman presbyter: he is represented as torn to pieces by horses; while the faithful follow to pick up his limbs and hair, and sponge away the blood upon the ground. If the sanctuary exhibiting this scene received the martyr's remains from their original resting-place as early as the time of Constantine—and such is our author's opinion—into what a state of degradation had the history of Hippolytus sunk in three-quarters of a century! And if already memorial painting could thus impudently lie, how can we better trust the statue, admitted to be later still? Yet this statue, on whose side is a list of the writings of Hippolytus, is appealed to in determining the martyr's written productions, as the painted chapel in evidence of facts in his personal career.

We fully admit the success of M. Bunsen in eliciting a possible result from a mass of intricate and tangled conditions, and presenting us with a highly interesting personage. But, perhaps, as the venerable image of the good bishop has grown in clearness before his eye, and attracted his affection more and more, the very vividness of the conception may have rendered him insensible to the precariousness of the proof. Ecclesiastical fancy, in its unrestrained career, has torn his personality to pieces, and left the *disjecta membra* so rudely scattered on the strand of history, that we almost doubt the power of any critical Æsculapius to restore him to the world again.

At the same board of church councillors with Hippolytus sat another λογιάτατος ἀνὴρ,* the presbyter Caius; and as an urban clergyman, he would be more constantly there than his suburban brother, separated by a distance of eighteen miles. To form any living image of him from the scanty notices of him which begin with Eusebius and end with Photius, is quite impossible. In one respect only do the personal characteristics attributed to him distinguish him from the bishop of Portus. He was a strenuous opponent of the peculiarities favoured by the Christians of Lesser Asia, and especially of the claims to prophetic gifts, and the appeal to clairvoyant skill by Montanus and his followers. With one of these, by name Proclus, he held a disputation; from which Eusebius has preserved a passage or two, showing, in conjunction with the title, not very intelligibly assigned to him, of "bishop of the Gentiles," that he belonged to the most advanced anti-Jewish party in the Church, lamented the grossness of the popular millenarian dreams, vindicated the apostolic dignity of the Roman against the pretensions of the Eastern Christianity, and disowned the Epistle to the Hebrews. This feature in the figure of Caius, though constituting his distinction, does not, however, necessarily *oppose* him to Hippolytus, whose attitude towards the Montanists may not have been very different, but only less positively marked. Still the suspicions directed against the two men are of an opposite kind: with Hippolytus, the difficulty is to set him clear of sympathy with Montanism;† with Caius, to prevent his being classed with its unmeasured opponents, the Alogi.‡ And a report even reaches us, that among the Chaldean Christians there exists, or

* Euseb. H. E. vi. 20.

† Attributed to him by *Neander*, Kirch. Geschichte, I., iii. 1150; and *Schwegler*, Montanismus, p. 224.

‡ *Storr* places him at their head, *Zweck der Evang. Geschichte*, p. 63; and *Eichhorn* associates him with them, *Einleitung in das N. T.*, ii. 414.

did exist in the fourteenth century, a controversial treatise of Hippolytus against Caius.*

Between these two men, so similar in position, and not, perhaps, unused to sharp argument face to face, springs up, at the end of all these ages, a rival claim to property in the "Refutation of all the Heresies." The chief counsel for Hippolytus, besides our author, are the eminent Professors Jacobi, Duncker and Schneidewin,—all, we believe, belonging to the Neander school of theology: and as the last two are about to edit the work anew, and probably to give it its final form, their opinion of its authorship may be expected to prevail. The other side, however, advocated by Dr. Fessler, is sustained by perhaps the greatest of living historical critics, F. C. Baur, representative of the much-abused Tübingen school. Into so intricate a question we might be excused for inviting our readers, had we anything fresh to offer towards its solution: but the chief impression we have brought from its study is one of astonishment at the extreme positiveness with which the learned men on either side affirm their own conclusion. A more equal balance of evidence we never remember to have met with in any similar research; and the faint and slender preponderance which alone the scale can ever exhibit, amusingly contrasts with the triumphant assertion, of both sets of disputants, that not a reasonable doubt remains. The leading points of M. Bunsen's case are these. A work "on all Heresies" is attributed to Hippolytus, and in no instance to Caius, by Eusebius, Jerome, Epiphanius, and Peter of Alexandria at the beginning of the fourth century. Such a book was still extant in the ninth century: for Photius, the celebrated patriarch of Constantinople, has given us an account of its contents in the journal and epitome of his studies which he has left us. On comparing his report with the newly-discovered book, the identity of the two works is established in some important respects: the *number*, and the *concluding term*, of the series of heresies are the same; they both of them include materials taken from Irenæus, while reversing his order of treatment. Further, in the newly-found treatise reference is made by the author to other works of his, in which he had discussed certain points of early Hebrew chronology in proving the antiquity of the Abrahamic race. Now, Eusebius was acquainted with a certain "Chronicle" of Hippolytus, brought down to the first year of Alexander Severus: and such a chronicle, in a Latin translation, is found in Fabricius' edition of Hippolytus, only

* See the notice of the Nestorian Ebed Jesu, in Asseman's *Bibl. Orient.* III., i. ap. Gieseler, k. 9, § 63.

that its list of Roman emperors terminates, not with the beginning, but with the end, of Severus's reign. It has, however, in common with our work, a peculiar number of tribes,—viz., seventy-two, derived from Noah. Thus, the author of the "Heresies" and of the "Chronicle" would appear to be the same, and, according to Eusebius, to be Hippolytus. Lastly, both in our new work, and also in a book called the "Labyrinth," written against some Unitarians of the second century, reference is made to a treatise "On the Universe," which the author mentions as his own production. By printing a fragment of this last in his edition of "Hippolytus," Fabricius has shown to what name all three should, in his judgment, be set down; and that they cannot be given to Caius is rendered evident by the occurrence, in the fragment, of certain Apocalyptic fictions inconsistent with his rejection of the Book of Revelations. Moreover, the list of works on the statue of Hippolytus includes a disquisition "Against the Greeks and against Plato, or *Respecting the Universe.*"

What can be said to weaken so strong a case? Two doubts at once arise upon it, which we find it by no means easy to set aside. Granted, Hippolytus wrote a book "On all Heresies;" is it the same which is now delivered into our hands? One medium of comparison we possess, enabling us to place the original and the present book, for a short space, side by side. The very Peter of Alexandria who is one of the early witnesses called on Hippolytus' behalf, has handed down to us a passage or two (preserved in the Paschal Chronicle) from the book which he attests, with a distinct reference to the place where they are to be found. We turn to the right chapter, and the passages are *not there*. Nor is it a mere want of verbal agreement which we have to regret; the same topic,—the controversy about the time of Easter—is treated; the same side,—that of the Western Church—is taken, in both instances; but the arguments are different, and so far irreconcilable that no one who had command of that which Peter gives would ever resort to the feebler one which our work contains. With the dauntless ingenuity of German criticism M. Bunsen makes a virtue of necessity, and endeavours to convert this unfortunate discrepancy into a fresh proof of identity. He thinks that in this and some other parts, our work is but a clumsy abstract of Hippolytus' original, which the citations of Peter enable us to recover and complete. This, however, is a plea which, it strikes us, damages his case as much by success as it could by failure. For if the book presented to us by the Clarendon Press reflects the original no better than would appear from this only sample which it is in our power to test, it may indeed be a degenerate descendant from the pen of Hippolytus;

but all reliable identity is lost, and the traces of his hand are no longer recoverable. The second doubt is this:—Is the work which Photius read the same that has now been rescued? Of the few descriptive marks supplied by the patriarch, there are as many absent from our work as present in it. The treatise which he read was a “*little book*” or “*tract*,” as Lardner calls it, (βιβλιδάριον), a word which can scarcely apply to a volume extending (as ours would, if complete) to 420 octavo pages. M. Bunsen cuts down this number to 250, by supposing Photius to have only the last six books, containing the historical survey, without the groundwork for the philosophical deduction, of the heresies. The curtailment, if conceded, seems scarcely adequate to its purpose, and appears to us a very questionable conjecture. The manuscript, stripped of the first four books, would want the very basis of the whole argument; and, if such a mutilation were conceivable, it is impossible that Photius should fail to observe and mention it; for the fifth book opens, not like an independent treatise, but with a summary statement of what has been accomplished “*in the four books preceding this.*” Again, Photius mentions the *Dositheans* as the first set of heretics discussed; whereas their name does not occur at all, if we remember right, in our work, and their place is occupied by the “*Ophites.*” M. Bunsen treats this as a mere inaccuracy of expression on the part of Photius, who meant, by the name “*Dositheans*,” to indicate the same “*earliest Judaizing schools*” that are better described as “*Ophites.*” The name, however, is so unsuitable to this purpose, that it would be a strange wilfulness in the learned patriarch to substitute it for the language of the author he describes. He could not be ignorant that Dositheus, Simon, Menander, were the three founders of the Samaritan sect, exponents of the same doctrine, if not even reputed *avatars* of the same divine essence;* and if he had applied the name “*Dositheans*” to any of the heretics enumerated in our work, it would assuredly have been to the *followers of Simon*, who stand *fourth* in the series of 32, and not to Phrygian serpent-worshippers, who commence the list. Further, the author whom Photius read stated that his book was a synopsis of the *Lectures of Irenæus*. In our work, no such statement occurs; and the use made of Irenæus does not agree, either in quantity or character, with the substance of the assertion. And lastly, the patriarch’s Hippolytus said “*some things which are not quite correct; for instance, that the Epistle to the Hebrews is not by the apostle Paul.*” In our work there is no such assertion; and when M. Bunsen suggests that per-

* On their relation, and the doctrine connected with their names, see Baur’s “*Christl. Gnosis*,” p. 310.

haps its place might be in the lost books, he forgets that, according to his own conjecture, these books were no more in Photius' hands than in ours, and that he cannot first cut them off in order to make a βιβλιόδεξιον, and then restore them, to provide a locus for a missing criticism on the Epistle to the Hebrews. The identity of our "Philosophumena" with the treatise which Photius read and Hippolytus wrote, appears, therefore, to be extremely problematical.

One fixed point, however, is gained in the course of the argument, and gives an acknowledged position from which the opposite opinions are willing to set out. Whoever wrote the disquisition "on the Universe," wrote also our work. This fact rests on the assertion of the author himself; yet, if the author be Hippolytus, and our "Philosophumena" be his "Refutation of all Heresies," it is strange that no list of his writings mentions *both* books: the catalogues of Eusebius and Jerome naming the "Heresies" without the essay "on the Universe;" and the engraving on the statue giving the essay "on the Universe" without the "Heresies." How can we explain it, that these ecclesiastical writers, in knowing our work, did not know what is contained in it about the authorship of the other book; and that this book should have wandered *anonymously* about down to the ninth century, side by side with an acknowledged writing of Hippolytus, which all the while was proclaiming the solution of the question? We should certainly expect that the book of avowed authorship would convey the name of Hippolytus to the companion-production for which it claims the same paternity; but, instead of this, it not only leaves its associate anonymous for six hundred years, but afterward assumes the modest fit, and becomes anonymous itself. Even if no previous reader had sense enough to put the two things together, and pick out the testimony of the one book to the origin of the other, are we to charge the same stupidity on the erudite Photius, who had both books in his hand, and has given his report of both? In his account of Hippolytus' treatise, he nowhere tells us that it contains a reference to the essay "On the Universe," as being from the same pen; and that he found no such reference is certain; for he actually discusses the question, "Who wrote the essay on the universe?" without ever mentioning Hippolytus at all. Just such a reference, however, as he did *not* find in Hippolytus, he *did* find in *another* work, of which he speaks under the title of "The Labyrinth;" and, strange to say, it was at the *end* of the work,* precisely where it

* Phot. Biblioth., cod. 48. ὡς καὶ αὐτὸς (i.e. Γαῖος) ἐν τῷ τέλει τοῦ λαβυρίνθου διαμαρτύρηται, αὐτοῦ εἶναι τὸν περὶ τῆς τοῦ παντὸς οὐσίας λόγον.

stands in our "*Philosophumena*." Who can resist the suspicion that the anonymous "*Labyrinth*" of Photius is no other than our anonymous "*Philosophumena*"? This conviction forced itself upon us on first weighing the evidence collected by M. Bunsen, in support of his different conclusion; and we observe that it is the opinion sustained by the great authority of Baur,* who even finds a trace in our work of the very *title* given by Photius; the writer observing, at the beginning of the tenth book, "*The Labyrinth of Heresies* we have not broken through by violence, but have resolved by refutation alone with the force of truth; and now we come to the positive exposition of the truth." At all events, the difference of title in the case of a work having probably more names than one, is of no weight in disproof of identity. With this new designation in our possession we may return to search for our book in the records of ecclesiastical antiquity; and we have not far to go, before we alight on traces affording hopes of a result. No "*Labyrinth*," indeed, turns up in the literary history of earlier centuries than Photius; but a "*Little Labyrinth*" is mentioned by Theodoret,† as sometimes ascribed to Origen, but as evidently not his; and from his account of it, confirmed by the matter which he borrows from it, we learn that it was a controversial book, against a set of Unitarians in Rome, followers of Theodotus. It so happens that the very passage from this tract which Theodoret has used appears also, with others from the same source, in Eusebius, only quoted under another title,—the book being called a "*Work against the Heresy of Artemon*" (who was another teacher of the same school in the same age). The extracts thus preserved to us are not found in our work; which, therefore, if it be the "*Labyrinth*," is a distinct production from the "*Little Labyrinth*;" but they are so manifestly from the same pen, occupied in the same task, as to render it perfectly conceivable that the two books might receive the same name, with only a diminutive epithet to distinguish the lesser from the greater. Nor are we left, as Baur has shown, without a distinct assertion by our "*great unknown*," that he had already composed a smaller treatise on the same subject; for, in the introduction to the "*Philosophumena*," he says of the heretics, "We have before given a brief exposition of their opinions, refuting them in the gross, without presenting them in detail." This shorter work would naturally treat of the particular forms of error most immediately present and mis-

* "*Theologische Jahrbücher*," 12er Band. l. 1853. p. 154.

† Hæret. Fab. ii. c. 5. Κατὰ τῆς τούτων ὁ μικρὸς συνειργάφη λαβύρινθος, ὃν τινες Ὀριγένους ὑπολαμβάνουσι ποίημα· ἀλλ' ὁ χαρακτήρ ἐλέγχει τοὺς λέγοντας.

chievous before the author's eyes; and if he dwelt especially on the doctrines of Theodotus and Artemon, it is just what we should expect from an orthodox Roman. This essay, on a limited range of heresy, would naturally be issued at first with the special title by which Eusebius refers to it. But if it led the author to execute afterwards a much enlarged design, to which, from its intricate extent, he gave, on its completion, the fanciful designation of "The Labyrinth," he might naturally carry the name back to the earlier production, and, to mark the relation between the two, issue this in future as "The Little Labyrinth." Photius speaks of the tract against the heresy of Artemon as a separate work from "The Labyrinth,"* and says the same thing of the latter,† that Theodoret had remarked of the former, that by some it was ascribed to Origen. The result to which we are thus led is the following: our newly-found work is not Hippolytus' βιβλιδάριον "on all Heresies," but the book known to Photius as "The Labyrinth:" the author of which had previously produced two other works, viz., "The Little Labyrinth" mentioned by Theodoret, and quoted under another name by Eusebius, and the "Treatise on the Universe," whose contents Photius reports. Whatever therefore fixes the authorship of any of these, fixes the authorship of all.

Notwithstanding however our threefold chance, we have only a solitary evidence on this point. Attached to Photius' copy of the "Treatise on the Universe" was a note to the effect, that the book was not (as had been imagined) by Josephus, but by Caius, the Roman presbyter, who also composed the "Labyrinth."‡ In the absence of other external testimony, this judgment appears entitled to stand, unless the books themselves disclose some features at variance with the known character of Caius.

But, it is said, such variance we do actually find. For while our work expressly appeals to the Apocalypse as the production of John, we know from Eusebius that Caius ascribed it to Cerinthus, and, in opposing himself to Montanism, rejected the Millenarian doctrine which is taught in the Revelations. This argument, we admit, would be decisive if its allegations were indisputable. It is curious however that the one *locus*

* He also describes its exact relation to the other, when he calls it a *special* work, (ἰδιώσ) in comparison with "the Labyrinth" as a general one: συντάξει δὲ καὶ ἑτέρον λόγον ἰδίως κατὰ τῆς Ἀρτέμωνος αἵρέσεως. Cod. 48.

† Ibid. ὥσπερ καὶ τὸν Λαβύρινθόν τινας ἐπέγραψαν Ὀριγένης.

‡ Eibloth. cod. 48; Lardner's "Credibility," Part II., ch. xxxii.; Bunsen's Hippolytus, I., p. 150.

classicus,* from which is inferred the presbyter's repudiation of the Apocalypse, is confessedly ambiguous; and the charge it prefers against Cerinthus may amount to either of these two propositions; that he had composed the book of Revelations and palmed it on the world as the production of the apostle John; or, that he had given himself the air of a great apostle, and published accordingly some revelations affecting to be imparted, like those of John, by angels. According to this last interpretation, the work of Cerinthus would be a book distinct from our Apocalypse, written in imitation of it, and seeking to share its authority. The contents of the production are briefly described by Caius; but they present such a mixture of agreement and disagreement with our canonical book, as to leave the ambiguity unresolved. They affirm, that after the resurrection will follow an earthly kingdom of Christ, in which the lower nature of man will, in Jerusalem, be again in servitude to passion and pleasure; and that the number of a thousand years are to be spent in the indulgence of sense. So far as the *place* and the *duration* of the kingdom are concerned, our Apocalypse might here be referred to; but it has nothing answering to the description of a gross and luxurious millennium. Taking the

* Euseb. H. E., III. 28. ἀλλὰ καὶ Κήρινθος ὁ δι' ἀποκαλύψων ὡς ὑπὸ ἀποστόλου μεγάλου γεγραμμένων τερατολογίας ἡμῖν ὡς δι' ἀγγέλων αὐτῷ δεδογμένας ψευδόμενος ἐπεισάγει λέγων, μετὰ τὴν ἀνάστασιν ἐπίγειον εἶναι τὸ βασίλειον τοῦ Χριστοῦ, καὶ πάλιν ἐπιδυμῖαις καὶ ἡδοναῖς ἐν Ἱερουσαλὴμ τὴν σάρκα πολιτευομένην δουλεύειν. καὶ ἐχθρὸς ὑπάρχων ταῖς γραφαῖς τοῦ θεοῦ ἀριζμὸν χιλιονταετίας ἐν γάμῳ ἑορτῆς ἑλθὼν πλανάν λέγει γίνεσθαι. The passage, preserving its obscurities, seems to run thus: "Cerinthus too, through the medium of revelations written as if by a great apostle, has palmed off upon us marvellous accounts, pretending to have been shown him by angels; to the effect that, after the resurrection, the kingdom of Christ will be an earthly one, and that the flesh will again be at the head of affairs, and serve in Jerusalem the lusts and pleasures of sense. And with wilful misguidance he says, setting himself in opposition to the Scriptures of God, that a period of a thousand years will be spent in nuptial festivities." On this much controverted passage, Lardner (Cred., P. II., ch. xxxii.) suspends his judgment, rather inclining to doubt whether our Apocalypse is referred to: Hug (Einl., § 176), Paulus (Hist. Cerinth., P. I., § 30), with Twells and Hartwig (whose criticisms we have not seen), deny that the Apocalypse is meant: while Eichhorn (Einl. in das N. T. VI. v. § 194. 2), De Wette (Lehrbuch der Einl. in d. N. T., § 192 a.), Lücke (Commentar üb. d. Schriften des Ev. Johannes, Offenb. § 33), and Schwegler (Das nachapost. Zeitalter, 2er B., p. 218), take the other side. It must be confessed also that, till the rise of the present discussion about the "Philosophumena," Baur agreed with these last writers. (See his Christl. Lehre v. d. Dreieinigkeit, 1er B., p. 283.) He now urges however that, in a case already so doubtful, the discovery of a lost book, which we have good reason to ascribe to Caius, necessarily brings in new evidence, and may turn the scale between two balanced interpretations. (Theol. Jahrb., p. 157.)

passage in conjunction with the similar statement of Theodoret, that "Cerinthus invented certain revelations, pretending that they were given in vision to himself," we think it unlikely that our Apocalypse can be meant; and conceive the indictment to be, that Cerinthus had put forth a set of apocryphal visions, in which he abused the style and corrupted the teachings of a great apostle to the purposes of a sensual fanaticism. This is a charge which Caius might bring, in consistency with the fullest acceptance of the Apocalypse, as authentic and true. It was not the doctrine of a reign of Christ on earth, not the millennarian period assigned to it, to which he objected in Cerinthus; but the coarse and demoralizing picture given of its employments and delights. In proportion to his respect for the real Apocalypse and its teachings, would he be likely to resent such a miserable parody on its lofty theocratic visions. His opposition to the Montanists in no way pledged him to renounce the eschatological expectations which they were distinguished from other Christians not by entertaining, but by exaggerating. If our work, in its notice of their heresy, passes by in silence this particular element of the system, and treats their claim to special gifts of prophecy with less contemptuous emphasis than might be looked for in the antagonist of Proclus, there is nothing that ought really to surprise us in this. It does not follow that, because in our scanty knowledge we have only one idea about an historical personage, the man himself never had another. Caius did not live in a perpetual platform disputation with Proclus; and either before that controversy had waked him up, or after it was well got over, he might naturally enough dismiss the Montanists with very cursory notice; in the one case, because they had not yet adequately provoked his antipathy; in the other, because they had already had enough of it.*

Nothing therefore presents itself in our work which should deter us from attributing it to Caius: and the more we ponder the evidence, the more do we incline to believe it his. This result is to us an unwelcome one; both because we know how strong the presumption must be against a critical judgment con-

* Baur explains the slight treatment of the Montanist heresy in the "Philosophumena" by the intention which Caius already had of writing a special book against them: and contends that this intention is announced expressly in the words (p. 276), *περὶ τούτων αὖτις λεπτομερέστερον ἐκζησομαι: πολλοῖς γὰρ ἀφορμὴ κακῶν γεγένηται ἢ τούτων αἵρεσις*. These words, however, do not refer, as the connexion evidently shows, to the Montanists generally; but only to a certain class of them who fell in with the patristic doctrine of Noetus. The Noetian scheme Caius was going to discuss further on in this very book: and it is evidently to this later chapter, not to any separate work against Montanism, that he alludes.

demned by the masterly genius of M. Bunsen; and because he has really made us in love with his ecclesiastical hero; has put such an innocent and venerable life into that old effigy, that after wandering with him about the quays of Portus, and entering with listening fancy into the Basilica* where he preached, it is hard to return him into stone, and think of him only as a dead bishop who made a bad almanac. Should our readers have contracted no such ideal attachment, we fear that this discussion of authorship may appear as trivial as it is tedious. Somebody wrote the "*Philosophumena*," and whether we call him Hippolytus or Caius, whether we lodge him on the Tiber within sight of the *Pharos*, or of the *Milliarium aureum*, may seem a thing indifferent, so long as the elements of the personal image do not materially change. This utilitarian impression is by no means just, and indeed is at variance with all true historical feeling. But it is time that we should give it its fair rights, and turn from the name upon our new book to its substances and significance.

Many sensible persons are at a loss, we believe, to understand why this refutation of thirty-two extinct heresies should be regarded with so much interest. Is it so well done, then? they ask. Far from it: better books are brought out every year; and such a controversial argument offered in manuscript to Mr. Longman or Mr. Parker to-morrow, would hardly be deemed worth the cost of printing. Does it add materially to our knowledge of the early heresies? Something of this kind it certainly contributes; but the gain is not large, and will make no essential change in the conclusions of any competent historical inquirer. Is any light thrown by it on the authenticity of our canonical books? This can hardly be expected from a production of the third century: and M. Bunsen's application of it to this purpose appears to us, for reasons which we shall assign, extremely precarious. Perhaps it supplies the want which every student of that period must have felt, and organically joins ecclesiastical to civil history, so that they no longer remain apart—the one as the stage for saints and martyrs, bishops and books,—the other for soldiers and senators, emperors and paroxysms,—but mingle them in the common life of humanity? When we think how the author was placed, it is impossible not to go to him with an eager hope of this nature. He lived at the centre of the vast Roman world, and felt all the pulsations and paroxysms of that mighty heart. He witnessed the ominous

* The word is perhaps not allowable, in speaking of the earliest time (the reign of Alexander Severus) assignable for the erection of separate buildings appropriate to Christian worship.

decline of every traditional maxim and national reverence in favour of imported superstitions and degenerate barbarities. Under Commodus he saw the ancient Mars superseded by the Grecian Hercules, and Hercules represented by an emperor who sunk into a prize-fighter, and the administration of the empire in the wanton hands of a Phrygian slave, who was only less brutal than his master. In the midst of pestilence, which had become chronic in Italy from the time of M. Antoninus, and of which a Christian bishop could not but know more than others, the city was still adding to its semblance of splendour and salubrity; and the magnificent baths and grounds that were opened to the public service at the Porta Capena, with the multiplied festivities and donatives, attested how little mere physical attention to the people can arrest the miseries of a moral degradation. Nor could the Christians of that age be wholly without insight into the habits of the highest class in Rome; for, in that great *col-luvies* of heterogeneous faiths, the caprice of taste, if not some better impulse, determined now and then an inmate of the palace to favour the religion of Christ; and the favourite mistress of Commodus, who ruled him while she could, and then had him drugged and strangled in his sleep, is the very Marcia whom our presbyter describes as φιλόθεος, and at whose intervention the Christian exiles were released from their banishment in Sardinia. If he was at home when the excellent Pertinax was murdered, and cared to know what tyrant was to have the world instead, he was perhaps in the throng that ran to the Quirinal, and heard the Prætorians shout from their ramparts that the empire was for sale, and saw the bargain with the foolish senator below, who bought it with his money, and paid for it with his head. Caius and his people had reason to tremble when they saw in Septimius Severus not only the implacable conqueror who suffered no political opponent to live but the worshipper of dæmons, the gloomy and fitful devotee of astrology and magic, pliant only to sacerdotal hate; and when the young Origen came to be their guest awhile, and told of the terrors in Alexandria which had joined his father to the band of martyrs, the post that just then brought the news of the emperor's death in Britain, would seem to take off a weight of fear; especially as one son at least of the two inheritors of the empire had, in childhood, been committed to a Christian nurse, and been said to shrink and turn away from the savage spectacles of the amphitheatre. They were doomed to be disappointed, if they had placed any hope in Caracalla, and to find that what they had taken in the boy for the nobleness of grace, was but the timidity of nature: the murder, before his mother's face, of his only brother, and then of his best counsellor for refusing to justify the fratricide,

would soon make them ashamed of remembering that he had ever heard the name of Christ. It would be curious to know how the Christians comported themselves when the Priest of the Sun became monarch of the world, and seemed intent on dethroning every divinity to enrich the homage to his own. The grand temple on the Palatine, which he built for the god of Emesa, every passer-by must have seen as it rose from its foundations. And when the black stone was paraded on its chariot through the streets, and the elder deities were compelled to leave their shrines and attend in escort to the eastern idol; or when the nuptials were celebrated between the Syrian divinity and the goddess of Carthage, and Baal-peor and Astarte succeeded to the honours of Jove, no Christian presbyter could fail to witness the gorgeous and humiliating procession,—renewed as it was year by year,—or to ask himself into what deeper abomination the city of the Scipios must sink, ere the catastrophe of judgment made a sudden end. The orgies of Helagabalus were more insulting to the elder Paganism of Rome than injurious to the new faith, which equally detested both; and the offended moral feeling of the city reacted perhaps in favour of the Christian cause, and prepared the way for that more public teaching of the religion, in buildings avowedly dedicated to the purpose, which was first permitted in the succeeding reign. The natural recoil, in the imperial family itself, from the degradation of the court tended, perhaps, in the same direction, and drove the astute Mamæa to seek, amid the universal corruption, for some school of discipline which might save the young Alexander Severus from the ignominy of her sister's son. Whether from this motive, or from suspicion of the growing force of Christianity as a social power, she had sent for Origen, and had an interview with him at Antioch: and the Roman disciples had reason to rejoice that her intellectual impressions of their system should have been derived from such a man, and her political estimate of it formed in the East, where the crisis of conflict between the dying and the living faiths was more advanced than in the West, and afforded a less disguised augury of the result. From their fellow-believers trading with the Levant, or arriving thence, the pastors of the metropolis would learn the propitious temper of the young Cæsar and his mother; and would feel no surprise, when he succeeded to the palace of his cousin, that he not only swept out the ministers of lust and luxury, but in his private oratory enshrined, among the busts of Pagan benefactors, the images also of Abraham and of Christ. They could not, however, but observe how little the morals of the court, and the wisdom of the government, could now avail to arrest the progress of decay, and reach in detail the vices and miseries of a

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degenerate State. When they passed the door of the palace, they heard the public crier's voice proclaim, "Let only purity and innocence enter here:" they visited a Christian tradesman in a neighbouring street, and found him just seized by a nobleman whom he had dunned for an outstanding debt, charged with magic or poisoning, doomed to pine in prison till he gave release, and no redress or justice to be had. The emperor who, gazing in his chapel on the features of Christ, recognised a religion human and universal, was the first under whom a visible badge was put upon the slave, and a distinctive servile dress adopted: the slave-markets were still in consecrated spots, the temple of Castor and the Via Sacra; and if ever some captive Onesimus, recommended by letters from the East to the brethren in Rome, was brought to the metropolis for sale, thither must the deacon or the pastor go to find how the auction disposes of their charge, and learn *which* among the chalked feet it is, that are "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." The commonwealth had never boasted of so many great jurists as in the age of Papinian and Paulus: but as the science of Law was perfected, the power of Law declined; and Alexander Severus, the justest of emperors, was unable to protect Ulpian, the greatest of civilians, from military assassination in the palace itself, or to punish the perpetrators of this outrage on popular feeling as well as public right. The three days' tumult, in which this master of jurisprudence fell the victim of Prætorian licentiousness, our presbyter Caius must have witnessed; and countless other momentous scenes, during a generation painfully affluent in vicissitude, must have passed before his eyes; and had he but known of what value his reports would be to this age of ours, he would have said more of the life he saw, and less of the speculations he denounced. To us it would have been worth anything to know just what was too close to him to catch his eye; how the Christians lived in such a world; what thoughts stirred in them as they walked the streets and heard the news; what happened and was said when they met together, and how this could adjust itself with the real facts of an inconsistent and tyrannical present; and how, as the corrupted State became ever more incapable of vindicating moral ends, the rising Church undertook the secret governance of life, and penetrated with its authority into recesses beyond the reach, not of the arm of administration only, but of the definitions of the widest code. But, in this respect also our author fails to realize our hopes. He gives us a book of fancies rather than of facts, and instead of painting existence, which is transient, and must be caught as it flies, occupies himself in describing nonsense, which is always to be had. The enormities of Helagabalus, though staring him in the face,

are nothing to him in comparison with heresy in Lesser Asia, which keeps Easter on a wrong day. He is shut up within the interior circle of the community of believers, and gives but a single glimpse beyond: and builds for us no bridge to abolish the mysterious separation of ecclesiastical and ideal from civil and real existence in the early ages of our faith. He is not peculiar in this defect. We all of us live in the midst of history without knowing it, and ourselves *make* history without feeling it; and that which will most clearly paint us in the thought of other times, which will seem our *power* to them, our romance and nobleness, with which therefore they will most crave to satiate their eye, is precisely what is least consciously present to us,—the natural spirit and daily spring of our common being, through which not the will of man, but the Providence of God, works its appointed ends. At all events, the insight which we should be best pleased to gain into the life of the third century is not given even incidentally, except in the scantiest measure, by the "*Philosophumena*," which we must rank, in this respect, below the Apologies, and with the writings of Irenæus and Epiphanius. The book is dogmatic and controversial, and the interest attaching to it arises entirely from its being a *register of opinion*, a new witness to the thoughts about divine things, which the Christianity of its period owned and disowned. For those who care at all to know the state of belief a century before the Council of Nice, the work possesses a high value. But the worth of this sort of information is itself a thing disputed,—at least its *religious* worth; and will be very differently estimated, according to the preconception which occupies us as to the nature of Divine Revelation, and the sources open to us for the attainment of sacred truth. Here it is that we find M. Bunsen's great and peculiar strength. His religious philosophy, taken by itself, brings us occasionally to a pause of doubt. His historical criticism is not always convincing. But his doctrine of the *relation between* religion and history, of the mingling of divine and human elements in the theatre of time, and of the special agency of Christianity in the spiritual education of mankind, appears to us profoundly true and beautiful. This it is that makes him attach so much importance to the creed of the second and third centuries, and to the new light now thrown upon it; an importance which, from every ordinary point of view, can scarcely fail to appear fanciful and exaggerated.

The Roman Catholic, for instance, entertains a conception about what sacred truth is, and how it is to be had, which, leaving nothing to depend on new discoveries, discharges all the richest interest from any fresh knowledge we may gain of religion in the past. With him divine truth, so far as it is special to Chris-

tendom, is something wholly foreign to the human mind, intrinsically unrelated to any faculty we have. In being supernatural, it belongs to another sphere than that to which our thought is restricted, and is totally withdrawn from all the movements of our nature. It consists, indeed, in a set of objective facts from which we are absent, and which no ratiocination of ours can seize, any more than our ear can tell whether there be music on Saturn's ring. There is no human consciousness answering to it; and to resort thither for it is like asking the dreamer or the blindfold to describe the scene in which he stands, or consulting your own feelings to learn what is going on in Pekin or Japan. On this theory, the objects of faith are conceived of as objects of *perception*, only by senses otherwise constituted than ours; we can have no surmise about them, till they are announced to us by qualified percipients; and no comprehension of them even then, but only reception of them as facts imported for us from abroad. The bearing of this doctrine of invisible realism on the treatment of ecclesiastical history is manifest. The inaccessible facts are deposited with the sacerdotal corporation; with whom alone is vested the duty and the power of stating and defining them. They are not indeed all stated and defined in their last amplitude at once: for definition is always an enclosure of the true by exclusion of the false: and it is only in proportion as the dreaming perversity of men throws forth one delusive fancy after another, that the Church draws line after line to shut the intrusion out. If the creeds seem to enlarge as the centuries pass, it is not that they have more truth to give, but only more error to remove. The divine facts were conceived aright and conceived complete in the minds of apostles and evangelists; but they were not contemplated then as *against* the follies and contradictions opposed to them in later times: but as soon as the hour came for this antagonism to be felt, the infallible perception secured in perpetuity to the living hierarchy supplied the due verdict of rejection. To the Catholic, therefore, Christianity was made up and finished, its treasury was full, in the first generation: its power of development is only the refusal of deviation: and its intellectual life is tame as the story of some perfect hero, who does nothing but stand still and repel temptations. The history of doctrines thus becomes a history of heresies: the primitive stock of tradition and scripture must, on the one hand, be maintained entire in the face of all possible exposures by critical research; and, on the other, remain in eternal barrenness and produce no more. Natural knowledge, whether of the world or of humanity, may grow continually: but the new thoughts it may lead us to entertain of God are either *not* new, or not true: and every pretended enrichment of truth is nothing.

but evolution of falsehood. This removal of all variety from religion, this expulsion of life and change into the negative region of aberration and denial, eviscerates the past of its devout interest, rests the study of it on contempt instead of reverence for man; with all its pious air, it simply betrays history with a kiss, and delivers it over for scribes to buffet and chief priests to crucify. Short work is made in this way of any fresh witness, like the author of our book, who turns up unexpectedly from an early age. Does he speak in agreement with the hierarchical standards? He only flings another voice into the *consensus* of obedient believers. Does he say anything at variance with the *regula fidei*? Then have we only to see in what class of heretics he stands. His testimony is either superfluous or misleading.

The Protestant, of the approved English type, arrives, under guidance of a different thought, at the same flat and indifferent result. Though he gives a more subjective character to divine truth than the Roman Catholic, and brings both the want and the supply of it more within the attestation of consciousness, he puts its discovery equally beyond the reach of our ruined faculties, and equally cuts it off from all relation to philosophy and the natural living exercise of reason and conscience. He further agrees that his foreign gift of revelation was imported all at once, and all complete into our world, within the apostolic age; that the conceptions of that time are an authoritative rule for all succeeding centuries; and that every newer doctrine is to be regarded as a false accretion, to be flung off into the incompetent and barren spaces of human speculation. He denies, however, the twofold vehicle of this precious gift; and cancelling altogether the oral tradition and indeterminate Christian consciousness of the early Church, shuts up the whole contents of religion within the canonical Scriptures. The guardianship of unwritten tradition being abolished, and the canon requiring no guardianship at all, the trust deposited with the hierarchy disappears; and no permanent inspiration, no authoritative judicial function, in matters of faith, remains. Whatever Holy Spirit continues in the Church is not a progressively teaching spirit, which can ever impart thoughts or experiences unknown to the first believers; but a personally comforting and animating spirit, whose highest climax of enlightenment is the exact reproduction of the primitive state of mind. The apprehension of Divine truth is thus reduced to an affair of verbal interpretation of documents; and though in this process there is room for the largest play of subjective feeling, so that different minds, different nations, different ages, will unconsciously evolve very various results; these are not to be regarded as possible divine enrichments of the faith, but to be brought rigidly to the standard of the earliest

Church, and disowned wherever they include what was absent there. This view is less mischievous than the Roman Catholic, only because it is more inconsequent and confused. The canon which you take as sacred was selected and set in authority by the unwritten consciousness and tradition which you reject as profane. The Church existed before its records; expressed its life in ways spreading indefinitely beyond them; and neither was exempt from human elements till they were finished, nor lost the divine spirit when they were done. So arbitrary a doctrine corrupts the beauty of Scripture, and deadens the noblest interest of history. If the New Testament is to serve as an infallible standard, it is thus committed to perfect unity and self-consistency; and you are obliged to contend that the various types of doctrine found within its compass—the Messianic conceptions of Matthew and John, the "Faith" of Paul and James, the eucharistic conceptions of the first evangelists and the last, the eschatology of the Apocalypse and the Epistles—are only different sides of one and the same belief, coloured with the tints and shadings of several minds. How utterly inadequate such an hypothesis is to the explanation of the Scriptural phenomena, what a distorted and absurd representation it gives of the sacred writers, and their mode of thought, is best known to those who have honestly tried to deal with the fourth gospel, for instance, as historically the supplement of the others, and dogmatically of the Book of Revelations; to suppose the Logos-doctrine tacitly present in the speeches of Peter; to detect the pre-existence in Mark, or remove it from John; or to identify the Paraclete with the gifts of Pentecost. All feeling of living reality is lost from our picture of the apostolic time, when its outlines are thus blurred, its contrasts destroyed, its grouped figures effaced, and the whole melted away by the persevering drizzle of a watery criticism into a muddy glory round the place where Christ should be. If, moreover, we are to find everything in the first age, then the second, and the third, and all others, must be worse, just in so far as they differ from it; and the whole course of succeeding thought, the widening and deepening of the Christian faith and feeling, the swelling of its stream by the lapse into it of Oriental Gnosis and Hellenic Platonism and the Western Conscience, must be a ceaseless degeneracy. Thus to the Bibliolater as to the Romanist, divine truth *has no history among men*, unless it be the history of decline, or of recovery purchased by decline. He also will accordingly care nothing about what the people of Caius or Hippolytus thought. Is it in the Bible? If so, he knew it before. Is it not in the Bible? Then he has nothing to do with it but throw it away. By a fitting retribution, this moping worship of the letter of a book

and the creed of a generation, brings it to pass, that both are lost to the mind in a dismal haze of ignorance and misconception : and if the "evangelical" believer could be transported suddenly from Exeter Hall into the company of the twelve in Jerusalem, or the Proseucha which Paul enters on the banks of the Strymon, or the room where the Agape is prepared at Rome, we are persuaded that he would find a scene newer to his expectations than by any other migration into a known time and place.

But now let us abolish this isolation from the rest of human existence of the *incunabula* of our faith, and throw open that time to free relation with the whole Providence of humanity. Suppose Christianity to be the influence upon the world of a Divine Person,—in quality Divine, in quantity Human,—whose Epiphany was determined at a crisis of ripe conditions for the rescue, the evolution, the spread of holy and sanctifying truth. What are those conditions? They consist mainly in the co-presence, within the embrace of one vast State, of two opposite races or types of men, both having a partial gift of divine apprehension and holding in charge an indispensable element of truth; both with their spiritual life verging to exhaustion and capable of no separate effort more; and each unconsciously pining away for want of the complement of thought, which the other only could supply. The *Hebrew* brought his intense feeling of the Personality of God; conceiving this in so concentrated a form as to exclude the proper notion of infinitude, and render Him only the most powerful Being in the Universe, its Monarch, —wielding the creatures as his puppets,—acting historically upon its scenes as objective to Him, and by the annals of his past agency supplying to the Abrahamic family a religion of archives and documents. The sovereignty of Jehovah raised him to an immeasurable height above his creation; dwarfed all other existence; placed Him by *nature* at a distance from men, and only by *condescension* allowing of approximation. And hence his worshippers, in proportion as they adored his greatness, felt the littleness of all else; acquired a temper towards their fellowmen, if not severe and scornful, at least not reverent and tender; and regarded them as separate in kind from Him, mere dust on the balance or locusts in the field. The religion of the *Hellenic* race began at the other end,—from the midst of human life, its mysteries, its struggles, its nobleness, its mixture of heroic Freewill and awful Destiny; and their deepest reverence, their quickest recognition of the Divine, was directed towards the soul of a man vindicating its grandeur, though it should be against superhuman powers. In proportion as men were great, beautiful, and good, did they appear to be as lesser gods, and earth and heaven to be filled with the same race. Thought, con-

science, admiration in the human mind were not personal accidents separately originating in each individual; but the sympathetic response of our common intellect, standing in front of Nature, to the kindred life of the Divine intellect behind Nature, and ever passing into expression through it. When this feeling of the Hellenic race became reflective and organized itself into philosophy, it represented the universe as the eternal assumption of form by the Divine thought, which we were enabled to read off by our essential identity of nature. Hence a whole series of conceptions quite different from the Hebrew representations; instead of Creation, Evolution of being; instead of Interposition from without, Incarnation operating from within; instead of Omnipotent Will, Universal Thought; assigning as the ideal of man's perfection, not so much obedience to Law, as similitude of Mind to God; and tending predominantly not to strength in Morals, but to beauty in Art. These two opposite tendencies had run their separate course, and expended their proper history; and were talking wildly, as in the approaching delirium of death. But they are the two factors of all religious truth: and to fuse them together, to make it impossible that either should perish or should remain alone, the Christ was given to the world, so singularly balanced between them, that neither could resist his power, but both were drawn into it for the regeneration of mankind. In the accidents of his lot given to the one race, and only baffling the visions of prophets to transcend them; in the essence of his nature so august and attractive to the other, that the faith in Incarnation was irresistible; presented to the Hebrews by his mortal birth, and snatched from them by his immortal; stopping by his holiness the mouth of Law, and carrying it up into the higher region of Faith and Love; in the Temple wishing the Temple gone, that there might be open communion, Spirit with Spirit; translating sacrifice into self-sacrifice; he had every requisite for conciliating and blending the separated elements of truth which, for so many ages, had been converging towards him. But if this was the function providentially assigned to him, and for which the divine and human were so blended in him, it is a function which could not be accomplished in a moment, in a generation, in a century. It is an *historical* function, freely demanding time for its theatre: and as the separate factors had occupied ages in attaining their ripeness for combination, so must their fusion consume many a life-time of effervescing thought, ere the homogeneous truth appeared. The words of Christ are not in this view the end in which Revelation terminates; but the means given to us of knowing himself, contributions to the picture we form of his personality. Nor are the sentiments of his immediate

followers about his office and position in the scheme of Providence anything more authoritative to us than the incipient attempts made, when his influence was fresh, to grasp the whole of his relations while only a part was to be seen. The records of the great crisis are no doubt of superlative value, as the vehicles by which alone we understand and feel its power: but their value is lost if they are to dictate truth to our passive acceptance, instead of quickening our reason and conscience to find it: they stop in this way the very development which they were to lead, and disappoint Christ of the very work he came to achieve. Human elements were inevitably and fully present in the first age and its scriptures, as in every other; and the transitory ingredients they have left it is a duty to detach from the eternal truth. And as conditions of finite imperfection cannot be banished from the central era, neither can the guidance of the Infinite Spirit be denied, whether among the Hebrew, the Hellenic, or the Christian people, in the ages before and after. In that new development of human consciousness and knowledge in regard to God, which we call Christianity, *all* the requisite conditions,—viz., the factors taken up, the Person who blends them, and the continuous product they evolve,—include Divine Inspiration as well as Human Reflection,—the living presence and communion of the Eternal with the Transitory Mind, of the perfectly Good with the good in the Imperfect. To disengage the one from the other, to treasure up the true and holy that is born of God, and let fall the false and wrong that is infused by man, is possible only to Reason and Conscience, is indeed the perpetual work in which they live; the denial of which is not merely Atheism, but Devil-worship,—not the bare negation but the positive reversal of religion,—the virtual affirmation that God indeed *exists*, but exists as *Un*-reason and *Un*-good. No mechanical, no chronological separation can be effected of the Divine from the Human, the Revealed from the Unrevealed, in faith: there is no person, no book, no age, no Church, in which both do not meet, and require to be disentangled the one from the other: but the perseverance of God's living and self-harmonious Spirit throughout the discordant errors of dying generations enables the men most apt and faithful to his voice, to know more and more what his reality is, and drop the semblances by which it is disguised. The effect of this view on our estimate of ecclesiastical literature is evident. As, according to it, the apostolic period is not exempted from critical judgment, so neither are succeeding times to be without their claim on religious reverence. The canonical books of the New Testament fall back into the general mass of Literature recording the earliest knowledge and consciousness of the dis-

ciples, neither detached, as a mysterious whole, from other productions of their time, nor excluding the greatest diversities of value among themselves. They exhibit the first struggling efforts,—not always concurrent in their direction,—of an awakening spiritual life, to interpret a recent Divine manifestation, and to solve by it the problem of the world's Providence. Their very freshness and proximity to the great figure of Christ was by no means an unmixed advantage to these efforts; and they were not so complete and successful as to supersede their continuance in the next and following generations, which lay under no incompetency for their prosecution, and are as likely, so far as antecedent probability goes, to have enriched and improved, as to have impoverished and spoiled, the earlier doctrine of Christ's relation to God and to mankind. The chasm thus disappears between the apostolic age and its successor: the products of the first are not to be accepted simply because they are there, nor those of the second rejected because they are absent from the first; nor is everything to be admitted on showing that it stands in both and even had a tenure long enough to become the prescriptive occupant of the Church. The Catholic is right in clinging to the continuous thread of Divine Inspiration binding the centuries of Christendom together; and in maintaining that the expression of true doctrine grows fuller with time. He is wrong in making the Spirit over to an hierarchical corporation; and in treating the ostensible growth of doctrine as the mere negation of heresies. The Protestant is right in rescuing from the haze of uncertain tradition the real historical ground of his religion, and setting it in the focus of an intense reverence; and in rejecting whatever cannot be adjusted with the clear facts and essential Spirit of that primitive gospel. He is wrong in his insulation of that early time as a sole authoritative age of golden days, in which the faith had neither error nor defect, and from which it must be copied, with daguerreotype exactitude, into every disciple's mind. Keep the positive elements, destroy the negative limitations of both these systems, and the true conception of Christianity emerges. As a system of self-conscious doctrine, it is a religious Philosophy, starting from the historical appearance of Christ as an expression of God in human life, and always detained around this one object as its centre; and, in its development, consulting not the idiosyncrasies and conceits of private and personal reflection, but the devout consciousness and spiritual *consensus* of all Christian ages and all holy men. All religion is the product of an action of the infinite mind upon the finite: in the *Christian* religion that action takes place upon souls engaged in the contemplation of Christ as

the manifestation of God's moral nature. This given object remaining the same, there is room for indefinite expansion and variety; and every developed form is to be tried, not by its date, but by the tests of truth relevant to religious philosophy.

How far M. Bunsen would recognise his own doctrine in this exposition we cannot say; but without intending in the least to make him responsible for it, we think it does not essentially deviate from his scheme of thought. The philosophical aphorisms in which he has embodied his speculative faith, follow an order which we should have spoiled, had we, for our present purpose, so brought them together as to make them speak for themselves. And though they display the same astonishing command of our language, in which the author never fails, the cast of the thoughts is so Teutonic, that few English readers, it is to be feared, will appreciate their depth and richness. The complaint, which we have heard and seen, that they are wholly unintelligible, is indeed purely ridiculous, except that it sadly illustrates the extent to which reflection and even feeling on such subjects has ceased in England. M. Bunsen, we can assure our readers, knows what he means, and lucidly states what he means; and those who miss his meaning have for the most part no slight loss. The following sentences, which the greatest sufferer from philosophobia may drink in without convulsions, will explain his idea of Revelation, in its bearing upon the use of written records. The mere "Natural Religion" of the Deists, he observes was—

"The negative reaction against the equally untenable, unphilosophical and irrational notion, that revelation was nothing but an external historical act. Such a notion entirely loses sight of the infinite or eternal factor of revelation, founded both in the nature of the infinite and that of the finite mind, of God and Man.

"This heterodox notion became still more obnoxious, by its imagining something higher in the manifestation of God's Will and Being than the human mind, which is the divinely-appointed organ of divine manifestation, and in a double manner; ideally in mankind, as object, historically in the individual man, as instrument.

"The notion of a merely historical revelation by written records is as unhistorical as it is unintellectual and materialistic. It necessarily leads to untruth in philosophy, to unreality in religious thought, and to Fetichism in worship. It misunderstands the process necessarily implied in every historical representation. The form of expressing the manifestation of God in the mind, as if God was Himself using human speech to man, and was thus himself finite and a man, is a form inherent in the nature of human thought as embodied in language, its own rational expression. It was originally never meant to be understood materialistically, because the religious consciousness which produced it was essentially spiritual; and, indeed, it can only be thus

misunderstood by those who make it a rule and criterion of faith, never to connect any thought whatever with what they are expected to believe as divinely true.

"Every religion is positive. It is, therefore, justly called a religion '*made manifest*' (offenbart), or, as the English term has it, *revealed*; that is to say, it supposes an action of the infinite mind, or God, upon the finite mind, or man, by which God, in His relation to Man, becomes manifest or visible. This can be mediate, through the manifestation of God in the Universe or Nature; or a direct, immediate action, through the religious consciousness.

"This second action is called *revealed*, in the stricter sense. The more a religion manifests of the real substance and nature of God, and of His relation to the universe and to man, the more it deserves the name of a divine manifestation or of Revelation. But no religion which exists could exist without something of truth, revealed to man, through the creation, and through his mind.

"Such a direct communication of the divine mind as is called Revelation, has necessarily two factors, which are unitedly working in producing it. The one is the infinite factor, or the direct manifestation of eternal truth to the mind, by the power which that mind has of perceiving it: for human perception is the correlate of divine manifestation. There could be no revelation of God if there was not the corresponding faculty in the human mind to receive it, as there is no manifestation of light where there is no eye to see it.

"This infinite factor is, of course, not historical: it is inherent in every individual soul, only with an immense difference in the degree.

"The action of the Infinite upon the mind, is the Miracle of history and of religion, equal to the Miracle of Creation.

"Miracle, in its highest sense, is therefore essentially and undoubtedly an operation of the divine mind upon the human mind. By that action the human mind becomes inspired with a new life, which cannot be explained by any precedent of the selfish (natural) life, but is its absolute contrary. This miracle requires no proof: the existence and action of religious life is its proof, as the world is the proof of creation.

"The second factor of revelation is the finite or external. This means of divine manifestation is, in the first place, a universal one, the Universe or Nature. But, in a more special sense, it is a historical manifestation of divine truth through the life and teaching of higher minds among men. These men of God are eminent individuals, who communicate something of eternal truth to their brethren; and, as far as they themselves are true, they have in them the conviction, that what they say and teach of things divine is an objective truth. They therefore firmly believe that it is independent of their individual personal opinion and impression, and will last, and not perish as their personal existence upon earth must.

"The difference between Christ and other men of God is analogous to that between the manifestation of a part, and of the totality and substance, of the divine mind."—Vol. ii., p. 60, *seqq.*

The newly-found work, like other productions of the same period, can have only a disturbing interest for the Roman Catholic and orthodox Protestant. For, in conjunction with previous evidence, it shows that the unbroken unity of teaching is altogether a fiction; that what afterwards became heresy was, in the latter part of the second century, held in the church of the primacy itself, and by successors of St. Peter; that the clergy of Rome, so far from owning the apostolic authority of their chief, could resist him as heterodox; and that the contents of the Catholic system, far from appearing as an invariable whole from the first, were a gradual synthesis of elements flowing in from new channels of influence brought into connexion with the faith; and as against the approved type of Protestant, it shows that his favourite scheme of dogma was still in a very unripe state, and that further back it had been still more so; so that if he binds himself to the earliest creed, he may probably have to accept a profession which he hardly regards as Christian at all. But from the third point of view, which assumes that development is an inherent necessity in a Revelation, and may add to its truth, instead of subtracting from it, the monuments of Christian literature from the secondary period have a positive interest, free from all uneasiness and alarm. They arrest for us, in the midst, the advance of theological belief towards the form ultimately recognised in the Church, and expressed in the established creeds; they render visible the beautified features and expanded look of the faith, when its Judaic blood had been cooled by the waters of an Hellenic baptism; and though they leave many undetermined problems as to the successive steps by which the original Hebrew type of the gospel in Jerusalem was metamorphosed into the Nicene and hierarchical Christianity, they fix some intermediate points, and make us profoundly conscious of the greatness of the change.

The author of the "*Philosophumena*," for instance, would be stopped at the threshold of every sect in our own country, and excluded as heterodox. He crosses the lines of our theological definitions, and trespasses on forbidden ground, in every possible doctrinal direction. Cardinal Wiseman would have nothing to say to him; for he is insubordinate to the "*Vicar of Christ*," and profanely insists that a pope may be deposed by his own council of presbyters. The Bishop of Exeter would refuse him institution; for his Trinity is imperfect, and he allows no Personality to the Holy Ghost. The Archbishop of Dublin might probably think him a little hard upon Sabellius; but if he would quietly sign the articles, (which, however, he could by no means do,) might abstain from retaliation, and let him pass. At Manchester, Canon Stowell would keep him in.

hot water for his respectable opinion of human nature, and his lofty doctrine of free-will. In Edinburgh, Dr. Candlish would not listen to a man who had nothing to say of reliance on the imputed merits of Christ. The sapient board at New College, St. John's Wood, would expel him for his loose notions of Inspiration. And the Unitarians would find him too transcendental, make no common sense out of his notions of Incarnation, and recommend him to try Germany. This fact, that a bishop of the second and third centuries would be ecclesiastically not a stranger only, but an outcast among us, is most startling; and ought surely to open the eyes of modern Christians to the false and dangerous position into which their churches have been brought by narrow-heartedness and insincerity. It will not be M. Bunsen's fault if our Churchmen remain insensible to the national peril and disgrace of maintaining unreformed a system long known to have no heart of modern reality, and now seen to have as little ground of ancient authority. Again and again he raises his voice of earnest and affectionate warning. As a foreigner domesticated among us, as a scholar of wide historical view, as a philosophical statesman who, amid the diplomacy of the hour, descends to the springs of perennial life in nations, as a Christian who profoundly trusts the reality of religion, and cannot be dazzled by the pretence, he sees, with a rare clearness and breadth, both the capabilities and the dangers of our social and spiritual condition. He sees that God has given to the English people a moral massiveness and veracity of character which presents the grandest basis of noble faith; while learned selfishness and aristocratic apathy uphold in the Church creeds which only stupidity can sign without mental reservations,—a Liturgy that catches the scruples of the intellectual without touching the enthusiasm of the popular heart,—a laity without function,—a clergy without unity,—and a hierarchy without power. He sees that our insular position has imparted to us a distinctive nationality of feeling, supplying copious elements for coalescence in a common religion; while obstinate conservatism has permitted our Christianity to become our great divisive power, and to disintegrate us through and through. He respects our free institutions, which sustain the health of our political life; but beside them he finds an ecclesiastical system either imposed by a dead and inflexible necessity, or left unguided to a whimsical voluntarism, which separates the combinations of faith from the relations of neighbourhood, of municipality, of country. With noble and richly-endowed universities at the exclusive disposal of the Church, he finds the theological and philosophical sciences so shamefully neglected, that Christian faith notoriously does not hold its intellectual ground, and in its retreat does nothing

to reach a firmer position; but only protests its resolution to stand still, and raises a din against the critic or metaphysic host that drives it back. Is there no one in this great and honest country that has trust enough in God and truth, foresight enough of ruin from falsehood and pretence, to lay the first hand to the work of renovation? Is statesmanship so infected with negligent contempt of mankind, that no high-minded politician can be found to care for the highest discipline of the people, and reorganize the institutions in which their conscience, their reason, their upward aspirations should find life? Has the Church no prophet with faith enough to fling aside creed and college, and fire within him to burn away medieval pedantries, and demand an altar of veracity, that may bring us together for common work and "common prayer?" Or is it to be left to the *strong* men, exulting in their strength, and storming with the furor of honest discontent, to settle these matters with the sledge-hammer of their indignation? Miserable hypocrisy! to open the lips, and lift the eyes to heaven, while beckoning with the finger of apathy to these pioneers of Necessity! Would that some might be found to lay to heart our author's warning and counsel in the following sentences:—

"While we exclude all suggestions of despair, as being equally unworthy of a man and of a Christian, we establish two safe principles. The first is, that in all congregational and ecclesiastical institutions, Christian freedom, within limits conformable to Scripture, constitutes the first requisite for a vital restoration. The second fundamental principle is, that every church must hold fast what she already possesses, in so far as it presents itself to her consciousness as true and efficacious. In virtue of the first condition, she will combine Reason and Scripture in due proportions; by virtue of the second, she will distinguish between Spirit and Letter, between Idea and Form. No external clerical forms and medieval reflexes of bygone social and intellectual conditions can save us, nor can sectarian schisms and isolation from national life. Neither can learned speculations, and still less the incomparably more arrogant dreams of the unlearned. Scientific consciousness must dive into real life, and refresh itself in the feelings of the people, and that no one will be able to do without having made himself thoroughly conversant with the sufferings and the sorrows of the lowest classes of society. For out of the feeling of these sufferings and sorrows, as being to a great degree the most extensive and most deep-seated product of evil,—that is, of selfishness,—arose eighteen hundred years ago, the divine birth of Christianity. The new birth, however, requires new pangs of labour, and not only on the part of individuals, but of the whole nation, in so far as she bears within her the germs of future life, and possesses the strength to bring forth. Every nation must set about the work herself, not, indeed, as her own especial exclusive concern, but as the interest of all mankind. Every

people has the vocation to coin for itself the divine form of Humanity, in the Church as well as in the State ; its life depends on this being done, not its reputation merely ; it is the condition of existence, not merely of prosperity.

"Is it not time, in truth, to withdraw the veil from our misery ? to point to the clouds which rise from all quarters, to the noxious vapours which have already well nigh suffocated us ? to tear off the mask from hypocrisy, and destroy that sham which is undermining all real ground beneath our feet ? to point out the dangers which surround, nay, threaten already to engulf us ? Is the state of things satisfactory in a Christian sense, where so much that is unchristian predominates, and where Christianity has scarcely begun here and there to penetrate the surface of the common life ? Shall we be satisfied with the increased outward respect paid to Christianity and the Church ? Shall we take it as a sign of renewed life, that the names of God and Christ have become the fashion, and are used as a party badge ? Can a society be said to be in a healthy condition, in which material and selfish interests in individuals, as well as in the masses, gain every day more and more the upper hand ? in which so many thinking and educated men are attached to Christianity only by outward forms, maintained either by despotic power, or by a not less despotic, half superstitious, half hypocritical custom ? When so many churches are empty, and satisfy but few, or display more and more outward ceremonials and vicarious rites ? When a godless schism has sprung up between spirit and form, or has even been preached up as a means of rescue ? When gross ignorance or confused knowledge, cold indifference or the fanaticism of superstition, prevails as to the understanding of Holy Scripture, as to the history, nay, the fundamental ideas of Christianity ? When force invokes religion in order to command, and demagogues appeal to the religious element in order to destroy ? When, after all their severe chastisements and bloody lessons, most statesmen base their wisdom only on the contempt of mankind ; and when the prophets of the people preach a liberty, the basis of which is selfishness, the object libertinism, and the wages are vice ? And this in an age the events of which show more and more fatal symptoms, and in which a cry of ardent longing pervades the people, re-echoed by a thousand voices !" —iii. xv.

Sorry, however, as we should be to see our Roman presbyter disconsolately wandering from fold to fold in modern England, and dismissed as a black sheep from all, we should not like to find him metamorphosed into chief shepherd either, and invested with the guidance of our ecclesiastical affairs. Though he is above imitating the feeble railing of Irenæus at the heresies, he deals with them in the true clerical style : often missing their real meaning, he does not spare them his bad word ; and fancies he has killed them before he has even caught them. He has an evident relish also for a tale of scandal, as a make-weight against a theological opponent. In the "Little Labyrinth," he had told us a story about a Unitarian minister, who, for accepting

his schismatical office, had been horsewhipped by angels all night; so that he crawled in the morning to the metropolitan, and gave in his penitential recantation. And now, in the larger work, the author flies at higher game, and makes out that Pope Callistus was an incorrigible scamp; originally a slave in the household of a wealthy Christian master, Carpophorus, whose confidence he abused in every possible way. First, having been entrusted with the management of a bank in the *Piscina publica*, he swindled and ruined the depositors, and decamped, with the intention of sailing from Portus, but was found on board ship; and though he jumped into the sea, to avoid capture, was picked up, and condemned by his master to the hand-mill. Next, being allowed to go out, on the plea of collecting some debts, which would enable him to pay a dividend to the depositors, he created a riot in a Jews' synagogue, and, being brought before the prefect, was sentenced to be flogged, and transported to Sardinia. Thence he escaped by passing himself off among a number of Christians, released from their exile through the influence of the emperor's concubine, Marcia, and on the recommendation of Victor, the Pope. As he was not included in the list of pardons, he no sooner made his appearance in Rome than his master sent him off to live on a monthly allowance at Antium. On the death of Carpophorus, he seems to have attained his freedom by bequest; and his fertility of resource having made him useful to the new Pope Zephyrinus, he acquired influence enough to succeed him in the Primacy. We must confess that the evident *gusto* with which our presbyter tells this scandal, the *animus* with which he accuses Zephyrinus also of stupidity and venality, and the predominance in his narrative of theological antipathy over moral disgust, leave a painful impression on the reader respecting the spirit then at work in the apostolic see. And though his scheme of belief, especially in relation to the person of Christ, was more rational than the definitions of more modern creeds, yet we fear that he would be not less nice about its shape, and intolerant of those who move about in freer folds of thought, than a divine of the Canterbury cloisters or the Edinburgh platform. His quarrel with the two popes whom he abuses shows pretty clearly the stage of development which the Christian theology had then reached. On this matter we must say a few words.

Whatever may have been the precise order of combination which brought the Hebrew and Hellenic ideas of God into union, there can be no doubt about the two *termini* of the process. It started from the monarchical conception of Jehovah, as a Unity without plurality; and it issued in the Athanasian Trinity, with its three hypostases in one essence. Of these, the Father

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expressed the Absolute existence, the Son the Objective manifestation, the Holy Spirit the Subjective revelation of God. In the Presbyterian's creed, the third term was not yet incorporated, but still floated freely, diffused and impersonal. Leaving this out of view, we may observe, in the remaining part of the doctrine, two principal difficulties to be surmounted, arising from the double medium of divine objective manifestation,—Nature, always proceeding,—and Christ, historically transient. The first problem is, How to pass at all out of the Infinite existence into Finite phenomena, and conceive the relation between the Father and the Son; the second, How to pass from Eternal manifestation through all phenomena into temporary appearance in an Individual, so as to conceive the relation between the Son and the Galilean Christ. Thus, excluding all reference to the Holy Spirit, there were, in fact, *four* objects of thought, whose relations to one another were to be adjusted, viz., the Father, the Son evolving all things, the Christ or divine individualization in the Gospel, and Jesus of Nazareth, the human being with whose life this individualization concurred. Among all these there were, so to speak, two clearly distinct Wills to dispose of; that of the man Jesus at the lowest extremity, and that of the Supreme God, which the Jew, at least, would fix at the upper. These two Wills act, in the whole development of doctrine on this subject, as the secret centres of Personality: and the remaining elements obtain or miss a hypostatic character according as they are drawn or not into coalescence with the one or the other. The volitional point of the Divine Agency being once determined, it may be regarded as enclosed between the *Thought*, or Intellectual essence out of which it comes, and the *Execution* by which it is realized: or it may be left undistinguished from these, and may be made to coincide with either. According to these variable conditions arise the several modes of doctrine in reference to the Divine element in God's Objective manifestation. The differences, for instance, between our presbyter's doctrine and Origen's will be found to depend on the different points which they seize as the seat of divine volition, and the germ of their logical development. Our author, exemplifying the Hebrew tendency, seeks his initiative up at the fountain head, and puts himself back before the first act of creation; he starts from the One God, with whom nothing was co-present, and fixes in Him the seat of the primeval Will. There, however, it would remain, a mere potentiality, did not the Eternal Mind, by reflection in itself, pass into Self-consciousness, and give objectivity to its own thought. This primary expression of his essence, in which it enters into relation, but relation only to itself, is the *Logos*, or *Son* of God, the agent in the production of all things. The potentiality is thus reserved

to the Father; the effectuation is given to the Son: who, coming in at a point lower down than the seat of Will, and simply bridging over the interval that leads to accomplishment, is left without the essential condition of a numerically distinct subsistence; and has either the instrumental and subordinate personality of a dependent being, or is imperfectly hypostatized.* In this impersonal character does the Logos manifest the Divine thought in the visible universe; in the minds of godly men, which are the source of law; in the glance of prophets, which catches and interprets the divine significance of all times; and first assumes a full personality in the Incarnation. Having left the primary Will behind in the Father's essence, the Logos remains but an inchoate hypostasis, till alighting, in the human nature, on another centre of volition. As if our author were half conscious, in reaching this point, of relief from an antecedent uneasiness, he now holds fast to the personality which has been realized, represents it as not dissolved by the death on the cross, but taken up into heaven, and abiding for ever. It is, in this view, the two extreme terms that supply the hypostatizing power; of the others, the Logos has no personality but by looking back to the Father; nor the Christ, but by going forward to the Son of Mary. This shows the yet powerful influence of the Judaic Monarchianism, and the embarrassment of a mind, setting out from that type of faith, to provide any plurality within the essence of God. Origen, on the other hand, yielded to the Hellenic feeling, and instead of going back to any absolute commencement, looked for his Divine centre and starting-point further down; and took thence whatever upward glance was needful to complete his view. As the Greek reverence was not touched but by the Divine embodied in concrete life and form, so the Alexandrine catechist instinctively fixed upon the Son, the objective Thought of God, proceeding, not once upon a time or ever *first*, but *eternally*, from Him, as the initiative position for his doctrine. Here was placed the clearest and intensest focus of Will; and only in this ever-evolving efficient were the full conditions of personality realized. The Father was conceived more Pantheistically, as the universal *vous*, the intellectual background, whence issued the acting nature of the Son. In meditating on them in their conjunction, Origen would think of the relation between *thought and volition*; our author, of that between *volition and execution*. Both doctrines show the imperfect fusion of Hebrew and Hellenic elements, and illustrate the

* To Hippolytus and the writers of his period, Dorner ascribes the latter, preponderantly over the former, side of this alternative; while Hänel charges their view with Sabellianism. See Dorner's "Entwicklungsgeschichte der Lehre von der Person Christi," i. p. 611, *seqq.*

characteristic effect of an excessive proportion of each. Where the Hebrew element prevails, the personality of the Son is endangered; where the Hellenic, the personality of the Father. Even our presbyter's doctrine of the Son, however, gave too strong an impersonation to Him for the party in Rome who sided with Zephyrinus and Callistus. These popes accused him, it seems, of being a *Ditheist*; and themselves maintained that the terms Father and Son denoted only different sides and relations of one and the same Being; nay, not only of the same Being, but of the same *πρόσωπον*; and that the spirit that dwelt in Christ was the Father, of whom all things are full. For this opinion the two popes are angrily dealt with by our author, and charged with being half Sabellian, half Humanitarian. His rancour justifies the suspicion, that though he represents the party which triumphed at Rome, his opponents had been numerous and powerful, as, indeed, their election to the primacy would of itself show, and that even his own imperfect dogma was superinduced, not without a protracted struggle, upon an earlier faith yet remoter from the Nicene standard.

And this brings us at once to a question of historical research, which, though far too intricate and extensive to be discussed here, we feel bound to notice, as far as it is affected by the newly-discovered work. How long did it take for the Christian faith to assume the leading features of its orthodox and catholic form, and especially to work itself clear of Judaism? It is an acknowledged fact, that the earliest disciples, including at the lowest estimate all the converts of the first seven years from the ascension, not only were born Hebrews, but did not regard their baptism as in any way withdrawing them from the pale of their national religion; that, on the contrary, they claimed to be the only true Jews, differing from others simply by their belief in a personally appointed, instead of a vaguely promised Messiah; that they aimed at no more than to bring over their own race to this conviction, and persuade them that the national destinies were about to be consummated; and, so far from relaxing the obligations of their Law, adhered with peculiar rigour to its ritual and its exclusiveness. So long as none but the twelve apostles had charge of its diffusion, Christianity was only a particular mode of Judaism, and its whole discussion a *ζήτησις τῶν Ἰουδαίων*. It is further admitted, that the first inroad upon this narrowness was made by St. Paul, who insisted on the universality of Christ's function, and the abrogation of the Mosaic Law in favour of inward faith, as the condition of union with God. Nor, again, is it denied that this freer view met with great resistance, and that its conflict with the other, apparent throughout the Pauline epistles, formed the most animating

feature of the apostolic age. During that period, two distinct parties, and two separate lines of development and growth may be traced: one following out in morals the *legal* idea into asceticism, voluntary poverty, and physical purity, and in faith the *monarchian* idea into theocratic and millenarian expectations; the other, proceeding from the notion of *faith* to substitute an ideal Christ for the historical, a new religion for an old law, the free embrace of divine reconciliation for the anxious strain of self-mortifying obedience. But how long did this struggle and separation continue? According to the prevalent belief, it was all over in a few years; and, by the happy harmony and concurrence of the Apostles, was determined in favour of the generous Pauline doctrine; so that St. John lived to see the Hebrew Christians sink into a mere Ebionitish sect outside the pale, and their stiff Unitarian theology disowned in favour of the higher teachings of his gospel. Against this assumption, of so easy a victory over the Jewish tendency, several striking testimonies have often been urged. Tertullian, in a well known passage of his treatise against Praxeas, describes the dislike with which the unlearned majority of believers regard the Trinitarian distinctions in the Godhead, and the zeal with which they cry out for holding to "the Monarchy."* In the time of Pope Zephyrinus, as we learn from Eusebius, a body of Unitarians in Rome, followers of Artemon, defended their doctrine by the conservative plea of antiquity and general consent; affirming that it was no other than the uninterrupted creed of the Roman Church down to the time of Victor, the preceding pope; and that the higher doctrine of the Person of Christ was quite a recent innovation.† Nor are we without ecclesiastical literature, of even a later date, that by its theological tone gives witness to the same effect. The "Clementine Recognitions," written somewhere between 212 and 230, occupy a dogmatic position, higher, indeed, than the disciples of Artemon, but only in the direction of Arius, and, to save the Unity of God, deny the Deity of Christ.‡ Relying on such evidence as this, Priestley, in his "History of Early Opinions," and his controversy with Bishop Horsley, maintained that the creed of the Church for the first two centuries was Unitarian. But this position was attended with many difficulties, so long as the present canonical scriptures were allowed to have been in the hands of the Christians of that period, and recognised as authorities; for the narratives of the miraculous concep-

* "Tert. adv. Prax.," c. 3.

† Euseb. H. E., V. 28.

‡ See Adolph Schliemann's "Clementinen, nebst den verwandten Schriften und der Ebionitismus," cap. iii. ii. § 8, 9.

tion, the writings of Paul, and the gospel of John, are irreconcilable with the schemes of belief attributed to the early Unitarians. Moreover, if for two centuries the Church had interpreted its authoritative documents in one way, and formed on this its services and expositions, it is not easy to conceive the rapid revolution into another. During a period of free and floating tradition there is manifest room for the growth of essentially different modes of faith; but after the reception of a definite set of sacred books, the scope for change is much contracted. To treat the doctrine of the Logos as an innovation, yet ascribe the fourth gospel to the beloved disciple; to suppose that justification by works was the generally received notion among people who guided themselves by the authority of Paul, involves us in irremediable contradictions. Avoiding these at least, possibly not without the risk of others, the celebrated theologians of Tübingen have maintained a bolder thesis than that of Priestley, including it, indeed, but with it also a vast deal more. Their theory runs as follows. The opposition which St. Paul's teaching excited, and of which his letters preserve so many traces, was neither so insignificant nor so short-lived as is commonly supposed; but was encouraged and led by the other apostles, especially James and John and Peter, who never heartily recognised the volunteer apostle; and was so completely successful, that he died without having made any considerable impression on the Judaic Christianity sanctioned from Jerusalem. Accordingly, the earliest Christian literature was Ebionitish; and no production was in higher esteem than the "Gospel of the Hebrews," which, after being long current, with several variations of form, at last settled down into our Gospel of Matthew. In almost all the writings known to us, even in Roman circles of the second century,—the "Shepherd of Hermas," the "Memorials of Hegesippus," the works of Justin,—some character or other of Ebionitism is present,—millenarian doctrine, admiration of celibacy and of abstinence from meat and wine, denunciation of riches, emphatic assertion of the *Messiahship* of Jesus, and treatment of the miraculous conception as at least an open question. The labours of Paul, however, had left a seed which had been buried, but not killed; and from the first, a small party had cherished his freer principles, and sought to win acceptance for them; and as the progress of time increased the proportion of provincial and gentile converts, and the Jewish wars of Titus and Hadrian destroyed the possibility of Mosaic obedience and the reasonableness of Hebrew hopes, the Pauline element rose in magnitude and importance. Thus, the two courses of opposite development ran parallel with each other, and gradually found their interest in mutual recognition and concession. Hence, a

series of writings proceeding from either side, first of conciliatory approximation only, next of complete neutrality and equipoise, in which sometimes the figures of Peter and Paul themselves are presented with studiously balanced honour; at others, their characteristic ideas are adjusted by compromise. The Clementine Homilies, the Apostolic Constitutions, the Epistle of James, the Second Epistle of Clement, the Gospel of Mark, the Recognitions, the Second Epistle of Peter, constitute the series proceeding from the Ebionitish side; while from the Pauline came the First Epistle of Peter, the preaching of Peter, the writings of Luke, the First Epistle of Clement, the Epistle to the Philippians, the pastoral epistles, Polycarp's, and the Ignatians. These productions, however, springing from the practical instinct of the West, deal with the ecclesiastical more than with the doctrinal phase of antagonism between the two directions; and end with establishing in Rome a Catholic Church, founded on the united sepulchres of Peter and Paul, and combining the sacerdotalism of the Old Testament with the universality of the New Gentile gospel. Meanwhile, a similar course, with local modifications, was run by the Church of Asia Minor. Rome, with its political aptitude, having taken in hand the questions of discipline and organization, the speculative genius of the Asiatic Greek addressed itself simultaneously to the development and determination of doctrine. Here the Epistle to the Galatians marks, as a starting point, the same original struggle between the contrasted elements which the Epistle to the Romans betrays in Italy; while the Gospel of John closes the dogmatic strife of development with an accepted Trinity for faith, just as the Ignatian epistles wind up the contests of the West with a recognised hierarchy for government. And between these extremes the East presents to us, first, the intensely Judaical Apocalypse; next, with increasing reaction in the Pauline direction, the rudiments of the Logos idea in the Epistles to the Hebrews, Colossians, and Ephesians; and as Montanism, in the midst of which these arose, had already made familiar the conception of the Paraclete, all the conditions were present for combination into the Johannine doctrine of the Trinity; and then it was, in the second quarter of the second century, that the fourth gospel appeared. The speculative theology thus native to Lesser Asia, was adopted for shelter and growth by the kindred Hellenism of Egypt, and gave rise to the school of Alexandria. In the whole of this theory great use is made of Montanism: it spans, as it were, the interval between the parallel movements of Italy and Asia; and is the common medium of thought, in which they both take place. Singularly uniting in itself the rigour, the narrowness, the ascetic super-

stitutions of its Hebrew basis, with a Phrygian prophetic enthusiasm and an Hellenic theosophy, it imported the latter into the doctrine, the former into the discipline, of the Church. The Roman-catholic system betrays its Jewish or Montanist origin in its legalism, its penances, its celibacy, its monachism, its ecstatic phenomena, its physical supernaturalism, its exaggerated appreciation of martyrdom.

Such, in barest outline, is the theory which M. Bunsen characterizes as the "Tübingen romance." Its leading principle is, that the antagonism between the Petrine and Pauline, the Hebrew and the Hellenic, Gospel, which has its original and authentic expression in the Epistles to the Galatians, Romans, and Corinthians, continued into the second century; determined the evolution of doctrine and usage; stamped itself upon the ecclesiastical literature; and ended in the compromise and reconciliation of the Catholic Church. It is evident that, in the working out of this principle, the New-Testament canon is made to give way. With the exception of the greater Pauline epistles and the Apocalypse, both of which are held fast as genuine productions of the apostles whose names they bear, and the first gospel, which is allowed to have at least the groundwork in the primitive tradition, the received books are all set loose from the dates and names usually assigned to them, and arranged, in common with other products of the time, according to the relation they bear to the Ebionitish or to the Pauline school, and the particular stage they seem to mark in the history of either. This proceeding, however, is not an original violence resorted to for the exigencies of the theory; but, for the most part, a mere appropriation to its use of conclusions reached by antecedent theologians on independent grounds. The Epistle to the Philippians is the only work, if we mistake not, on the authenticity of which doubt has been thrown for the first time,—in our opinion, on very inadequate grounds. In this, as in many other details of the hypothetical history, there is not a little of that straining of real evidence and subtle fabrication of unreal, which German criticism seems unable to avoid. But the acerbity displayed by the North German theologians towards the Tübingen critics appears to us unwarranted and humiliating; and we certainly wish that M. Bunsen, whose prompt admiration of excellence so nobly distinguishes him from Ewald, could have expressed his dissent from Baur and Schwegler in a tone still further removed from the Göttingen pitch. At least, we do not find the positive assertion that the Tübingen theory is finally demolished by the "*Philosophumena*," at all borne out by the evidence; and are inclined to think that the case is very little altered by the new elements now contributed to its discussion. The critical offence

which he thinks is now detected and exposed, is the ascription of a late origin to the fourth Gospel,* and the treatment of it as the perfected product, instead of the misused source, of the Montanist conceptions of the Logos and the Paraclete. It cannot, however, be denied, that, in the previous absence of any external testimony to the existence of this gospel earlier than the year 170,† the internal difficulties are sufficiently serious to redeem the doubt of its authenticity from the character of rashness or perversity. The irreconcilable opposition between its whole mode of thought and that of the Apocalypse is confessed by M. Bunsen himself, when he suggests that the poem on the Logos was directed against Cerinthus,—the very person whose sentiments the Apocalypse was supposed to express, and to whom, accordingly, it was ascribed by those who rejected it. One of the two books must resign, then, the name of the beloved disciple; and, of the two, we need hardly say that the Apocalypse is incomparably the better authenticated. Moreover, the traditions which unite the names of James and John as the authorities followed by the Church of Lesser Asia, renders it hard to conceive that their doctrines can have taken precisely opposite directions; and that, while James represented the Judaic Christianity of the deepest dye, John can have produced the standard and conclusive work on the other side. In particular, the well-known fact, that the Asiatic Christians justified their Jewish mode of keeping Easter by the double plea (1) that James and John always did so, (2) that Christ himself had done so before he suffered, seems incompatible with any knowledge of the fourth gospel, which denies that Jesus ate the passover before he suffered, and makes his own death to *be* the passover. How could this Quarta-deciman controversy live a day among a people possessing and acknowledging John's Gospel, which so bears upon it as to give a distinct contradiction to the view of the other gospels, and to pronounce in Asia Minor itself, an unambiguous verdict in favour of the West? These are grave difficulties, which, after all the

* M. Bunsen must have some authority which has escaped our memory for attributing to "the whole school of Tübingen" the opinion, "that the fourth Gospel was written about the year 165 or 170." (i. v.) We cannot call to mind any criticism which assigns so late a date. Schweigler uses various expressions to mark the time to which he refers, e.g. "about the middle of the second century," (*Nachapost. Zeitalter*, ii. 354, and *Montanismus*, p. 214;) "intermediate between the Apologists and Irenæus" (ii. 369); "previous to the last third of the second century" (ii. 348); "in the second quarter of the second century" (ii. 345). Zeller also fixes on the year 150 as the time when the Gospel may probably have first appeared. (*Zeller's Jahrb.*, 1845, p. 646.)

† The earliest testimony is that of Apollinaris, of Hierapolis in Phrygia, preserved in the "Paschal Chronicle," probably about A.D. 170—175.

ingenuity, even of Bleek, remain, we fear, unrelieved; and in their presence we cannot feel the justice of M. Bunsen's sentence, that Baur's opinion is "the most unhappy of philological conjectures." Everything conjectural, however, must give way before real historical testimony; and if new evidence is actually contained in the "Philosophumena," every true critic, of Tübingen or elsewhere, will be thankful for light to dissipate the doubt. Now, it is said, that our Roman bishop, in treating of the heresy of Basilides, supplies passages from the writings of this heresiarch which include quotations from the fourth gospel; and thus prove its existence as early as the year 130. This argument, as stated by M. Bunsen, appeared to us quite conclusive, and we hoped that a decided step had been gained towards the settlement of the question. Great was our disappointment, on reading the account in the original, to find no evidence that any extract from Basilides was before us at all. A general description of the system bearing his name is given; but with no mention of any work of his, no profession that the words are his; and even so little individual reference to him, that the exposition is introduced as being a report of what "Basilides and Isidorus, and the whole troop of these people falsely say" (*καταψεύδεται*, sing.). Then follows the account of the dogmas of the sect, with the word *φρσιν* inserted from time to time, to indicate that the writer is still reporting the sentiments of others. The *singular* form of this word implies nothing at all: it occurs immediately after the word *καταψεύδεται*, and has the same avowedly plural subject. The statement, therefore, within which are contained the Scripture citations, is a merely general one of the opinions of a sect which continued to subsist till a much later time than the lowest date ever assigned for the composition of the fourth gospel. If the actual words of any writings current among these heretics are given, they are the words of an author or authors wholly unknown, and to refer them to Basilides in particular is a mere arbitrary act of will. The change from the singular to the plural forms of citation in the midst of one and the same sentence, and the disregard of concord between verb and subject, show that no inference can be drawn from so loose a system of grammatical usage. All that can be affirmed is, that our author had in his hand *some* production of the Basilidian *χρῆς*, in which the fourth gospel was quoted; but this affords no chronological datum that can be of the smallest use.* The same remark applies to

* We will give, from this very section on Basilides and its subsequent recapitulation, three examples of the irregular mode of citation to which we refer: (a) of the singular verb with plural subject expressed; (b) of plural verb with

the use of John's Gospel by the Ophites. That they did use it is evident: that they existed as far back as the time of Peter and Paul is certainly probable; yet it does not follow that the fourth gospel was then extant. For they continued in existence through two or three centuries, dating, as Baur has shown, from a time anterior not only to the Christian heresies, but to Christianity itself, and extending down to Origen's time: and to what part of this long period the writings belonged which the author of the "Philosophumena" employed, we are absolutely unable to determine. We do not know why M. Bunsen has not appealed also to a quotation from the gospel which occurs (p. 194) in an account of the Valentinian system. If, as he affirms (i. 63), this account were really in "*Valentinus' own words*," the citation would be of particular value in the controversy. For it has always been urged by the Tübingen critics as a highly significant fact, that while the *followers* of Valentinus showed an especial eagerness to appeal to the gospel of John, and one of the earliest, Heracleon, wrote a commentary upon it, no trace could be found of its use by the heresiarch himself. From this circumstance, they have inferred that the gospel was not available for him, and first appeared after his time. A single clause cited by him from the gospel would demolish this argument at once. But the assertion that we have here "full eight pages of Valentinus' own words," appears to us quite groundless. No such thing is affirmed by the writer of the eight pages. He promises to tell us how the strict adherents to the original principle of the sect expounded their doctrine (ὡς ἐκεῖνοι διδάσκουσι): and then passes over, as usual, to the singular φησί, returning, however, from time to time, to the plural forms—θέλουσι, λεγουσι, &c.,—and thus leaving no pretext for the assumption that Valentinus is before us in

singular subject expressed; (c) of the mixture of singular and plural subjects in the same sentence, so that the affirmation belongs indeterminately to either.

(a) Ἰδωμεν οὖν πῶς καταφανῶς Βασιλείδης ὁμοῦ καὶ Ἰσιδώρος καὶ πᾶς ὁ τούτων χορός, οὐχ ἀπλῶς καταψεύδεται μόνου Ματθαίου, ἀλλὰ γὰρ καὶ τοῦ Σωτῆρος αὐτοῦ. Ἦν, φησὶν, ὅτε ἦν οὐδὲν, κ. τ. λ.—p. 230.

(b) Βασιλείδης δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς λέγει εἶναι θεὸν οὐκ ὄντα, πεποιημένον κόσμον ἐξ οὐκ ὄντων, . . . ἦ ὡς ὡδὴν ταυτὴν ἔχον ἐν αὐτῷ τὴν τῶν χρωμάτων ποικιλίην πληρῶν, καὶ τοῦτο εἶναι φασὶ τὸ τοῦ κόσμου σπέρμα, κ. τ. λ.—p. 320.

(c) καὶ δέδοικε τὰς κατὰ προβολὴν τῶν γεγονότων οὐσίας ὁ Βασιλείδης . . . ἀλλὰ εἶπε, φησὶ, καὶ ἐγένετο, καὶ τοῦτό ἐστιν ὃ λέγουσιν οἱ ἄνδρες οὗτοι, τὸ λεχθὲν ὑπὸ Μωσέως, "Γενεθήτω φῶς, καὶ ἐγένετο φῶς." Πόθεν, φησὶ, γέγονε τὸ φῶς; Γέγονε, φησὶν, ἐξ οὐκ ὄντων τὸ σπέρμα τοῦ κόσμου, ὁ λόγος ὁ λεθχεὶς γενεθήτω φῶς, καὶ τοῦτο, φησὶν, ἐστὶ τὸ λεγόμενον ἐν τοῖς Εὐαγγελίοις: "Ἦν τὸ φῶς τὸ ἀληθινόν, ὃ φωτίζει πάντα ἄνθρωπον ἔρχόμενον εἰς τὸν κόσμον."—p. 232. Now can any one decide whether this comment on the "Let there be light, and there was light," with its application to John i. 9, proceeds from "Basilides" or from "these men"?

person. The later gnostics indisputably resorted to the Gospel of John with especial zeal and preference: and if their predecessors, Basilides and Valentinus, were acquainted with the book, it is surprising that no trace of their familiarity with it has been found; and that the former should have sought to authenticate the secret doctrine he professed to have received by the name of Matthew or Matthias instead of John. It deserves remark, that the citations preserved by our author are made, like those of Justin Martyr, as from an anonymous writing, without mentioning the name of the Evangelist: a circumstance less surprising in reference to the synoptics alone, which present only varieties of the same fundamental tradition, than when the fourth gospel, so evidently the independent production of a single mind, is thrown into the group. The epistles of Paul and the books of the Old Testament are frequently quoted by name: and why this practice should invariably cease whenever the historical work of an apostle was in the hand, it is not easy to explain. The Apocalypse is mentioned not without his name.*

For these reasons we are of opinion that the question about the date and authenticity of the fourth gospel is wholly unaffected by the newly-discovered work. On this side, no new facilities are gained for confuting the Tübingen theory. The most positive and startling fact against it is presented from another direction. We know that the system of Theodotus, which was Unitarian, was condemned by Victor in the last decade of the second century.† Now Victor was the very pope to the end of whose period, according to the followers of Artemon, their monarchian faith was upheld in the Roman Church, and in the time of whose successor was the first importation of the higher doctrine of the Logos. On this complaint of the Artemonites, Baur and Schwegler lay great stress; but is it not refuted by Victor's orthodox act of expelling a Unitarian? Undoubtedly it would be so, *if* Theodotus were excommunicated precisely for his belief in the uni-personality of God. But his scheme included many articles; and we know nothing of the ground taken in the proceedings against him. There was one question, however, which, however indifferent to us, was evidently very near to the feelings of the early Church, and on which Theodotus separated himself from the prevailing conceptions of his time—viz., at what date did the Christ, the Divine principle, become united with Jesus, the Human being? "At his baptism," replied Theodotus.‡ "Before his birth," said the general voice of the Christians." We are disposed to think

* p. 258.

† Euseb. H. E., V. 28.

‡ "Philosophumena," p. 258.

this was the obnoxious tenet which Victor construed into heresy; and if so, the strife had no bearing upon the doctrine of the personality of the Logos, which the pope and the heretic might both have rejected. Of the Unitarianism of that time, it was no essential feature to postpone till the baptism the heavenly element in Christ. We remember no reason for supposing that the Artemonites did so, though Theodotus did; and if they knew that the objection which had been fatal to him did not apply to them, their claim of ancient and orthodox sanction for what they held in common with him was not answered by pointing to his condemnation for what was special to himself. But is there, it will be asked, any evidence that the Roman Church attached importance to this particular ingredient of the Theodotian scheme, so that their bishop might feel impelled to visit it with ecclesiastical censure? We believe there is, and *that* too in the "Philosophumena." In the author's confession of faith occurs a passage which produces at first a strange impression upon a modern reader, and appears like a violence done to the gospel history. It affirms that Christ *passed [through every stage of human life]*, that he might serve as the model to all. Nor is this idea a personal whim of the writer; but is borrowed from his master, Irenæus, who gives it in more detail, and winds it up with the assertion, that Christ *lived to be fifty years old*.* Irenæus thus falsifies the history to make good the moral; our presbyter, by respecting the history, apparently invalidates the moral; for it can scarcely be said of a life closed after thirty-one or thirty-two years, that it supplies a rule *πάσα ἡλικία*: at least it would seem more natural to apologize for its premature termination, than to lay stress on its absolute completeness. The truth is, there was a certain obnoxious tenet behind, which these writers were anxious to contradict, and which their assertion exactly meets—viz., the very tenet of Theodotus, that the Divine nature did not unite itself with the Saviour till his baptism. Irenæus and his pupil could not endure this limitation of what was highest in Christ to the interval between his first public preaching and his crucifixion. They thought that in this way it was reduced to a mere official investiture, not integral to his being, but externally superinduced; and that such a conception deprived it of all its moral significance. The union of the Logos with our nature was not a provision for temporary inspiration or a forensic redemption; but was intended to mould a life and shape a personal existence, according to the immaculate ideal of humanity. To accomplish this intention it was necessary that the Logos should never be absent from any part

* Iren., l. ii. c. 39.

of his earthly being; but should have claimed his person from the first, and by preoccupation have neutralized the action of the natural (or psychic) element, throughout all the years of his continuance among men. The anxiety of Irenæus' school to put this interpretation on the manifestation of the Logos, their determination to distinguish it, on the one hand, from the *mediate* communication of prophets as an *immediate* presentation (αὐτοφθεῖ φανερωθῆναι), and, on the other, from the *transient* occupancy of a ready-made man, as a *permanent* and thorough-going incarnation (σαρκωθῆναι in opposition to φαντασία or τροπή), is apparent in their whole language on this subject. In the Son, we are carried to the fresh fountain-head of every kind of perfection, and find the unspoiled ideal of heavenly and terrestrial natures. In one of the fragments of Hippolytus, published by Mai, and noticed in M. Bunsen's Appendix, this notion is conveyed by the remark, that He is first-born of God's own essence, that he may have precedence of angels; first-born of a virgin, that he may be a fresh-created Adam; first-born of death, that he might become the first fruits of our resurrection.* This doctrine it is, we apprehend, which amplifies itself into the Irenæan statement, that the divine and ideal function of Christ coalesced with the historical throughout, so that to infants he was a consecrating infant; to little children, a consecrating child; to youth, a consecrating model of youth; and to elders, a still consecrating rule, not only by disclosure of truth, but by exhibiting the true type of their perfection.† The teaching of Theodotus, that the heavenly εἰκὼν remained at a distance till the baptism, was directly contradictory of this favourite notion: and might well produce hostile excitement, and provoke condemnation, in a church where the Irenæan influence is known to have been powerful. The attitude that Victor assumed towards the Theodotians is thus perfectly compatible with Monarchian opinions, and with an attitude equally hostile, in the opposite direction, towards the advancing Trinitarian claims of a distinct personality for the Logos. Though only the one hostility is recorded of Victor, the other is ascribed, as we have seen, to his immediate successors, Zephyrinus and Callistus, who maintained that it was no other person than the Father that dwelt as the Logos in the Son. The facts taken together, and spreading as they do over the periods of three popes, afford

* i., p. 341.

† The words of the author of the "Philosophumena" are these: Τοῦτον ἔγνωμεν ἐκ παρθένου σῶμα ἀνεληφότα καὶ τὸν πάλαιον ἄνθρωπον διὰ καινῆς πλάσεως πεφορηκότα, ἐν βίῳ διὰ πάσης ἡλικίας ἐληλυθότα, ἵνα πάσης ἡλικίας αὐτὸς νόμος γενῇ καὶ σκοπὸν τὸν ἴδιον ἄνθρωπον πᾶσι ἀνθρώποις ἐπιδείξῃ παρὼν, καὶ δι' αὐτοῦ ἐλέγξῃ ὅτι μηδὲν ἐποίησεν ὁ θεὸς πονηρόν.—p. 337.

undeniable traces of a struggle, at the turn of the second century, between a prevalent but threatened Monarchianism, and a new doctrine of the Divine Personality of the Son.

After all, why is M. Bunsen so anxious to disprove the late appearance of the fourth Gospel? Did he value it chiefly as a biographical sketch, and depend upon it for concrete facts, a first-hand authentication of its contents would be of primary moment. But his interest in it is evidently speculative rather than historical, and centres upon its doctrinal thought, not on its narrative attestation; and especially singles out the proem as a condensed and perfect expression of Christian ontology. The book speaks to him, and finds him, out of its mystic spiritual depths; sanctifies his own philosophy; glorifies with an ideal haze the greatest reality of history; blends with melting tints the tenderness of the human, and the sublimity of the divine life; and presents the Holy Spirit as immanent in the souls of the faithful and the destinies of humanity. But its enunciation of great truths, its penetration to the still sanctuary of devout consciousness, will not cease to be facts, or become doubtful as merits, or be changed in their endearing power, by an alteration in the superscription or the date. These religious and philosophical features converse directly with Reason and Conscience, and have the same significance, whatever their critical history may be; and are not the less rich as inspirations from having passed for interpretation through more minds than one. There is neither common sense nor piety, as M. Bunsen himself, we feel certain, will allow, in the assumption that Revelation is necessarily most perfect at its source, and can only grow earthy and turbid as it flows. Were it something entirely foreign to the mind, capable of holding no thought in solution, but inevitably spoiled by every abrasion its effects of philosophy and feeling, this mechanical view would be correct. But if it be the intenser presence, the quickened perception of a Being absent from none; if it be the infinite original of which philosophy is the finite reflection; if thus it speaks, not in the unknown tongue of isolated ecstasy, but in the expressive music of our common consciousness and secret prayer; then is it so little unnatural, so related to the constitution of our faculties, that the mind's continuous reaction on it may bring it more clearly out; and, after being detained at first amid sluggish levels and unwholesome growths which mar its divine transparency, it may percolate through finer media, drop its accidental admixtures, and take up in each stratum of thought some elements given it by native affinity, and become more purely the spring of life in its descent than in its source. If, before the fourth Gospel was written, the figure of Christ, less close to

the eye, was seen more in its relations to humanity and to God; if his deep hints, working in the experience of more than one generation, had expanded their marvellous contents; if, in a prolonged contact of his religion with Hellenism, elements had disclosed themselves of irresistible sympathy, and the first sharp boundary drawn by Jewish hands had melted away; if his concrete history itself was now subordinate to its ideal interpretation; the book will present us still with a Christianity, not impoverished, but enriched. In proportion as its thoughts speak for themselves by their depth and beauty, may all anxiety cease about their external legitimation; their credentials become eternal instead of individual; and where the Father himself thus beareth witness, Christ needeth not the testimony of man. It cannot be, therefore, any religious issue that depends on the date of this Christian record: it cannot *make* truth, it can only awaken the mind to discern it: and whether it has this power or not, the mind can only report according to its consciousness of quickening light or stagnant darkness. The interest of this question cannot surely be more than a *critical* interest to one who can feel and speak in this noble strain:

“No divine authority is given to any set of men to make truth for mankind. The supreme judge is the Spirit in the Church, that is to say, in the universal body of men professing Christ. The universal conscience is God's highest interpreter. If Christ speaks truth, his words must speak to the human reason and conscience, whenever and wherever they are preached: let them, therefore, be preached. If the Gospels contain inspired wisdom, they must themselves inspire with heavenly thoughts the conscientious inquirer and the serious thinker: let them, therefore, freely be made the object of inquiry and of thought. Scripture, to be believed true with a full conviction, must be at one with reason: let it, therefore, be treated rationally. By taking this course, we shall not lose strength; but we shall gain a strength which no church ever had. There is strength in Christian discipline, if freely accepted by those who are to submit to it; there is strength in spiritual authority, if freely acknowledged by those who care for Christ; there is strength unto death in the enthusiasm of an unenlightened people, if sincere, and connected with lofty moral ideas. But there is no strength to be compared with that of a faith which identifies moral and intellectual conviction with religious belief, with that of an authority instituted by such a faith, and of a Christian life based upon it, and striving to Christianize this world of ours, for which Christianity was proclaimed. Let those who are sincere, but timid, look into their conscience, and ask themselves whether their timidity proceeds from faith, or whether it does not rather betray a want of faith. Europe is in a critical state, politically, ecclesiastically, socially. Where is the power able to reclaim a world, which, if it be faithless, is become so under untenable and ineffective ordinances? which, if it is in a state of

confusion, has become confused by those who have spiritually guided it? Armies may subdue liberty; but armies cannot conquer ideas: much less can Jesuits and Jesuitical principles restore religion, or superstition revive faith. I deny the prevalence of a destructive and irreligious spirit in the hearts of the immense majority of the people. I believe that the world wants not less, but more religion. But, however this be, I am firmly convinced that God governs the world, and that He governs it by the eternal ideas of truth and justice engraved on our conscience and reason; and I am sure that nations, who have conquered, or are conquering, civil liberty for themselves, will sooner or later as certainly demand liberty of religious thought, and that those whose fathers have victoriously acquired religious liberty, will not fail to demand civil and political liberty also. With these ideas, and with the present irresistible power of communicating ideas, what can save us except religion, and therefore Christianity? But then it must be a Christianity based upon that which is eternally God's own, and is as indestructible and as invincible as He is himself: it must be based upon Reason and Conscience, I mean reason spontaneously embracing the faith in Christ, and Christian faith feeling itself at one with reason and with the history of the world. Civilized Europe, as it is at present, will fall; or it will be pacified by this liberty, this reason, this faith. To prove that the cause of Protestantism in the nineteenth century is identical with the cause of Christianity, it is only necessary to attend to this fact; that they both must sink and fall, until they stand upon their indestructible ground, which, in my inmost conviction, is the real, genuine, original ground upon which Christ placed it. Let us, then, give up all notions of finding any other basis, all attempts to prop up faith by effete forms and outward things: let us cease to combat reason, whenever it contradicts conventional forms and formularies. We must take the ground pointed out by the Gospel, as well as by the history of Christianity. We may then hope to realize what Christ died for, to see the Church fulfil the high destinies of Christianity, and God's will manifested by Christ to mankind, so as to make the kingdoms of this earth the kingdoms of the Most High."—p. 172.

We have given our readers no conception of the variety and richness of M. Bunsen's work; having scarcely passed beyond the limits of the first volume. It was impossible to pass by, without examination, the recovered monument of early Christianity, whence his materials and suggestions are primarily drawn: and it is equally impossible to pass beyond it, without entering on a field too wide to be surveyed. We can only record that in the remaining volumes, which are, in fact, a series of separate productions, the early doctrine of the Eucharist is investigated, and the progress of its corruptions strikingly traced: the primitive system of ecclesiastical rules or canons, and the "Church-and-House Book," or manual of instruction and piety in use among the Ante-Nicene Christians, are carefully and

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laboriously restored : and genuine Liturgies of the first centuries are reproduced. In this arduous work of recovery, there is necessarily much need of critical tact, not to say much room for critical conjecture. But the one our author exercises with great felicity; and the other he takes all possible pains to reduce to its lowest amount by careful comparison of Syrian, Coptic, and Abyssinian texts. The general result is a truly interesting set of sketches for a picture of the early Church; which rises before us with no priestly pretensions, no scholastic creeds, no bibliolatry, dry and dead; but certainly with an aspect of genuine piety and affection, and with an air of mild authority over the whole of life, which are the more winning from the frightful corruption and dissolving civilization of the old world around. That our author should be fascinated with the image he has recreated, and long to see it brought to life, in place of that body of death on which we hang the pomps and titles of our nominal Christianity, is not astonishing. But a greater change is needed—though a far less will be denied—than a return to the type of faith and worship in the second century. To destroy the fatal chasm between profession and conviction, and bring men to live fresh out of a real reverence instead of against a pretended or a fancied one, a greater latitude and flexibility must be given to the forms of spiritual culture than was needed in the ancient world. The unity of system which was once possible is unseasonable amid our growing varieties of condition and culture; and the methods which were natural among a people closely thrown together and constructing their life around the Church as a centre, would be highly artificial in a state of society, in which the family is the real unit, and the congregation a precarious aggregate, of existence. Nothing, however, can be finer or more generous than the spirit of our author's suggestions of reform: and we earnestly thank him for a profusion of pregnant thoughts and faithful warnings, the application of one half of which would change the fate of our churches,—the destiny of our nation,—the courses of the world.

ART. X—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

[Under the conviction that brief and incidental literary notices, such as have been hitherto appended to the more important portion of the "Westminster Review," are of little value in a quarterly periodical, it has been determined to substitute for them a connected survey of the chief additions made to our literature during the preceding quarter. The foreign department of the Review, which, since the incorporation of the "Foreign Quarterly" with the "Westminster," has been confined to notices of a few foreign publications, will also, in future, be conducted on a new plan. American, French, and German literature will be treated in separate articles of a like comprehensive character with the one on English literature. It may happen that, for various reasons, the works noticed in each article, especially in the department of foreign literature, will not fall strictly within the limits of the previous quarter; but it is intended that the entire series will give as complete a retrospect of the course of literary production during the year as the prescribed space will allow.]

Theology. **I**N point of pretension, the first work which claims notice among the theological publications of the quarter, is Miall's "Bases of Belief."¹ This is not, as the title would lead one to suppose, a philosophical inquiry into the grounds of certitude, but merely a treatise on the credibility of Christianity. Avowedly, its highest aim is to restore the credit of Lardner and Paley as Christian apologists, and to re-affirm their line of argument. It does not profess to be "a book of evidences," but "a book *on* evidences." Its object is to "make out that the proof tendered on behalf of the gospel is of a *kind* which true philosophy is bound to accept." It does not seek to prove that Christianity is absolutely true, but merely that it is *as* true as many other things which people never doubt. The gospels are *as* credible as other ancient writings. It is difficult to believe them, but it is more difficult to disbelieve them. It simply comes to this, that "a great deal may be said on both sides." This balance-of-probability argument is only a subtle species of scepticism. The fundamental principles of such a discussion lie deeper: it is not, however, to those principles, but merely to the popular logic in matters of faith and practice, that the author appeals, as to "*universally* recognised principles." His argument might have been abbreviated thus:—Christianity has gained extensive popular acceptance: it follows, therefore,

¹ "Bases of Belief." By Edward Miall, M.P. Arthur Hall and Co. 1853.

that it is entitled to all that it has gained. Philosophy will hardly feel itself "bound to accept" this.

The author is very guarded in his references to dogmatic theology. To make "the gospel its own witness" was apparently his original intention, but it is not carried out. So far as we can gather, his idea of the gospel is, that to lead a good life is the safest way of being saved. Anything in the shape of a vicarious atonement we have not observed a hint of. Christianity is minimized to a moral force, operating in modes admitted to be natural and human. In short, the author is in course of translating the mechanical language of the popular creeds into a phraseology consistent with dynamical theories of human development; and when he has completed the process, he will have arrived at natural religion. His position as leader of the most cultivated and enlightened section of the Evangelical Dissenters, invests his opinions with importance. If his co-religionists have so far forgotten "the form of sound words" as to accept this volume as their oracle, they are ripe for something more definite in the same direction.

Mr. Maurice presents us with a new volume of "Sermons."² Like Dr. Cumming, he prints all that he teaches; for it requires "line upon line" to explain the theocratic mysticism which he is endeavouring to infuse into the current theology. For a Churchman this is a good employment, though we fear that it is no easy task to fulfil prophetic functions under priestly fetters. George Fox's doctrines seem more consonant with the illiterate shoemaker in leathern raiment outside the "steeple-house," than with the creed-encumbered ecclesiastic within. Mr. Maurice, however, has "ceased to wish for refined explanations of the Catholic creeds." They are themselves "the clearest explanations" he can find of man's relations to God. He has "ceased, also, to desire refined explanations of the Four Gospels and the Epistles." He is convinced, he adds, that "the Old Testament, too, ought to be read much more simply and according to the letter than we are used to read it." Accordingly, he does not hesitate to preach a sermon on Hosea's marriage to an adulteress, taking it as a literal fact! He defends the prophet in advisedly taking such a step; but who would defend Mr. Maurice in a similar predicament? His defence is only a fresh illustration of the demoralizing influence of an antiquated theology. "Hosea was busy with facts and not with fictions. He had to understand the

² "The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament. A Series of Sermons delivered in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn." By Frederick Denison Maurice. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1853.

principles in his country's history by fearful passages in his own. Because the land had committed great adulteries, departing from the Lord, *he must marry an adulteress.*" He does it "expressly to illustrate the course of the *divine procedure.* This was the prophet's *appointed duty.*" What would he make of Canticles on similar hermeneutical and ethical principles?

The leading idea, however, of the work, as of all Mr. Maurice's writings, is a good one, and the converse of what might be inferred from the illustration just given. The Jewish nation and the "man Christ Jesus" are regarded, not as exceptional cases in the world's history, but as types of the normal relation of nations and individuals to God. This is the basis of his theocracy. Hence, speaking of the Scottish Covenanters, he says, "Their proclamation that God Himself is the King, the Lawgiver, the Judge of a Nation, that His government over the Jews was not a more actual government than that which He exercised over Scotland, that His will is the only source and ground of right will and right acts in His creatures;—this is a proclamation which, whatever form it may have taken, against whatever persons or institutions it may have been directed, whatever may have been the immediate or apparent results of putting it forward, I cannot but accept as true, beneficent, divine." Allied to this idea of God's relation to man, is the twin-idea of God's character in his dealings with man. While showing that the story of the Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament "is as directly applicable to the modern world as any Covenanter ever dreamed," it is on the ground that it is "a continual witness for a God of Righteousness, not only against idolatry, but against that notion of a mere sovereign Baal or Bal which underlies all idolatry, all tyranny, all immorality." This was the burden of Edward Irving's "orations," during the brief revival of Pentecostal phenomena in Newman-street. Both Irving and Maurice were disciples of Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, whose writings exercised considerable influence on intuitional theologians about twenty years ago. The effect of his teaching is distinctly traceable in the ideas, and in much of the phraseology, of the school of which Archdeacon Hare may be regarded as the head. Erskine himself only revived the doctrines of William Law and George Fox. Engrafted on Anglicanism, they assume a more Catholic aspect, and are employed to build up what formerly they sought to destroy.

But better than this fruitless effort to promote the theological amalgamation of elements essentially incongruous, is the free development of the living spirit of religion, fashioning for itself its appropriate forms of expression, such as we find in Theodore

Parker, who also, like Mr. Maurice, presents us with a new volume of "Sermons,"³ characterized by all their author's well-known boldness of thought, purity of spirit, and eloquence of style. They are not Occasional Sermons, like most of those he has recently published, but pious, practical congregational appeals which are intended to come home to men's "business and bosoms, in the joys and sorrows of their daily life." How beautifully they are adapted for this end, every one must feel who peruses them. In our judgment, they are models of pulpit instruction, and, as such, are well worthy the study of preachers. Peradventure, they may even blush for their own lukewarmness, while they ask, "Whence hath this man this power?" For amid his terrific denunciations of error and evil, there is a fervency of devotion and a depth of holy feeling which reveal rare progress in that spiritual harmony proclaimed by him as the perfection of our being. Parker loves religion himself, and he wins others to love it, by stripping it of superstitious disguises, and presenting it in its natural loveliness:—

"Piety (he says) is beautiful in all: to a great man it comes as age comes to the Parthenon or the Pyramids, making what was vast and high, majestic, venerable, sublime, and to their beauty giving a solemn awe they never knew before. To men not great, to the commonest men, it also comes, bringing refinement and a loveliness of substance and of shape; so that in a vulgar ecclesiastic crowd they seem like sculptured gems of beryl and of emerald among the common pebbles of the sea."

Justly does the author express his conviction that "there are great truths in this book—both those of a purely intellectual character, and those, much more important, which belong to other faculties nobler than the mere intellect; truths, also, which men need, and, as I think, at this time greatly need." With a similar conviction we commend it to all thoughtful and earnest men.

An interesting field of inquiry for conscientious religionists is suggested by "a Manual of Buddhism,"⁴—a Budhistic Body of Divinity, not, as might be supposed, the work of a Buddhist priest, but of a Methodist missionary. It is, however, so far authoritative, that it consists almosts exclusively of translations from Budhistic authors, illustrative of their cosmical speculations; their legendary tales of the creation of man; the history of Gotama; and

³ "Ten Sermons on Religion." By Theodore Parker. John Chapman. 1853.

⁴ "A Manual of Buddhism, in its Modern Development." Translated from Singhalese MSS. By R. Spence Hardy. Partridge and Oakey. 1853.

the ontology and ethics of Buddhism. It is a book for missionaries and students of oriental history.

Philosophy. In the metaphysical field, we encounter a new name which the world will hereafter recognise. When a man of learning and ability devotes the leisure of the best part of his life to a favourite subject of study, he may be expected, when he undertakes to write upon it, to produce a work of some value; and such a work is Dr. Macvicar's "*Inquiry into Human Nature.*"⁵ Its object is to rescue psychology "from its threatened absorption into physiology. Though composed in the East, it displays an intimate acquaintance with European philosophy (even in its latest development), and also a capacity for independent inquiry, which places it far above a mere compilation. It takes a very sound view of the nature of psychological science, and of the method to be pursued in its construction. What it proposes is, "to follow the practice of the astronomers, who divide the discussion of their science into two parts, viz., descriptive astronomy, and physical or theoretical astronomy: *the former* consisting in a description of all the phenomena simply as they present themselves in Nature to an intelligent observer, free from the slightest trace of a disposition to account for any one of them, or anything that would admit a sophistication of them by hypotheses, which very possibly may be no part of the economy of Nature at all; *the latter* consisting in a presentation, arrangement, and discussion of them in relation to the dynamical principles which account for them, and of which they are the illustrations or verifications." Everyone acquainted with the literature of metaphysics has felt that such a method was desirable; and it is precisely in this direction that mental physiologists have been tending of late years. Phrenology led the way in the application of a scientific method to mental phenomena, and, even by those who totally reject its organology, has been recognised as presenting the most complete view of the facts which belong to descriptive psychology. The theoretical psychologist can avail himself of the accumulated observations of Locke and Reid, Gall and Combe, and, without any horror of physiology, may proceed to investigate those "principles and laws of which these phenomena are the developments, and thus give them in the order of their genesis and mutual relations and functions." The present work does not furnish what is wanted in either department of the subject, but presents a digest of metaphysical speculation as a sort of "pilot balloon" to a larger work, which we hope the author will receive encouragement to publish.

⁵ "*Inquiry into Human Nature.*" By John G. Macvicar, D.D. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1853.

A work of a semi-metaphysical character has appeared on the "Philosophy of the Senses,"⁶ which, without endorsing all its speculations, we commend as a popular compilation on a very interesting subject, and one hitherto unappropriated by any author, for Sir David Brewster's valuable *Academical Lectures* under the same title cannot be regarded as occupying the position of a book. Mr. Wyld dedicates his work to Sir David; but he does not appear in the capacity of a disciple: he is an independent labourer in the same field.

To the enterprise of Mr. Bohn we are indebted for a new and well-edited reprint of the popular and philosophical writings of Lord Bacon. Two volumes have appeared, the first⁷ containing all his historical, and the principal of his ethical works; and the second⁸ containing a complete translation of the nine books of "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*," and the "*Novum Organum*." Both volumes are illustrated with very valuable notes, as well as with a biographical and critical introduction by the editor, Mr. Devey, who has executed his task with great ability. It is proposed to collect the remaining portions of Bacon's philosophical and miscellaneous writings into a third volume, "that the series may embrace all the writings of that philosopher which have outlived modern discovery, and are likely continuously to interest the attention of mankind."

The economical bearings and social results of the great influx of gold are now the subject of earnest discussion among commercial and scientific men, both in Europe and America. Some are of opinion that—compared with the vast amount of monetary accumulations in civilized countries, and viewed in connexion with the extensive supplies still requisite, and the consequent demand which will exist, in most countries, to place them on the same financial footing as England—the new gold will quietly and gradually be absorbed, without materially disturbing existing relations. Others take an opposite view. This—the depreciatory theory—is advocated in Mr. Stirling's "*Letters*,"⁹ which enter into the whole question, treating it in a popular and comprehensive manner. The intro-

⁶ "The Philosophy of the Senses; or, Man in connexion with a Material World." By Robert S. Wyld. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1852.

⁷ "The Moral and Historical Works of Lord Bacon, including his Essays, Apophthegms, Wisdom of the Ancients, New Atlantis, and Life of Henry VII. With an Introductory Dissertation, and Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Historical." By Joseph Devey, M.A. H. G. Bohn. 1852.

⁸ "The Physical and Metaphysical Works of Lord Bacon," &c. By Joseph Devey, M.A. H. G. Bohn. 1853.

⁹ "The Australian and Californian Gold Discoveries, and their Probable Consequences. In a Series of Letters." By Patrick James Stirling, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1853.

ductory letters are, therefore, devoted to a statement of elementary principles, and an exposition of the nature and functions of money. Then, taking the startling fact that, whereas, six years ago, the annual produce of gold and silver did not much exceed twelve millions sterling, last year it was twenty-seven, and now forty, he shows that such unprecedented accessions of metallic wealth will inevitably produce, if continued, a revolution in commercial and social relations. But here he is met by the fact, that the American mines, in the sixteenth century, produced no sensible effect upon prices until eighty years after their discovery. This leads to an historical investigation, carried through several letters, which establishes this conclusion,—that the cost of production was the only hindrance to the depreciation of the metal, and that as soon as the cost of production was reduced by the introduction of the process of amalgamation, and the discovery about the same time of a great quicksilver mine in Peru, prices rose, or (which is the same thing, but more intelligible) the value or purchasing power of the precious metal was diminished. It is then shown that the circumstances connected with gold production in California and Australia are not analogous to silver-mining in America, and that the cases are not parallel. In the concluding letters, there is an attempt to point out the nature (though, of course, not the extent) of the effects which the gold discoveries are likely to produce on agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, and on the material prosperity of the different classes of the community. The work is in every respect a valuable one.

M. Michel Chevalier¹⁰ takes the same view, viz., “that the supplies of gold now pouring into Europe, must, at an early period, occasion an immense rise in the price of all commodities.” That the depreciation of gold may be checked, in consequence of the enhanced demand counteracting the augmented supply, is admitted; “but the final result, supposing the production to prove permanent, is nevertheless certain. The value of the precious metals, as compared with that of other commodities, must ultimately depend on the relative cost of production.” As to the extent of the supply, he believes it to be unlimited. After glancing at the auriferous fields on the earth’s surface, and examining the statements relative to the failure of quartz-crushing in California, he limits his averment to this, viz.: “1st, That from quartz-crushing on a large scale, there is strong probability of a permanent supplemental production of gold. 2nd,

¹⁰ “Remarks on the Production of the Precious Metals, and on the Depreciation of Gold.” By M. Michel Chevalier. Translated by D. Forbes Campbell, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1853.

That the vast production, which the world has witnessed since 1848, instead of being an ephemeral accident, will prove a permanent fact." The pamphlet is part of an unpublished work on the subject, and was placed at the disposal of the translator, as a reply to M. Léon Faucher's paper, which was recently translated by the Governor of the Bank of England.

As popular interpretations of the elementary principles of political and social science, and as able applications of those principles to contemporary controversies, Mr. Greg's "Essays"¹¹ are calculated to be as useful in their present, as they were in their former, shape. Some crude speculations of a socialistic character are here grasped and strangled with a firm, masterly hand. The republication of periodical contributions is becoming rather common; but we see no ground, beyond that of mere prejudice, on which it can be objected to. Reviews have absorbed a great portion of the best writing of the present century; and it is not surprising that those who have parted with their richest mental treasures in this way, should desire to reap the full satisfaction of independent authorship.

As minor publications on Political Economy, we would direct attention to Bastiat's "Essays,"¹² and Rickards' "Lectures."¹³ Bastiat is an uncompromising advocate of the *laissez-faire* doctrine, and his essays are chiefly directed against the socialistic theories prevalent in France. They are written in a popular, sprightly style, as if they had been intended for tracts to be circulated amongst the working-classes, within whose reach they are now placed by a cheap form of publication. Bastiat has a clear head, and writes in an admirable spirit.

Rickards discourses on the same general subjects as Bastiat (to whom he cheerfully admits his obligations), and with the same object in view. His lectures are on "The Harmonies of the Social Economy," "The Operation of Self-interest in Social Economy," and "The Operation of Competition." Their chief characteristic is a popular and pleasing style of exposition—a rare merit in Academical Lectures.

Among minor publications of a highly useful character, we should also specify Dr. M'Cormac's—"Moral-Sanatory Economy,"¹⁴ which contains the notes and observations of an ingenious

¹¹ "Essays, chiefly on Political and Social Science." By W. R. Greg. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

¹² "Essays on Political Economy." By Frederic Bastiat, Member of the Institute of France. F. and W. G. Cash. 1853.

¹³ "Three Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford." By George K. Rickards, M.A., Professor of Political Economy. J. H. Parker. 1852.

¹⁴ "Moral-Sanatory Economy." By H. M'Cormac, M.D. Belfast. 1853.

and benevolent man on "Education," "Food," "Clothing," &c., &c.

In the department of Criminal Reform, there are two works of an important character—Hill on "Crime,"¹⁵ and Carpenter on "Juvenile Delinquents."¹⁶ Mr. Hill's qualifications for doing justice to his subject are well known, and are here turned to good account. The theories of a sound judgment, and the experience derived from long practical service, are combined with such effect, as to give almost axiomatic force to the principles and suggestions laid down. He states that from an early age the great question of the causes and prevention of crime, with the cognate subjects of education, poor law, criminal law, and police, has been one of deep and almost fascinating interest to him. His official position enabled him to put his views to a practical test; and the results gradually changed or modified some of his opinions, and strengthened and confirmed others; the latter constituting the large majority. His views, thus carefully matured, are entitled to no ordinary respect; and they are presented with that confidence which bespeaks thorough conviction, but with no approach to that tone of dictation which virtually prohibits the direct adoption of so many valuable recommendations. Mr. Hill's work is a Manual of Criminal Reform, and, as such, it ought to be in the hands of every member of the Legislature, as well as of all connected with the suppression of crime. There is still much to be done in improving our criminal code, so as to harmonize it with the spirit of modern civilization, and scientific ideas of human nature. Numerous, and, in some instances, radical, as are the changes recommended in this work, they are involved in its fundamental principle, that crime is a moral malady, and the prison an hospital, in which the criminal is placed for the public safety and his own recovery, and from whence, until cured, he ought not to be discharged. Let this be recognised as the object of imprisonment, and it will determine the means to be used. Human nature will be taken by the right side instead of the wrong, and so made better instead of worse. Mr. Hill would perhaps object to our explanation of his central principle as tending to sink the idea of *guilt* in that of *disease*; but, without absolutely sinking the idea of either term in that of the other, we believe that the difference between them substantially expresses the difference between the

¹⁵ "Crime: its Amount, Causes, and Remedies." By Frederick Hill, Barrister-at-Law, late Inspector of Prisons. John Murray. 1853.

¹⁶ "Juvenile Delinquents: their Condition and Treatment." By Mary Carpenter. W. and F. G. Cash. 1853.

systems of retributive and reformatory treatment advocated by the old and new schools of criminal jurisprudence.

But, as Miss Carpenter remarks, "whatever views may be entertained respecting adult criminals, all agree that *reformation* is the object to be aimed at with young offenders; nor is it doubted that the GAOL is not a true Reformatory School, though at present the only one provided by our country." We are glad to find this lady persevering in her philanthropic labours, especially in a field where remedial measures are so urgently needed. The object of her work cannot be better described than in her own words:

"It is the object of the present work to offer a full and clear picture of the actual condition of Juvenile Delinquents, to consider their various characteristics, to trace out their mode of life, to see their homes, and hence to learn their early influences. Our attention will next be directed to the course at present adopted by society towards them, and having, in a former work, shown the utter inefficacy as well as costliness of the present system, we shall endeavour to point out other evils which arise from it. The mode of treatment will then be considered which has been of late extensively adopted, with excellent results, in the United States, in France, Belgium, and Germany, with the principles on which it is founded."

Biography and History. Literature has been graced of late with several productions from "noble authors"—or, we should rather say, several noblemen have sought to grace themselves by appearing in the character of authors. The Duke of Buckingham has been seeking in his family archives original materials for his "Memoirs of the Courts and Cabinets of George III."¹⁷—a laudable employment, which might usefully be made a precedent by other members of aristocratic families possessing important historical documents.

Of Earl Grey's Review of the "Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration,"¹⁸ we have read enough to speak with confidence of its high ability and excellent temper; but in regard to detail we must lay it aside for the present, though *not* in order to make room for an attack on Lord John's own unfortunate work,¹⁹ which has been sufficiently disparaged already. Without entertaining any very high opinion of his lordship's

¹⁷ "Memoirs of the Courts and Cabinet of George III. From original Family Documents." By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett. 1853.

¹⁸ "The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration." By Earl Grey. Bentley. 1853.

¹⁹ "Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore." By the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols. I. and II. Longman and Co. 1853.

literary ability, still less of his special fitness for writing a systematic biography of Moore, we must confess that he appears to us to have done all that the poet intended him to do, and all that any man well could do, with the materials put into his hands. Moore had no Boswell, who held it the final cause of his existence to write the poet's biography; and he had provided against any necessity for such a service being rendered to him, by determining to Boswellize himself. The "Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence," are the poet's autobiography, prepared for the press by himself, and at his death waiting only for a publisher. If they are not worth publishing, it is not Lord John's fault. He has executed his commission somewhat carelessly, perhaps; but we should prefer to have the work as it is, and as it promises to be, than mutilated and hashed up, even by one competent to do it. There are few great men, and especially few great poets, in the past, of whom we do not now wish to possess every fragment that can be recovered, and whose entire remains we cannot afford to publish. In this respect, Lord John evidently regards himself as the mere editor of Moore's remains, which are, consequently, to be accepted as so much raw material out of which an artistic biography may afterwards be elaborated.

One of the finest pieces of historical biography which recent times have produced is the "Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.,"²⁰ which has reached a second edition before we have been able to overtake it. It is written in a graphic style, which is less the result of artistic effort than of a fulness of information upon the subject, and a consequent vivid conception of the picture to be delineated. Whoever wishes to know of what vulgar elements an emperor may be composed, and with what base-born satisfaction he can wallow in the mire of gluttony and superstition, let him read this book. Crowned heads fare better in the hands of the general historian than of the biographer, who conducts us behind the scenes of state display, to view royalty in private life. Every new "book of kings" facilitates that familiarity whose results are of copy-book notoriety.

Another historical memoir, of great interest, is Marriotti's "Life and Times of Frà Dolcino,"²¹ who was the leader of a sect of Italian Reformers in the fourteenth century. Persecuted by the church, they took refuge among the Alpine valleys, where they defended themselves by the sword, and gained repeated victories, but were finally subdued. This memoir adds an entirely

²⁰ "The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V." By William Stirling, M.P. J. W. Parker and Son. 1853.

²¹ "A Historical Memoir of Frà Dolcino and his Times." By L. Marriotti. Longman and Co. 1853.

new chapter to the record of ecclesiastical history, little having previously been known about the sect, or its leader. It is a work of great research, and written with that eloquence and command of the English language which characterized the author's former works, "Italy, Past and Present," and "Italy in 1848."

Dr. Lang's "Historical and Statistical Description of New South Wales,"²² now in its third edition, is so much improved and enlarged as to merit the consideration due to a new work. No man has written so fully and intelligently about Australia as Dr. Lang. His "Cooksland," his "Phillipsland," and the present work combined, contain a vast amount of information, which only a thirty years' residence in the country, and a warm interest in its welfare, could have collected; for it is chiefly the result of personal observation made during extensive tours in every direction. His life has been a very stirring one, according to his own account of it; and he *does* give an account of it—so minute, indeed, that he might have entitled his work, "*The History of Dr. Lang, to which is added, the History of New South Wales.*" The Doctor is an amphibious sort of animal, having fourteen times crossed the ocean in furtherance of colonial enterprise. At home—if that phrase can be used of one so ubiquitous—he is the Joseph Hume of the Legislative Council, and "Tribune of the People" in public meetings, in addition to his labours in the Pulpit and on the Press. To his labours must be added his sufferings: for he not long ago spent a month within the walls of a prison. Having now declared for a Republic, he probably means to finish off by being its first President! We gather these particulars from his own narrative. So ingenuous a man excites our sympathy. It is right to add, that his imprisonment was for libel; and, in this respect, it is marvellous how his Ishmaelitic nature escaped the fangs of the law so long. As it is, he seems to be never "out of hot water;" and not the least amusing part of these volumes is the account of his endless litigations. Of course, he is always in the right; and we are not disposed to question this, though his talents, we think, might have been better employed. He manifests great practical genius—at least, he can lay down a practical scheme; and he only fails in successfully executing it for want of that co-operation which his temper renders impossible. We say this in justice to Dr. Lang's really honest character and honourable purposes; and we believe this to be a more reasonable way of accounting for failures for which he has been loudly blamed, than to suppose him guilty of deliberately imposing on an unsuspecting public. Our respect is

²² "A Historical and Statistical Description of New South Wales." By John Dunmore Lang, D.D. Third edition. 2 vols. Longman and Co. 1853.

due to any man who has toiled for years in the public service, and spent his own uttermost farthing in single-handed endeavours to promote great public ends. He complains much of misrepresentation. But what can he expect, considering the numerous public men who are dragged into almost every page of his work, and loaded with the most scurrilous abuse? Perhaps, however, this is in accordance with colonial custom, and to be accepted, therefore, as an appropriate picture of colonial life.

Of the two volumes, the first is "historical," and the second "statistical." They are both characterized by the faults referred to, but they are, nevertheless, of great value, the latter especially. Its topographical and industrial information is very minute and practical. It should be read by every intelligent emigrant, and by all who would form a correct conception of the resources of a country at one time thought to be only a continent of sheep-runs. Its adaptation for vine and cotton cultivation is specially exhibited. The fact admits of no doubt; and, in future years, these productions will be a source of wealth to their cultivators; but, in urging the immediate practicability of competing with the American cotton planters, Dr. Lang has either forgotten the Diggings, or neglected to revise a statement written at a previous date, when he contends that free labour in Australia is as cheap as slave labour in America. In addition to the original purchase-money, the yearly maintenance of a slave is estimated at 25*l.*; whereas, says Dr. Lang, in ordinary seasons, a good English labourer can be hired in New South Wales at 20*l.* a-year and his rations, the latter amounting to not more than from 7*l.* to 9*l.* This is no longer the real state of the case, and cotton cultivation must be postponed, unless, as we think probable, the great advantages which the Australian cotton-field possesses in other respects compensate for the high price of labour.

With the preceding work, Dr. Lang issued another, bearing the startling title of "Freedom and Independence for the Golden Lands of Australia,"²³ in which he partitions Eastern Australia into seven provinces (three of them being created and baptized by himself), which are to constitute a federal republic; and, as if this were already settled, a map is prefixed, altered to suit the new state of things, and, with its coloured divisions, presenting so much the respectable appearance of a *fait accompli*, as somewhat to prepossess the reader in favour of the work. Nor will he be disappointed with it; for, contrary to what might be expected, it contains much calm, elaborate reasoning, supported by abundance of historical and legal references;

²³ "Freedom and Independence for the Golden Lands of Australia." By J. D. Lang, D.D. Longman and Co. 1853.

but, after all, the question is not, Are the Australian colonies entitled to independence? but, Are they prepared for it? That "the gold discovery has thrown the colony of New South Wales fifty years in advance of its previous position," or, in the words of Mr. Wentworth, that "it will precipitate the colony into a nation," is perhaps true as regards its consciousness of its own importance, but not as regards its fitness for assuming the responsibilities of national existence. When the apple is ripe, it will drop from the tree; and it would be as foolish to shake it off prematurely, as it would be to retain it by force or artificial means after the fulness of the time had come. As Australia rises in imperial value, proportionate deference will be paid to it—that is the fashion of this world. Meanwhile, what it requires, is a government strong and wise—the gradual habituation of the people to the management of their own affairs; and, in course of time, we must consent, either to admit it on equal terms into an imperial confederation (as pointed out in our article on "Our Colonial Empire"), or part with it for ever. That such are the alternatives between which England will one day have to choose, no competently informed man for a moment doubts.

The claims of India will, by and by, require to be settled by similar concession. England governs India on the same principle as Austria governs Italy, the only difference being in the disposition of the people governed. But now that education is spreading among the natives of India, they are beginning to examine into the causes of their present industrial depression; and, through the agency of the Press, they are making known their grievances, and forming a public opinion, which will yet make itself heard in the councils of the Government. The nature of their grievances is well stated by Mr. Dickinson, in his "India, under a Bureaucracy,"²⁴ which reveals such a state of desolation throughout India, as the result of systematic misgovernment and wholesale spoliation on the part of England, as cannot be contemplated without indignation and horror. Governments make bad merchants, but merchants make worse governments. So long as the interests of India and the interests of the East India Company are directly opposed to each other, they cannot both prosper. It is a subject in which the people of England have as yet taken but little interest; but we trust that this reproach will be soon removed. In vain do we point to the mote in our brother's eye, while there is a beam in our own.

²⁴ "India: its Government under a Bureaucracy." By John Dickinson, jun., M.R.A.S., &c. Saunders and Stanford. 1853.

For general information about India, the reader cannot be directed to a better work than one just published, under the title of "Observations on India,"²⁵ by a gentleman who writes from personal knowledge of the country, and who has condensed within a brief space a large mass of notes relative to the social and political condition of the people.

Travels and
Topography. Mr. Layard's new work²⁶ is now before the public, and will be read with the same avidity as his former

one on "Nineveh and its Remains." Besides being profusely illustrated, it is accompanied with a folio volume containing the larger and more elaborate drawings of the bas-reliefs, and forming a second series of the "Monuments of Nineveh." Mr. Layard's second journey was undertaken for the trustees of the British Museum, and included a visit to the ruins of Babylon, where he also made important discoveries. Considerable progress has been made in deciphering inscriptions; but the real amount of historical information yet obtained from them is very trifling. There seems no reason to doubt, however, that the efforts of the distinguished scholars who have devoted themselves to the task will be crowned with success. The present results of these efforts are embodied in Mr. Layard's work.

As the most recent report on the present aspect of Italy, Von Rochau's "Wanderings"²⁷ will be acceptable to all who take an interest in that unfortunate country. Though the work of a learned German, it is written in a popular style. It is characterized by independence of judgment and originality of sentiment, both in art and politics. In politics, indeed, he is somewhat reserved—apparently indifferent; though, from the fact of his mingling with all classes, his impressions are perhaps more accurate, and more indicative of the general sentiment of the people, than if he had been an eager partizan, with access to all the political clubs in the country. He was led to form a very low estimate of the Italians; but at Genoa, where his wanderings terminated, his hopes revived. There he found indications of "a youthful, fresh, healthy reality, that has not only outlived the destruction of those [old] forms, but is pregnant with boundless hopes for the future." "Yes! (he adds) let us rest assured that this age of ours—this Europe of the present day—this Italy—*progressive* Italy, with Genoa at its head—has before it a great

²⁵ "Observations on India." By a Resident there many Years. London: John Chapman. 1853.

²⁶ "Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon; with Travels in Armenia, and Kurdistan, and the Desert." By Austen H. Layard, M.P. Murray. 1853.

²⁷ "Wanderings through the Cities of Italy, in 1850 and 1851." By A. L. von Rochau. Translated by Mrs. Percy Sinnett. 2 vols. Bentley. 1853.

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future destiny. In political and patriotic spirit, as well as in commerce, Genoa is the most active and enterprising city of the whole peninsula—the most energetic representative of the Young Italy which is working itself, gradually and laboriously, out of its mediæval chrysalis.” This genial spirit pervades the work, which, in the hands of its accomplished translator, is one of the most attractive and readable books recently published.

What Von Rochau has done for Italy, Miss Martineau has done for Ireland. The Letters which she communicated to the *Daily News*, during her journey in Ireland last autumn, have been reprinted;²⁸ and much as has been written upon the condition-of-Ireland question, no one will deem it superfluous to have the views of such an observer as Miss Martineau, who is not only intimately conversant with industrial problems, but has pre-eminently the faculty of investing a hackneyed subject with fresh attractions. Her conviction is, that, notwithstanding the immense exodus that is going on, Ireland “has entered upon a new period—upon a new life which is full of hope.” The worst economical evils under which it has laboured are in course of being remedied. Education is advancing; the priesthood is declining in influence; and the Established Church is “the most formidable mischief now in the catalogue of Irish woes.”

In connexion with Miss Martineau’s Letters, we give the titles below of two other little works,²⁹ which merit attention from all who wish to gain a thorough acquaintance with the present aspect of the country.

The gold discoveries on both sides of the Pacific have given an effectual impulse to the long contemplated scheme of inter-oceanic communication by a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien. Talked of ever since the discovery of central America, it is now to become a fact. It is in good hands. Fox and Henderson, the builders of the Crystal Palace, have sent out an engineer to explore the country; and his report, announcing a practicable route, is now published.³⁰ It contains a personal narrative and an official report; the former written in a lively style, but not particularly interesting; and the latter very brief. Two plans are submitted: 1st, to make a cut of sufficient capa-

²⁸ “Letters from Ireland.” By Harriet Martineau. Reprinted from the *Daily News*. London: John Chapman. 1853.

²⁹ “Ireland: an Inquiry into the Social Condition of the Country, with Suggestions for its Improvement.” By Daniel Keshan, Author of “Stray Thoughts on Political Economy.” London: John Chapman. 1853.

“Ireland, considered as a Field for Investment or Residence.” By William Bullock Webster. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1852.

³⁰ “The Isthmus of Darien in 1852: Journal of the Expedition of Inquiry for the Junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.” By Lionel Gisborne. London: Saunders and Stanford. 1853.

city to form an uninterrupted navigation (without locks) from sea to sea. 2nd, a navigation with locks, on a scale suitable to the object in view. The execution of the first plan offers no engineering difficulties, and no chance of future failure. It is proposed to make a cut 30 feet deep at low tide, 140 feet broad at bottom, and 160 feet at low water's surface, which will afford a passage for larger vessels than any now afloat. The material to be cut through is chiefly rock, not expensive to quarry, and rendering the work very durable when completed. The estimated expense will be 12,000,000*l*. The other design is estimated to cost only 4,500,000*l*.; but the disadvantages of locks are so great that it is not recommended. As it must accommodate the commerce of all nations, and ought to last as long as the ocean, expense should be a secondary consideration. It will no doubt repay any conceivable outlay. The engineer's report speaks favourably of the salubrity of the district, though his experience of it has been too limited to be made the basis of a positive conclusion. It is a singular fact, that, after all our explorations, and when it was natural to suppose that, except in the interiors of Africa and Australia, there was no longer a *terra incognita* to tempt the adventurer, Mr. Gisborne could get no information about the Isthmus of Darien even from members of the Geographical and Geological Societies, whom he consulted before setting out. They invariably replied, "We know nothing definite—nothing that we can give you as a *fact*: we must look to you to supply us with the information you come to obtain."

While such is still the state of geographical science, it were to be wished that travellers, instead of retraversing the old ground, and repeating the old tale, would bend their steps in such directions as would enable them to extend the horizon of human knowledge, and the limits of commercial enterprise. South America is as seldom visited by intelligent travellers as the central part of the Continent; and any work on these southern republics becomes, therefore, the more valuable for its rarity. With such feelings we have perused Mac Cann's "*Ride through the Argentine Provinces*,"³¹ and have wondered if enterprising emigrants who despaired of getting a sheep-run in Australia were aware that in one of those provinces he might have land at about eighteen thousand dollars for a league square, which is no more than eighteenpence per English acre for the most fertile grass lands ready for the plough. Horned cattle, as they run, good and bad, sell at fifteen dollars each, and sheep at from

³¹ "Two Thousand Miles' Ride through the Argentine Provinces: being an Account of the Natural Products of the Country, and Habits of the People; with a Historical Retrospect of the Rio de la Plata, Monte Video, and Corrientes." By William Mac Cann. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1853.

one shilling and sixpence to three shillings per dozen. "A very industrious Irishman was lately in this neighbourhood, who bought eight thousand sheep at one shilling and sixpence per dozen, which is no more than three-halfpence each; this is somewhat cheaper than eggs; for just now I cannot obtain an egg for less than threepence." There is a considerable number of British and Irish settlers, who enjoy perfect security under the Government, and are prospering in their circumstances. The climate of Buenos Ayres is favourable for breeding sheep; the cold in winter never being so intense as to require the sheep to be housed. The land is very fertile, generally presenting a vast sea of verdure.

Mr. Mac Cann's mission was of a mercantile character, but commerce and politics were so inseparably connected in a country so situated, that he was led to inquire very minutely into the state of both; and having thus accumulated a variety of information, and formed what appeared to him to be correct views regarding the true policy of the country, both internally and externally, his political observations constitute a large portion of the work, and throw some light on the events which lately occurred on the River Plate.

Now that transportation to Tasmania has ceased, emigrants would do well to consider the advantages to be found in that lovely island, so charmingly described in Mrs. Meredith's new work.³² With a climate pronounced to be the finest in the world, with hills and valleys, fields and hedgerows, roads and stage-coaches, so similar to Old England that it is difficult to conceive of it as an antipodal settlement, it would have been the gem of Australasia, but for the presence of Convictism. Mrs. Meredith, however, has no evil to say of this; the convicts were her slaves; and her description of the system is precisely similar to the accounts given of slavery by the American planters. There is, notwithstanding, an air of dismal isolation in the narrative too truly indicative of the author's lonely position, and contrasting unfavourably with the manifestations of social life in the free colonies.

There is not now much interest felt in Port Natal; and, if we may judge from the account given of it in Mr. Barter's "*Dorp and Veld*,"³³ none but Kaffirs or Dutch boors would ever have formed a settlement in such an uninviting territory; and yet, as Mr. Barter has returned to settle in the colony himself, it would appear that no hostile pen has written the description.

³² "My Home in Tasmania." By Mrs. Charles Meredith. Murray. 1853.

³³ "The Dorp and the Veld; or, Six Months at Natal." By Charles Barter. Orr and Co. 1853.

The author is a travelling Oxonian, who has visited different foreign countries, carrying his prejudices with him so far as to speak of the dissenting missionaries in Africa as unordained lecturers, and of the state-paid clergy as the only channels of salvation to the wretched Hottentots; but, in other respects, he exhibits himself as an intelligent, secularized man of the world, who could dispense for his own part with both bishop and Bible, if he could only get a good day's sport and a comfortable settlement. It is strange that, after so long and extensive a search in both hemispheres, he should pitch his tent in Natal! His book is well written, and worth reading.

Three remarkable fictions have appeared during the quarter. Two of these, "Ruth" and "Villette," receive due consideration elsewhere. The third is, "My Novel,"³⁴ which, after a prolonged career in the pages of "Blackwood," is now incorporated in four goodly volumes. Want of space prevents us from giving this work the notice we intended.

Miscellaneous. Dr. Roget's "Thesaurus,"³⁵ is a work which many a literary man has felt to be a desideratum, as his memoranda of words and phrases in his note-book testify. It is a dictionary; but not a dictionary of definitions, nor even of synonyms, but of verbal and phraseological equivalents or correlates. A person accustomed to use a biblical concordance, knows the value of the book at once. You have an idea for which you cannot hit upon the right expression, but you can think of *some* expression near the mark. Turn to this in the index, and you will be directed to a whole family of corresponding expressions, out of which, at a glance, you will be sure to pick the word you would have otherwise studied the ceiling for half-an-hour in pursuit of. And, as the words are arranged in groups, the whole Thesaurus may be read *through*, and not prove dry reading either. We have known students who had the courage to read through Latin and Greek dictionaries, but the *ideal* classification in this work renders such an exploit much more easy and pleasing than the ordinary alphabetical arrangement. No literary man should be without such a help, as none can pretend to be above using it. Byron used "Walker's Rhyming Dictionary," and Macaulay himself will not despise Roget. It is nearly fifty years, the author tells us, since he conceived the idea of the work. Gradually accumulating his verbal treasures, he has devoted the last three or four years incessantly to its completion.

³⁴ "My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life." By Pisistratus Caxton. 4 vols. Blackwood and Sons. 1853.

³⁵ "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases, classified and arranged so as to facilitate the expression of Ideas and assist in Literary Composition." By Peter Mark Roget, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Longman and Co. 1852.

The labour must have been immense, but the author's reward is sure. Roget will rank with Samuel Johnson as a literary instrument-maker of the first class.

The Artist, or Amateur who may wish to possess himself of the best professional "helps," will find in Mr. Twining's "Elements of Picturesque Scenery"³⁶ a work of great value, characterized by careful research and extensive observation. It is proper to mention that this is not a second edition of a treatise, having the same title, privately circulated some years ago, but an entirely new work. "With regard to the question so frequently put, and as often answered more or less satisfactorily, concerning the utility of books which are written for the purpose of conveying instruction in art, I shall observe," says the author, "with reference to the especial object of the present work, that in the very advanced stage to which the art of painting has now arrived, the means which exist for producing effective representations of nature, are so completely in the possession not only of the most skilful painters, but even of inferior artists, that it has become necessary, in order to produce works which claim any degree of novelty, without falsifying the taste by exaggerated representations, to extend further and further, as art progresses, the information which landscape paintings impart to the beholder, respecting the characteristic features and particulars of nature's scenery. But in order that this more complete and more accurate rendering of the details of the landscape may become wholly successful, it is not less important that the amateur who observes pictures, should be conversant with the characteristic forms and effects of nature, than that the artist himself should be thoroughly master of all these particulars."

Our musical readers will be glad to have access, through an English translation, to Dr. Marx's celebrated work on "Musical Composition."³⁷ Dr. Marx, who has been for many years Professor of Music in the University of Berlin, originally dedicated himself to the law, but being suddenly reduced to poverty, he renounced his legal studies and zealously devoted himself to music, for which he had from his youth cherished an ardent passion. His labours have had important results in relation to the theory of music, which he has succeeded in placing on a clear scientific basis. His lectures on the "History of Music," which drew a

³⁶ "The Elements of Picturesque Scenery; or, Studies of Nature made in Travel, with a view to improvement in Landscape Painting." By Henry Twining. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

³⁷ "The School of Musical Composition, Practical and Theoretical." By Dr. Adolph Bernhard Marx, Professor of Music at the University of Berlin. Translated from the Fourth Edition of the original German, by Augustus Wehrhan. Vol. I. London: Cocks and Co. 1852.

large audience, and which are to be printed, will probably form the crowning work of his life. They are the result of deep and long thought, and exhibit his views on art in general. Marx insists that the first condition toward great achievements in art is, that the artist be of a thoroughly true, pure nature—no flatterer, no parasite. His latest pupil, Hermann Zopf, from Gross Glogan, in Silesia, is beginning to excite great attention in Berlin, and promises to be a star of the first magnitude in the thickly-studded musical hemisphere of Germany.

The translation, of which only the first volume is yet published, of Marx's work on Composition, is from the fourth German edition, which has been entirely remodelled by the author, and is therefore the best exponent of his system, as it has developed itself since the establishment of the Berlin Academy of Music. To this translation, Dr. Marx furnishes a preface, in which, after referring to the hospitable reception which Handel met with in England, he feelingly remarks:—

“Whether a time has arrived, or is coming, for the whole continent, shaken as it is to its very foundations, when all genuine art must either be stifled under bloody decennial struggles, or will be driven to seek a refuge on happier shores, who can tell? But this is certain, that Art, the lovely messenger of Peace, cannot raise her voice among the contentions and hatred of a lacerating intestine struggle, or dwell and diffuse her blessings amongst a people who, despoiled of their rights, and demoralized by treachery or brute force, drag along a degraded existence under the most narrow and anxious restriction. In such times—may they be spared to all, and to my father-land in particular!—it is a last, but an abiding consolation to know that nothing capable and worthy of preservation is ever annihilated; that the living and life-creating thought saves itself from the guilt and horror of the universal ruin, and on better-secured and newly-erected altars kindles a new flame of the spirit rising up to Heaven, more glorious than ever.”

ART. XI.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

THERE is always something fresh of a theological kind from America, and we have now the satisfaction of laying hold of a book which unfolds to us an entirely new series of revelations! Our readers will at once surmise that we refer to the “Spirit-rappings,” which, for a considerable

¹ “An Exposition of Views respecting the principal Facts, Causes, and Peculiarities involved in Spirit Manifestations.” By Adin Ballou. 1852.

period, have been in operation in the United States, and are now imported into England. Mr. Ballou is a believer in the supernatural, or, at least, spiritual character of these rappings, and furnishes both a statement of "authentic" facts, and an exposition of his own views respecting them, "together with interesting communications purporting to have come from departed spirits." He is a clergyman, and, in that capacity, has received from the spirits several flattering marks of attention. "I have been requested (he says) by the invisibles to speak on a particular subject, at a given time and place, with the assurance that responses should be made on the occasion by knockings, approving the truths uttered, all which was strikingly verified." At another time, a spirit "who had evinced much interest in my public labours," inquired of the reverend gentleman if he had selected his texts for the following Sunday? He had selected only one, and his "spirit friend" was politely requested to select the other, which he forthwith began to do, but, after the first word, abruptly ceased. "Wondering at his silence, the signal of another spirit was given. The new-comer communicated by *movings* of the table, not by *raps*, like the other. He said that our friend, the rapper, had been suddenly summoned away for a few moments, but would certainly return soon. He did return within fifteen minutes, and resumed his communication just where he left it." The text was accepted. "My spirit friend expressed great pleasure by sounds rapidly made on the table, and announced that he and several other sympathizing spirits should be present to hear the discourse, and, if the medium should also be there, would manifest their approbation of the good things uttered. All this was verified in a remarkable manner."

Mr. Ballou, in codifying the theology and morality inculcated by the spirits, admits that there are "discrepancies and contradictions on some points, if we take the whole range of communications, good, bad, and indifferent;" but is confident that the main current of the revelations made combines "all that is essential to Christianity, and all that is valuable in religious and moral philosophy, separated from popular assumptions, adulterations, perversions, and groundless notions." On the Trinity, the spirits are Sabellians, for they agree that there is one God, "variously manifested as Father, Son, or Holy Ghost." On the relations of spirit and matter, and on the existence of spirit-forms, they are, of course, Swedenborgians. It is found, also, that "these reliable spirits are everywhere Reformers," and advocate human brotherhood, the principles of peace, and civil and religious liberty. The spirits are all of one school, and their principles are familiar to us. He does not state whether they

are teetotallers and vegetarians, but, for very substantial reasons, we may suppose that they are. Mr. Ballou did right to add, respecting his digest of their revelations, "Perhaps I receive them with greater readiness and partiality, because they modify so slightly the general system of faith, views, and opinions, which, by long and thorough research, my own mind had already elaborated." Having before us other books on the subject besides Mr. Ballou's, we find that some of the spirits are very heterodox, some very stupid, others very wicked, and all of them very vulgar. They must mend their manners if they would domesticate themselves in England. We have no prejudice against them, but we should subject them to a spiritual and intellectual test, not to a mechanical one. By the rappings, as by the electric telegraph, it may be possible to communicate a text of Scripture, or the latest intelligence from Hades, but they are an imperfect medium for thoughtful minds. Genius has closer communion with the divine, and is the only inspiration which can be beneficial to man.

In the old order of things there is a bulky treatise on "The Credibility of the Scriptures,"² by a layman, which displays a fair amount of ability and research, but nothing new in the way of evidence. His principal argument is, that as the character of the Bible is antipriestian, it cannot be the invention of a priesthood, and must, therefore, be a divine revelation. It is thus summarily stated by himself:—"Hence, as there was no justification for the supposition that the Scriptures were from priestly invention, so in that eminent fact, as well as in the absolute excellence of the system advocated in them, whether as an ethical or religious scheme, it was impossible to come to any other conclusion than that they had proceeded from a divine source." He is much more successful in showing *what* the Scriptures teach—a work for which he is well qualified, so far as a minute acquaintance with their contents, freedom from sectarian bias, and a sincere desire to find truth, can render him a competent interpreter.

Among the new works whose appearance has been History. looked for with interest, is a "History of the State of New York,"³ by a gentleman who is known to some extent in this country from his official connexion with the American Embassy, while Mr. Bancroft was Minister. He has enjoyed

² "Analytical Investigations concerning the Credibility of the Scriptures, and of the Religious System inculcated in them; together with a Historical Exhibition of Human Conduct during the several Dispensations," &c. By J. H. McCulloh, M.D. 2 vols. 1852.

³ "History of the State of New York." By John Romeyn Brodhead. Vol. I. 1853.

admirable opportunities for collecting the early annals of New Netherlands under the sway of Holland, and its subsequent history under the rule of England. When the Legislature of the State of New York passed an act for the appointment of an agent to select and procure the documents relating to its colonial history, in the archives of England, Holland, and France, he was designated to the office. After some years' absence in Europe he returned with eighty volumes of transcript, the results of his investigations in the public offices at the Hague, Amsterdam, London, and Paris, where every facility for his researches was afforded by the respective Governments. The first part of his work, now published, attests the diligence and trustworthiness of the author. His style is clear and vigorous, breathing a true American tone of independence. He will not be received with much favour by the Bostonians, or any of that class who swear by the "Pilgrim Fathers," and who seem to think that all the virtue in the country may be traced to the English Puritans and "Plymouth Rock," which the wits of America call the "Blarney Stone of New England."

The work gives a full and graphic picture of Holland at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century; enlarging upon her tolerant Government, her reformed Church, the indomitable energy and enterprise of her people, and their large principles of civil and religious liberty, at a time when James I. of England, Louis XIII. of France, and Philip III. of Spain, were the ruling monarchs of Europe; and after passing in review the residence of the Puritans in Holland, he shows the groundlessness of the claim frequently made in their behalf of having originated "popular constitutional liberty" in America, inasmuch as they merely reproduced what they had become accustomed to in the Dutch republic.

The early history of "New Netherlands" does not relate alone to those confines that now limit the territory of "New York," to which the name was changed on its surrender by the Dutch in 1664, and which now, from its geographical position and commercial importance, claims rank in the American Union as the "Empire State." New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, either wholly or in part, were comprehended within her original boundaries, and partake in the interest of her career. That interest is undoubtedly more for American than for English readers, though it merits attention from both as a contribution to general history. The various causes that contributed to form the character and shape the destiny of the "Great Republic," (as it was designated lately in a Royal Speech,) would afford matter for interesting reflection, even if we had no need, in our own colonial policy, of

every lesson of wisdom and experience to be gathered from the annals of the American States.

Under a somewhat fantastic title,⁴ we have, from an able pen, a review of the political history of Europe during the present century. The "Ormuzd" and "Ahriman" of the political world are Liberty and Despotism; and their purest incarnations are declared to be—the Republic of America and the Empire of Russia. Within fourscore years these two powers "have grown from insignificance to be the arbiters of the world." An inevitable contest is at hand; the Apocalyptic battle of Armageddon is soon to be fought; and the question which the Americans have "to decide is—not whether we will live in peace and repose, or gratuitously go on a crusade for liberty throughout the world, but—the absolute certainty of a contest with the combined powers of despotism being apparent, shall we wait till those powers, having utterly rooted out free governments from Europe, shall turn their might for our destruction, alone and without allies; or shall we now seize the first opportunity of a decisive outbreak in Europe to aid the cause of freedom with arms and money, fight our battle by the armies of European revolutionists on the field of Europe, and, by the aid of our allies, for ever settle the question between freedom and despotism?"

The rise and progress of Russia are minutely traced; its principles and policy are determined by the treaty of the Holy Alliance; and with this treaty as a text, the subsequent history of Europe is detailed as a commentary. The three concluding chapters are on the "Dictatorship of Russia in Europe," the "Relations of American and English Liberty to the Russian Dictatorship," and the "Last War of Freedom and Despotism." These are subjects of intense interest, and they are in general discussed with considerable ability and intelligence, though some statements are made relative to England which betray the most ridiculous ignorance of our condition. He speaks of Radicals who "might be induced to urge their claims *in arms*." They have little need, so long as they can urge their claims in the Cabinet! "The Red Republic has its representatives, and the socialist theory will flourish with rank luxuriance in her manufacturing districts." The only thing representing the Red Republic which ever existed in England was an obscure periodical with that title, which speedily died a natural death—a fate which Socialism also reached long ago. But it is more alarming to be told, that "a civil war for republican institutions in England is by no means a distant contingency." Since the memorable Chartist *felo de se*,

⁴ "The War of Ormuzd and Ahriman in the Nineteenth Century." By Henry Winter Davis. 1852.

in 1848, all hope of such a contingency has vanished from the minds of the "party of revolution," and all fear of it from the "party of order." The mass of the people never was more contented, and the government never was more popular. Our author is more sagacious in conjecture, and England can feel the force of the warning, when he tells her, that "she must expect to be assailed by arts and intrigues, as well as arms—traitors will worm their way into high places—fee'd orators may stir up sedition—paid patriots may prefer Russian aid for the introduction of the republic to English independence under aristocratic forms." America herself has more to fear from enemies of this sort than from a Russian invasion. Intrigue will be more successful than war, and there is a tempting field for its exercise in a country where the elements of disunion are so rife. Nor is our author blind to this. "The discontented (he observes) do not scrutinize the source of the suggestions which chime in with their feelings, nor see in the burning patriot, the traitor and the spy of an ambitious power. There have been periods in the history of this government when foreign assistance would not have been repelled as an insidious insult. Had the sword been drawn by South Carolina and Mississippi, *Russian gold, or cannon, or ships, would not have been rejected.*"

A collision between Russia and America is not an imaginary danger. Russia is an *American power*; she shares with England and the United States the North American continent; and is as insolent, aggressive, and tenacious as she has always proved herself in Europe and Asia. With truth, therefore, does the author remind his countrymen that they cannot escape the conflict by turning their attention westward, and, abandoning Europe to her dictation, indemnifying themselves by engrossing the commerce of Eastern Asia. "We do not escape, but directly encounter her universal and engrossing ambition."

It would appear, that when the Holy Alliance proposed to recover the South American Republics to the Spanish Crown, "it formed a part of the scheme, that *the United States should be subjugated.*" On that occasion, President Munroe made his famous declaration, that the United States would offer the most determined resistance to any European Power that attempted either to conquer or to colonize any part of their continent; and Mr. Davis endeavours to show that the true Washingtonian policy was based not on "the *theatre* of contest, but on its *objects*, its *principles*, its *relation, near or remote*, to our safety and independence. Whether the threatening cloud arose in Europe or America was not the question; but, was it likely to burst on us?" If this be not the traditional policy of the United States,

it ought to be their future policy, unless they would recognise in Washington a perpetual Dictator.

An anonymous author, in his "Politics for American Christians,"⁵ recommends his fellow-citizens to take their policy from the Bible, but as to whether they are to follow the theocratic policy of the Old Testament, or the communistic policy of the New, he is not explicit. With the Bible in hand, or rather with a few isolated texts in his memory, he reviews "Our position in reference to foreign politics; the rewards of labour; the relations of industry with trade; public education, elections, and, more especially, the moral position of our national legislature." He contends that Christianity favours "the protection of native industry," because protection favours high wages, forgetting that it also favours dear goods. The author is a sort of Yankee Sir Robert Inglis, to judge from his lamentations over the national degeneracy. "In the beginning (he says) we set out as a Christian nation; we punished the profanation of the Lord's-day; we punished blasphemy; we were sworn upon the holy evangelists of Almighty God; we appointed chaplains for our army and navy, &c." But, unless dictated by calumny, the following picture would indicate that there is degeneracy somewhere.

"There is yet a remnant of good men in Congress, but they are hopelessly overpowered; their virtue may remain, but their courage is withered. They have no effective influence, not even the slightest pretence of it. The greater number laugh in derision at the idea that honesty and patriotism should have any sway in Congress. Every measure of a general nature, designed for the public benefit, is scouted; and the member who ventures to speak on such subjects, or to urge such legislation, unless he is known to have some special private end in view, is regarded as super-serviceable, over-righteous, and eminently verdant. They pity, if they do not despise, all such as attempt to acquit themselves of the duties of their station, and their oath of office. There runs not in Congress, then, the slightest perceivable current of legislative morality, or wisdom, or public virtue. The members have substantially repealed their oath of office, and acquitted themselves of all public obligation. They have resolved Congress into a grand agency of the various political parties, which manage the elections, and aim at the control of the offices, the power of the country, its treasury, and the national domain."

He goes on to detail circumstances which entirely harmonize with such a character for corruption as he thus attributes to

⁵ "Politics for American Christians: a Word upon our example as a Nation, our Labour, our Trade, Elections, Education, and Congressional Legislation." 1852.

Congress. Scarcely a member but will take a bribe for his vote. These "congressional brokers" may be numbered by "scores or hundreds." They fill a great variety of grades, "from those who offer to procure special legislation for one, two, or three hundred thousand dollars to the humbler police of this hungry pack, whose office it may be to keep members in their seats at the hour of voting, or to keep them away, or to lead them to the gaming-table to win their money." The favours of Congress are "struggled for on the floor of the capitol." Congress is as bad as our own Chancery. "Claims of undisputed justice, some of them as old as the Revolution, are besieging the justice of Congress, for nearly half a century." A debt due to certain citizens of the United States by France was acknowledged by Louis Philippe, "who *paid the money* into the treasury of the United States, where it remains, through the *refusal* of Congress to order it to be paid to its rightful owners." Some of these owners have "passed their lives in fruitless applications," "their widows and orphans have grown old in poverty and suffering" urging their claims. There is more work, it would appear, for Mrs. Julia Tyler and the American ladies than the emancipation of Uncle Tom. We suspect that the author is a disappointed printer, with some rejected estimates in his hand, so strongly does he condemn the way in which the public printing is executed. Moreover, "thrice too much is paid for it, and the whole is a job reeking with corruption." The President's message remains unprinted for months, because Whigs and Democrats contend for the job. It is the same with the Census, Congress giving out that the difficulty is the expense! The author sums up by saying that "there is no assignable limit to the perfidy, to the frauds, to the injustice, to the corrupt practices, to the breaches of trust, and breaches of oaths, and other official and private immoralities, which are committed in and about the Congress of the United States." If the anonymous writer who makes these accusations has any sincerity, he should impeach Congress at once. It would be impossible to bring stronger accusations against the most corrupt governments of Europe, and therefore it is impossible to believe them. The author writes as if what he states were notorious in America, and not likely to be denied by anyone, and still less likely to be amended. If so, his jeremiad might have been more pungent than it is. All that we have to say is, that, if true, these facts should be known; and if not true, they should be contradicted.

We have heard and read a great deal about African Colonization, but we have never till now met with a work of an authoritative character, that presented the whole facts of the case in a

compact form. That is now done by the publication of a series of Lectures⁶ on the subject by Mr. Christy, an agent of the Colonization Society. They are full of valuable information, and present the scheme in an important and interesting light. As a philanthropic project designed to remedy, or even alleviate, the evils of slavery, it is as Utopian as projects of that character generally are; but, as a legislative measure, carried out on an adequate scale, as is here recommended, it would present economical aspects worthy of consideration. Slavery flourishes, because Christian ladies and gentlemen are large consumers of tropical productions, and wish to have their cotton, coffee, and sugar, as cheap as possible. Free labour in tropical countries is not able to supply the demand. While the English Government endeavours to suppress the Slave trade, the English market is, with others, stimulating the traffic beyond all previous limits; and we cannot hope to escape from the necessity of consuming the products of slave labour, except by calling into active service, on an extensive scale, the free labour of countries not at present producing the commodities upon which slave labour is employed. This being the case, it is contended that Africa is the principal field where free labour can be made to compete, successfully, with slave labour, in the production of *exportable* tropical commodities. The author is further of opinion, "that there are moral forces and commercial considerations now in operation, which will necessarily impel Christian governments to exert their influence for the civilization of Africa, and the promotion of the prosperity of the Republic of Liberia, as the principal agency in this great work; and that all these agencies and influences being brought to bear upon the civilization of Africa, from the nature of its soil, climate, products, and population, we are forced to believe that a mighty people will ultimately arise upon that continent, taking rank with the most powerful nations of the earth, and vindicate the character of the African race before the world." This glowing prospect is, in these Lectures, eloquently set forth and elaborately supported by an immense mass of facts and statistics. The maximum capacity of the American cotton-field is carefully investigated, and the result confirms the prevalent opinion that new supplies must be procured elsewhere. A very favourable account is given of Liberia, and of its adaptation to the grand purpose in view. May it go on and prosper!

Biography. The next great American biography will be that of Daniel Webster. Abundant materials for the work

⁶ "Lectures on African Colonization and kindred Subjects." By David Christy. 1853.

are in the hands of his literary executors, who are gentlemen of the highest literary reputation, and who may therefore be relied upon for doing justice to their undertaking. Meanwhile, Mr. Webster's private secretary has collected his reminiscences of the great man's private life,⁷ which will be read with much interest, and whet the public appetite for the larger work. Mr. Lanman writes with the partiality of a devoted friend, and accordingly, presents a very pleasing picture of intellectual power and moral virtue. Daniel Webster is represented as having a great head, and a still greater heart. The lawyer and statesman are thrown into the shade, and you see the dutiful son, the tender husband and parent, the steadfast friend, the good-hearted neighbour, the enterprising farmer, the patriotic citizen, the pious Christian! You see Daniel Webster *at home*—among his flocks and herds—improving his waste lands—enjoying his favourite recreation of angling—going to the market of a morning with his basket under his arm—and doing all sorts of things which great men are supposed never to do at all. We could not help drawing a parallel in our mind between Daniel Webster at Marshfield and Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. Both were lawyers, but both loved the country, and spent their vacations on their own soil—in either case classic ground. Both loved to go about among their rural neighbours, post themselves up in the local gossip, and cultivate good friendship. On his estate, Sir Walter's hobby was to plant trees, Webster's to breed fine cattle. Of cattle kind, the one was fond of horses and dogs, the other of sheep and swine! Both returned to die, and only to die, with ruined constitutions and broken hearts, in their own houses. How glad Scott was when, after his return from Italy, he found himself once more at Abbotsford! And here is the description of Webster's last return to Marshfield:—"He entered his mansion fatigued beyond all measure and covered with dust, and threw himself into a chair. For a moment his head fell upon his breast, as if completely overcome, and he then looked up like one seeking something which he could not find. It was the portrait of his darling but departed daughter, Julia, and it happened to be in full view. He gazed upon it for some time, in a kind of trance, and then wept like one whose heart was broken, and these words escaped his lips: 'Oh, I am so thankful to be here! If I could only have my will, never, never would I again leave this home!'"

There was a heavy gush of disappointment flowing out in those heart-breaking tears. In vain does the author contend to the contrary. It may be that he "never for a single moment mani-

⁷ "The Private Life of Daniel Webster." By Charles Lanman. 1853.

fested any regret" at the result of the last Presidential nomination; still, he must have felt that his party were willing to use his services, but not to give him the reward he coveted. "With a tremulous voice, and tears in his eyes," he said to his secretary, "Thank God, one thing is certain, they could not take away from me what I have done for my country." He spoke well of both General Scott and General Pierce. The latter he had known from boyhood, thought him "a good fellow, a *smarter man than people thought him*, and wished him all prosperity." After all, it is to Webster's honour that he was never President. Had he ever organized and used his party for that special purpose, he would have succeeded. So would Henry Clay. And so long as smaller men are more successful in intrigue, smaller men are more likely to be elected. No one can read this little memorial without feeling that the subject of it was a great man, and, in some respects, a good man. He has been considered hard-headed and iron-hearted; but this appears to be only one side of his character. As he is represented here, he wins our sympathy rather than our veneration: a complete and impartial biography will probably secure both.

Whatever, in the shape of history, forms an absolute addition to our stock of knowledge, and contributes to a wider and more varied acquaintance with human character and social life, will always be a welcome and useful book; and, in this respect, we consider Mrs. Ellet's "*Pioneer Women of the West*,"⁸ a work of great interest. The "*Women of the American Revolution*" was from the same pen, and is appropriately supplemented by the story of the wives and mothers "who ventured into the western wilds, and bore their part in the struggles and labours of the early pioneers." For such a work very little published material existed, but there was much to be gathered from "the records of private families, and the still vivid recollections of individuals who have passed through the experiences of frontier and forest life, and it was not yet too late to save from oblivion much that would be the more interesting and valuable, as the memory of those primitive times receded into the past." These records and experiences were collected, and the result is a gallery of pioneer women, whose hardships and heroic deeds reveal a Roman fortitude, and would have earned for each and all a Roman renown, had they been placed in a more conspicuous position. Such a record of female adventures is spirit-stirring in its effect, but sorrowful in its character. It shows what a woman can endure. It will open up a new world of life to "the women of England."

⁸ "The Pioneer Women of the West." By Mrs. Ellet. 1852.
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America continues to be famous for remarkable women. Biography has recently brought to light another female celebrity, whose career as an educational experimentalist enhances the interest of her personal character. Mary Lyon⁹ was a sort of evangelical Margaret Fuller, ranking in the eyes of her friends as "one of the noblest of all New England's daughters," and her character as "one of the brightest and most remarkable that adorn our age." She was a woman of such strongly marked individuality, that it gave her the reputation of being somewhat eccentric. Her peculiar "notions" as a teacher, which she struggled for years to develop, were finally realized, with a success attained only by those gifted with what is essentially genius, in the foundation of a female seminary, or what we should call a "Ladies' College," which was a noble monument of her perseverance and moral power. She was one of those beings who first build their castles in the air, and never halt till their conception becomes a tangible reality. Possessing no resources of her own, she had the art of getting thousands of dollars where other people could not get as many cents. She succeeded in overcoming all obstacles, in stultifying all predictions of failure, and in turning aside all the shafts of ridicule. What she proposed to herself she accomplished, and the once-despised fanatic is now famous, at least in the religious world. While admiring the moral sublimity of her course, as in the case of many sectarian enthusiasts, we cannot join in the admiration awarded to her educational plans. The principles said to be first established, or more fully applied, by her efforts in the cause of female education, are stated to be:—1. "Permanence in a female seminary." When she founded the Mount Holyoke Institution, she was not aware that any seminary existed, in America or Europe, but what was purely temporary, depending for its existence on the individual teacher who commenced it. 2. "The successful Appeal to the Benevolent Principle for obtaining Funds," which was, in reality, simply the success of Mary Lyon herself in that line of effort. 3. "Successful combination of domestic labours with a high literary standard." This was a good feature. The young ladies were trained to be good housewives, as well as good dancers and musicians. We beg pardon—there was no dancing permitted in Miss Lyon's seminary. In lieu of it they had revival meetings. 4. "Union of a high standard of study with a high standard of piety." In this respect it resembled Oberlin College. The Mount Holyoke ladies were warranted "pious and accomplished." Piety was scarcely an optional virtue with them. "At the commencement of each

⁹ "Memoir of Mary Lyon." By Edward Hitchcock, D.D. 1852.

session it was ascertained who were professors of religion and who not." There was "an anxious fear lest the term would pass without a revival of religion." It is lamentable to find this recognised as "a branch of education," and introduced into the systematic routine of a school! But as the public were duly notified of it in her circulars, no one could be deceived.

Mary Lyon was of humble origin, and spent her early years in hard work, and in still harder study, but she had a strong constitution, both physically and mentally, and seldom felt fatigue. Her life is recorded in her "labours," which cannot be contemplated without exciting respect for her character.

"The life of an unpretending Christian woman is never lost. Written or unwritten, it is, and ever will be, an active power among the elements that form and advance society. Yet the written life will speak to the larger number, will be wholly new to many, and to all may carry a healthy impulse." With this apology, "The Life of Mrs. Ware,"¹⁰ the wife of Henry Ware, junr., is introduced to public notice. Her character was retiring and peculiarly domestic, but she was a diligent correspondent, and had a faculty for writing long, quiet, sensible letters, a selection from which makes up the present volume. "We have few facts," says the author, "except those found in the letters, with the advantage of an intimate intercourse for more than twenty years." Her life shows how useful a woman may be in her own sphere, and how much good may be done in a quiet way.

ART. XII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF GERMANY.*

History. THE rewards of literature in Germany are, at present, of rather a peculiar character. The "Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century"¹ has obtained for its author four months' imprisonment, and the honour of having his book publicly burnt. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, this, though perhaps an inconvenient, is not an unsatisfactory testimony to its merits. "I hope, sir," said Dr. Johnson to the fop, "I have done nothing to deserve your good opinion,"

¹⁰ "Memoir of Mary L. Ware, wife of Henry Ware, Junr." By Edward B. Hall. 1853.

* The works named in this article have been furnished by Messrs. Williams and Norgate and Mr. David Nutt.

¹ "Einleitung in die Geschichte des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts." Von G. J. Gervinus. Leipzig: Engelmann. 1853.

and nothing would, perhaps, afford more damning evidence against an historian, than the approbation of such men as the persecutors of Professor Gervinus.

Much surprise has been excited that these proceedings should have found a pretext in a work of so calm and scientific a character, so entirely addressed to thoughtful readers; but if it be meant that nothing is to be feared from principles so proclaimed, by the party opposed to them, we must entirely dissent from such an opinion, and we hold the authors of these proceedings as wise in their generation. The course of all history, and especially of that of Europe, for the last three hundred years, may serve to correct the mistaken notion that speculative opinions have little real influence on the outward destinies of the world. In the long run, nothing so powerfully influences them as those principles of abstract philosophy which underlie all intellectual and moral movements.

The democratic tendency of modern society is so far, indeed, from being a discovery of Professor Gervinus, that it has become almost a mere common-place; but his offence in the eyes of the reactionary party of Germany, and his great merit, in the estimation of liberal and earnest men, is, that he has attempted (with eminent success) to place it on a foundation of scientific certainty—to deduce the law from the facts which a comprehensive view of historical events will supply.

The science of history is one of recent birth—it can hardly be dated further back than the seventeenth century; and even the writers of that period, perhaps, did not take their stand on a sufficiently elevated point of view. The Italian Vico, in his "*Scienza Nuova*," was, so far as we know, the first who rose to the conception of a philosophy of history, or the interpretation of historical facts according to universal principles, corresponding with the Christian doctrines of the common origin of the human race, its common nature and common end; and the most valuable part of what has, of late years, been written on the subject, is to be found scattered through periodicals, rather than in any separate form. It is, nevertheless, we imagine, now tolerably agreed that, though the narration of mere facts in an agreeable and ornamental style may be a pretty amusement, it is only by labouring in the investigation of causes that any writer can claim the character of a historian; and it is from this point of view, and with the purpose of discovering the inward character and significance of every historical phenomenon, that Professor Gervinus has undertaken his task. The leading ideas developed in the present "Introduction" appear to be, that if we take into consideration a sufficiently extensive period, we shall perceive, in the history of civilized nations, a certain oscillatory

movement between opposite impulses, which tends to check the preponderating influence of any one circumstance; and along with this oscillating movement, this flux and reflux, as it were, of the tide of human destiny, we shall trace, also, one regular current, setting constantly in one determinate direction. History, taken in detail, must have regard to all these movements; but in this introductory survey it is the author's intention to dwell chiefly on the latter. As its title imports, it is intended to serve as the commencement of a greater work, which is to comprise the history of the period from the fall of the Empire of Napoleon, and the re-adjustment of European political relations at the Treaties of Vienna, to the present time.

Regarding the modern states of Europe as forming one whole,—as, on a smaller scale, did in antiquity those of Greece and its colonies,—the author goes on to show that the law of development has been the same through all history. From the despotisms of the East to the aristocratic states of antiquity and the Middle Ages, based on slavery and serfdom, and thence to those of modern times, there has been one grand regular movement, from the social and spiritual freedom of the individual to that of a limited number, and thence to that of the many. The law for the period during which we are living is the latter—that is, from aristocracy to democracy: a movement sometimes checked, sometimes promoted, by the disturbing force of absolutism. Such a transition, even in the little states of Greece, occupied two hundred years: it is, therefore, not surprising, that in modern Europe, where the theatre of action is so much more extensive, and the relations so much more complicated, it is now still going on, in the fourth century from its commencement. The contest of the two principles at the close of the last century, was, indeed, so fierce and desperate, that it might have been supposed it would be decisive, yet it is still the task of the present generation, and may probably be transmitted unfinished to the next.

In a brief and masterly sketch, Professor Gervinus traces the course of European affairs, from the Middle Ages to the present time; when again, as it has happened once or twice before, a crisis appears approaching, in which the highest and dearest interests of mankind may be thought to be threatened by the advance of absolute power.

The penetration of Napoleon foresaw such a crisis after the return of the Bourbons, and the consequent antagonistic position of rulers and nations, and he pointed out the object and meaning of the coming struggle in a few words that have been often repeated.

It is by no means the first time that such a crisis has appeared inevitable, yet the threatened danger has been turned aside.

We have now to dread the overwhelming force of rude masses, opposed to all European races in religion and civilization, wielded by one hand, and that hand grasping the terrific union of spiritual and temporal power, which the conquering sovereigns of the West have vainly striven for. The peril is increased, too, by the fact that there exists among these Slavonian nations the feeling of being in hostile opposition to European society, and having a mission to regenerate it, and this feeling is kept alive by a "Pan-Slavonian" literature and policy, which threatens to make the collision of two opposing state principles a great struggle of two races.

What, on the other hand, however, may serve to tranquillize us concerning this danger, is the experience of all ancient and modern history. What a man like Napoleon, with French statesmen and French armies, and in alliance with half Europe, could not succeed in, will scarcely be effected by Russia. Universal monarchies can arise only on the ruins of fallen states, and after the entire exhaustion of popular strength; and there is no reasonable foundation for the commonly asserted decrepitude of European civilization. This quarter of the world, as a whole, has by no means even reached the apex of its political development: it exhibits from time to time fresh healthy forces hitherto unemployed. Hitherto, the fruit of European culture on the whole—its political and intellectual enlightenment, its industrial activity, and the wealth it has created—has been a source of power and just national pride, much more than of enervating luxury and corruption.

It belongs to the essential characteristics of our time, that its great movements proceed from the interests of the masses, and not from the influence of individuals, either rulers or others.

In literature and science, great spirits have appeared; but their birth and their culture must be ascribed to the preceding epoch. In science, the mastery and the application of steam-power has been a peculiar merit of this age; but the first and greatest impulse to it was given in the preceding one: the creative forces are few; but enormous in number and result are those secondary ones by which these creative few have been kept in action.

The political opinions and actions of individuals and governments, even of those who resist public opinion, are moulded by it. The fluctuations of property, the division of estates, the increased facility of all means of communication, the most various qualities and passions of men, have all co-operated, are all co-operating, to draw closer together the various classes of society. The mediocrity of literary production even is a consequence of a greater extension of the demand for it. Luxury

and the desire of enjoyment are urging the poor to strive to place themselves on a level with the rich: their over-ruling destiny, too, has suggested to the Conservative to extend a helping hand to the proletariat against the middle classes; and again, philanthropy has laboured by a thousand methods for the elevation of the lower, and the improvement of their condition, by savings' banks and schools, and poor laws, and other similar institutions.

Emancipation to the oppressed and the suffering is the cry of the age; and the power of these ideas is shown in the abolition of forced service in Europe, of negro slavery in the West Indies, in opposition to the most powerful interests and deeply-rooted circumstances. This is the grand feature of the time: the strength of conviction, the power of thought, the force of resolution, the clear insight of the objects to be pursued, the patience and the perseverance, are all in the popular camp; and it is all this that gives to an historical movement the providential—the *irresistible* character.

Of the three great powers that now stand opposed to each other, the Absolutism of Russia has against it the hatred of the whole civilized world: the Constitutionalism of England is to the majority of nations unattainable; but it is, in the opinion of Professor Gervinus, the Democratic constitution of America which is the model and the goal towards which the hope of the nations is now turned. Rising gradually and unnoticed in the west, as Russia arose in the east, advancing too simultaneously with Russia into even greater importance, it has opposed to the dynastic despotic influence of the latter, one wholly popular. The sight of this rapidly improving, free, happy state, without king, nobility, or hierarchy, has been wonderfully attractive; and its effect on the bulk of European nations almost incalculable. A constantly increasing intercourse, and the reports of prosperous emigrants, are penetrating the lower strata of society with the ideas of the new country, and to the operation of this never-sufficiently-estimated, silent, but active propaganda, is to be added that of the popular literature, and of the numerous homeless exiles—Poles, Hungarians, and Italians—whose principles, however aristocratic may be the dispositions of their leaders, are necessarily democratic, and who may be considered as forming a cosmopolitan band for the service of the popular cause, as once the Jesuits did for that of despotism. Against the united action of these forces, monarchical policy has nothing to oppose but a dependent and uninfluential portion of the Press. Legislative assemblies, in which it might have found assistance, have been suppressed or undermined; and where they exist in appearance, since it is known to be only in appear-

ance, they are without influence on the national mind, and the field is, therefore, free for the swift, though silent march of democratic principles. The precise course which this march will take in the period now approaching, depends chiefly on two nations, France and Germany. With respect to the former it is a disputed point among the best informed men, whether it is still, as Lamartine believes, young and vigorous; or whether, as Mirabeau and Napoleon declared, it is old and sinking to inevitable decay, under the curse of being alike incapable of obedience and of freedom.

"Its political position verges now on absolutism, now on anarchy: it submits to despotic rule, and exercises against it the 'right of insurrection.' It grasps at an immoderate amount of freedom, and lies under the yoke of a dictatorship. It aims at a progress never yet seen, and seeks to attain it by means that would fling it back into the barbarism of Russia and Egypt. It would found a new and eternal order of things on the basis of rude street insurrections." With respect to Germany, its historical development, though much slower, has been essentially the same as that of England and France. Through the phase of religious freedom (at the Reformation), and spiritual, in the literary period of the last century, it has now advanced to the threshold of political freedom. To the German empire has succeeded the aristocratic period, under the present German princes—to this must follow the democratic; and, should it be without too violent convulsions, the lot of Germany may yet be an enviable one, and she may attain to liberty in a measure corresponding with her slow and thorough preparation for it. "In such a case, the object of her policy could scarcely be other than to dissolve the unity of the dangerous great states into federations; a form which offers at the same time the advantages of great and of small states, and affords the greatest security for the general freedom and the peaceful diffusion of all true culture."

The author has been induced to publish this Introduction before the remainder of the work, chiefly because it had been thought by competent persons, that it might contribute to restore, in Germany especially, the confidence in human progress which the late reaction has so greatly shaken, and point at least to a harbour of refuge to many whose hopes have suffered shipwreck in the recent storms.

The habit of viewing the events of history from an elevated and philosophical point of view, while it will often tend to check impatient expectations of immediate political success, will afford consolation under reverses, and teach us to look with equanimity on the momentary triumph of wrong. We shall lay aside the

fear that the course of the world's history may be determined by the caprices of an individual, and learn to trace even in the little space of our own lives, the giant footsteps of Providence passing through all ages to the fulfilment of its mighty purposes.

The "History of the Courts of the House of Brunswick,"² by Dr. Vehse, belongs rather to the department of contributions to history than to history itself. It forms the nineteenth volume of the "History of the German Courts" formerly noticed, and has, like its predecessors, much space taken up with long lists of the persons composing the courts and households of the different princes, housekeeping accounts, bills of fare of the royal tables, &c., which though they might be useful as materials for the historian of manners, are, in their present state, too crude and indigestible for ordinary powers of assimilation. Along with all this, however, is much characteristic anecdote and amusing gossip. The present volume contains the family annals of her gracious majesty Queen Victoria, from their comparatively humble beginnings to the meridian glories of the English throne, and including, as it does, the reigns of the three first Georges, necessarily repeats much that is already familiar to most English readers. In general, we may say of the royal families treated of in this and the preceding volumes, that it would not, we suppose, be easy to find any other class of society whose members have so seldom risen above the level of mere decency of behaviour and so often sunk below it. Dr. Vehse is no scandal-monger: he does not go a step out of his way to pick up the garbage that lies scattered so abundantly around in the prolific memoirs of courts; but there is much that he must unavoidably wade through, and his straightforward plainness is not less impressive than the more equivocal *animus* of the dabblers in the "mysteries" of back stairs.

"Secret Histories of Enigmatical Persons"³ can at most only claim a place in that debateable land which is the haunt of the romancist rather than the historian. They may be recommended to the notice of readers who like to combine the indulgences of fiction with the demure respectability of so-called historical study, although we doubt whether sufficient skill of literary cookery has been displayed in the preparation of the viands to render them altogether palatable.

It is rather comic to find among the subjects of these Secret Histories, not only the late Marquis of Londonderry, but the *Duke of Wellington*—the minutest particulars of whose life have

² "Geschichte der Höfe des Hauses Braunschweig in Deutschland und England." Von Dr. E. Vehse. Hamburg. 1853.

³ "Geheime Geschichten von Räthselhafte Menschen." Herausgegeben von Fredrich Bulau. Leipzig. 1852.

for years been exposed to an absolute glare of publicity. Lord Castlereagh, however, takes his place in right of introduction by a ghost.

As to "Enigmatical Persons," properly so called, the facts of their histories usually claim the investigation of the police magistrate rather than the historian.

Philology. Dr. Stemthat⁴ presents us in his last work with his researches and opinions upon the development of the art of writing. The author is already favourably known to us through his earlier productions, "William Von Humboldt's Philology, and the Hegelian Philosophy," Berlin, 1848; "The Classification of Languages, exhibited as showing the Development of the Idea of Speech," Berlin, 1850; "The Origin of Speech viewed in connexion with the ultimate Problems of all Knowledge," Berlin, 1851.

Natural Science. That untiring investigator, Carl. Gustav. Carus, has published a work on the "Symbolism of the Human Form,"⁵ which is an ingenious attempt to break ground in a new science. He proposes to himself the problem of evolving from the formation and nature of the *whole human body*, that of the indwelling mind. In a short historical sketch, he shows us the development of opinion on this subject downwards, from Aristotle and Theophrastus to Joh. Baptist Porta (*De humana physiognomia*) in the 16th century. Then he passes on to notice the later attempts of Lavater, Joh. Jos. Gall, D'Arpentigny (who published a book on the significance of the different forms of the hand), and Burmeister, showing that there is still wanting a complete work on the symbolism of the human form. Carus takes into consideration both the *quantity* and *quality* of what goes to make up the human frame, and endeavours to ascertain the significance of each individual part,—the skull, the skin of the forehead, the hair of the head, the eyes, nose, eyebrows, lips, mouth, corners of the mouth, teeth, chin, beard, ears, &c., down to the leg and foot. The walk of people of different ages, the different sexes, the human voice, do not escape his consideration; and he shows how the symbolism of the human form may be applied for purposes of instruction, with reference to health and matters of social regulation. Such a work, from the pen of a writer like Carus, cannot fail to be suggestive, and to stimulate that observation and comparison of psychological and physiological facts, from which we may expect the most important results.

⁴ "Die Entwicklung der Schrift." Von Dr. H. Stemthat. Berlin. 1852.

⁵ "Symbolik der Menschlichen Gestalt: Ein Handbuch zur Menschen Erkenntniss." Von Carl. Gustav. Carus. Leipzig. 1853.

"Contributions towards a Science of the Æsthetics of Plants,"⁶ by F. Th. Bratauek. The author endeavours to show the influence of plants, which form the garment of the earth, upon the mind of man. He illustrates, by quotations from the poets, the various emotions awakened by the various forms of the vegetable world, which he regards as a symbolic presentation of life.

The publication of the "Voyage Round the World,"⁷ Travels. by Count von Goertz, has been delayed for eight years—we cannot but think on insufficient grounds. In his preface, to which he has particularly requested attention, we find it stated that he had the advantage of making at a very early age "some journeys of unusual extent, and under very favourable circumstances," and that he has occasionally furnished correspondence to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. But fearing that his observations might be too crude and hasty for separate publication, he had laid them aside with the intention of undertaking a thorough study of the countries he had visited, and presenting them to the world in this more mature form. The task, however, proved a more formidable one than he had anticipated, and he has, therefore, confined his labours to a careful revision of the materials laid up during his travels.

We give this explanation rather as a matter of courtesy to the author, than because we regard it as perfectly satisfactory, though the delay speaks favourably of his modesty. It is the especial province of a book of travels to describe the state of the world as it actually exists, and we live in times when eight years may be equivalent to half a century of a more stationary age.

America (that is to say, the United States), to which the present volume is devoted, is, *par excellence*, the country of rapid movement, and yet we differ from the opinion of the author that it is the one for which the delay is most to be regretted; for, however fast America has been "going a-head" the movement has been, on the whole, in the same direction. In some other countries the vessel of the State has altogether changed its course—it is navigated upon quite opposite principles, and is bound for a different port.

In its outward characteristics, too, the features of American society most striking to foreigners—its restlessness, its generally youthful aspect, the early age at which young people are released from parental superintendence, and other peculiarities—have undergone little if any change. The Count landed at New York amidst all the sound and fury of a Presidential election,

⁶ "Beitrag zur Æsthetik der Pflanzen-welt." Von F. Th. Bratauek. Leipzig. 1853.

⁷ "Reise um die Welt, in den Jahren 1844—1847." Von Carl-Grafen von Goertz. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1852.

and was fished up from the crowd on the quay by one of a band of enterprising coachmen, who were casting out their whips like angling-rods for the purpose of catching customers. The streets were filled by a multitudinous procession, in which, beside the banners, music, &c., customary on such occasions, were borne along live bears, as emblems of Whiggism; and so powerful was the infection of the prevalent enthusiasm, that the Count, to his own astonishment, soon found himself vehemently shouting, "Hurrah for Clay!" and afterwards felt grievously discomfited at the defeat of "*his party*."

One of the points to which his attention was naturally much directed was the condition of the German immigrants, who, on their first arrival are, from their ignorance of the language, exposed in a tenfold degree to be the victims of cruel frauds, as well as of their own mistakes and misapprehensions; and he makes what appears to be a judicious suggestion, that German governments whose subjects are most disposed to emigrate should purchase some large tracts of land in the western states, and dispose of it in small portions to newly-arrived Germans, allowing them a certain credit for the purchase-money, and especially undertaking their safe conduct from the port of disembarkation. He adds, that it would be necessary carefully to refrain from any guardianship or interference in the affairs of the emigrants beyond what might be imperatively called for, in order to avoid rousing the jealousy of the Americans, as well as to avoid giving offence to the emigrants themselves, who would, from past experience, probably be inclined to feel somewhat suspicious of the "*paternal*" protection thus proffered. In various spots, and especially at the thriving settlement of a Baron Louis von Buseck, not far from Lake Erie, the Count had an opportunity of estimating the advantages that, in this land of plenty, await emigration conducted on favourable conditions. The Baron nevertheless complained of bad times. He was wealthy as Abraham in flocks and herds, but not also in "much silver and gold;" and, moreover, his swinish multitude (which runs in the woods, and gives no manner of trouble,) had increased to so inconvenient an extent that he had been obliged, after the example of his neighbours, to destroy some hundreds of them, since no sale was possible. The newly-arrived European, however, found it hard to reconcile his notions of bad times with an oppressive superfluity of roast pork.

To those who look forward to a "United Germany" as among the possibilities of the future, it is rather lamentable to find that, besides the divisions produced by the great divellent force of religious difference, the German colonists of America nourish among themselves a thousand petty grudges, grounded on terri-

torial distinctions. The Westphalian dislikes the Hessian, the Hessian objects to the Prussian, the Bavarian eschews the Suabian, the Suabian scorns the coarse Bavarian—in short, “one German always expects the other to be an angel.”

The “Book of Italian Wanderings”³ is in many respects very unlike the ordinary productions of German travellers. The author has a light touch-and-go manner, which is the reverse of the solid and often heavy style of his countrymen; and he is much more apt to say too little than too much on the subjects that fall under his observation. He is brief, lively, petulant: he makes his journey apparently to amuse himself, and with no overt intention of writing an important book: he makes no display of classical erudition, to which the cities of Italy offer so many temptations; indeed, he seems to regard school learning with a certain vindictive feeling (probably from having been overdosed in his youth) which reminds us sometimes of the young lady who “hated Africa.”

In matters of art he is often daringly heterodox, and in general expresses his own opinion on whatever meets his observation with very little reference to what has been thought or said by anyone else. In politics also, he manifests the same impartial frankness; and it is this circumstance that gives his testimony its chief value. Commencing his tour from the St. Gothards, Mr. Von Rochau proceeded by Ticino to Milan, Venice, Trieste, Florence, Rome, and Naples, returning by Leghorn, Genoa, and Turin. In Milan, short as was his stay, he had time to note the symptoms of a hatred to the Austrian government which in its silent sternness seemed scarcely to belong to the Italian character, and which tends to account for the late ill-judged and untimely outbreak.

In Venice, very little of this hostile feeling appears to exist, and—whether as cause or consequence of this milder temper—the government exercises its authority with much more forbearance. During the whole period of the author's stay in Venice, he never but once saw a soldier in the streets; and though he does not infer from this that there were none, he is warranted in the conclusion, that their unwelcome *surveillance* is not so obtrusively exercised as elsewhere. At Civita Vecchia, an unexpected difficulty occurred. The papal officials declared that the *visa* of his Consul was indispensably necessary to his further progress; and the minute German State to which M. Von Rochau owes allegiance, has no Consul there, or anywhere else. On inquiry, however, it appeared that Prussia has judiciously appointed, as the agent for the affairs of her subjects, a

³ “Italienisches Wanderbuch.” Von A. L. von Rochau. Leipzig. 1852.

man who does not understand one word of their language; so by making a long speech in German, the distressed traveller contrived to mystify him, and obtain his signature, before he discovered, by the difference of the seal affixed to the important instrument, that it was a case in which he had no authority. At the gates of Rome, there was another delay, while a formal bargaining was carried on between the travellers drawn up on one side of the table, and the Pope's officers of customs on the other, as to the amount of bribe for which they would undertake not to fulfil their duty.

Not having any space for extracts, we are obliged to refrain from quoting some passages, which we should otherwise have been glad to have given, illustrative of the present position and temper of the Roman people, and of the priestly government now re-established in its fullest rigour. Under existing circumstances, we are not sorry to find that the Carnival was clouded by a shade of unaccustomed sadness, and that the festivities, such as they were, were chiefly sustained by foreigners, who are in general conscientious observers of what may be called the regulation gaiety of the season, such as the distribution of showers of comfits. Only for a moment, under the magic influence of the *Moccoli*, was there among the Roman people themselves a brief "flare up" of the usual spirit of Carnival merriment.

Of all the cities of Italy visited by the author, Genoa appears to be the one that exhibits most hope for the future; indeed, M. Von Rochau describes its aspect as altogether bright and cheering: its streets and quays full of commercial bustle—its palaces not empty and desolate, but still the abodes of wealth and taste—its Press free-toned and busy—bookselling a thriving business—and the manners of the people animated and self-reliant.

The date of "England in 1851,"⁹ ominous of another laudatory description of the Crystal Palace, would be almost sufficient to warn us off, were not Miss Bremer so established a favourite. Fortunately, however, she is no mere holiday visitor. Not merely to palaces of crystal, or of any other material, nor to ordinary lions at Windsor, or in the Zoological Gardens, is her attention directed, but to work-houses, ragged schools, temperance societies, public wash-houses—to any and every institution which promises the solace or the prevention of human suffering. We must protest against the poetical exaggeration of her terrific sketch of the state of England during the prevalence of cholera in 1849; but it appears to be introduced partly to give effect to the brilliant picture of the happiness and

⁹ "England im Jahre 1851." Von Fræderike Bremer. 1852.

prosperity of the following years under the auspicious influence of Free Trade. Amongst the features of English life mentioned by the authoress with enthusiastic approbation, the conduct and manners of our police *gentlemen*—for she cannot speak of them by any less respectful appellation—are especially noted. As an exception to her general satisfaction with all she saw, we find our Government Female School of Design contrasted with a similar institution in America, which she had visited shortly before. That establishment has since been moved from the quarters it then occupied, up certain pairs of stairs, over a perfumer's shop, in little crowded black holes of rooms whence young girls were constantly carried out sick and fainting; so that it is possible there is no longer cause of complaint; but we remember that, at that same time, the masculine branch of the same school was provided with spacious and airy apartments in Somerset House. Again, the department of model lodging-houses, intended for the accommodation of single women, is mentioned with similar reprobation, and described as so wretched and so every way inferior to the rooms provided for men of the same class, that the writer rejoiced to see them mostly unoccupied.

We have ourselves, more than once, had occasion to note similar facts, and they create an impression not very creditable to the gallantry, or rather the humanity, of the parties concerned. Certainly, they "manage these things better" in America.

M. Max Schlesinger, in his "*Wanderings about London*,"¹⁰ presents such entirely different phases of English, or rather London life, from those exhibited by Miss Bremer, that the two books might be read in succession without the reader being conscious of any repetitions. Besides a very detailed, and, for a foreigner, a wonderfully accurate account of all that meets his observation in streets, in omnibusses, on steamers, and railroads, &c., he devotes a considerable part of his book to an elaborate report of the English daily and weekly periodical Press—the mysteries of reporters' rooms and parliamentary galleries—the technicalities of "*summary men*," and of the system of turns (which, by the bye, he calls *turnus*)—and penetrates even into the awful sanctuaries of editors' rooms in Printing-house Square, and elsewhere. One or two rather droll errors excepted, such as the confounding Dr. Johnson with Ben Jonson, the dramatist, his account is most creditably authentic and clever; but it is a pity he should have attempted to add to its attractions, in many chapters, by a borrowed artificial working up, and the introduction of obviously

¹⁰ "*Wanderungen durch London*." Von Max Schlesinger. Duncker. Berlin. 1853.

fictitious dialogue. His pictures of English domestic "interiors," too, are less happy. His figures seem rather modelled upon conventional foreign notions than sketched from the life.

It is rather curious that Germany, where as many books are produced as in all the rest of Europe together, should be the country where the true art of bookmaking is least understood. A tolerably practised French or English writer would, with the mass of materials that are brought together in the "Memorial Leaves from Jerusalem,"¹¹ have composed a most amusing and not less useful book; but here we have all the ingredients of the composition formally arranged and ticketed, as Climate, Water, Plants, Houses, Household Utensils, Squares and Public Places, Clothing, Cleanliness, Weddings, Funerals, Manners and Customs, Religious and Political Institutions, Language, &c. &c., and the result is a book convenient for reference, indeed, as a dictionary or a catalogue, but almost unreadable.

This is the more to be regretted, as the subject is one likely to interest a wide class.

"The Spring of Siloah and the Mount of Olives"¹¹ is not liable to the same objection, and the information afforded receives animation by our being led to accompany the author in his search after it. He is never disposed to be hindered in his pursuit of accurate knowledge by considerations of mere personal convenience, as we see in his exploration of a picturesque spring in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem denominated the "Fons Beatæ Virginis," or Virgin's Well, to which, of course, many traditions are attached. The descent to it is by a flight of steps cut in the rock, and there is a communication between it and the Pool of Siloah, which, after a little examination, the author was convinced it would be practicable to traverse. He would take with him no Arab guide, but stationing two trusty Franks with his coat and waistcoat at one end, in case of his being compelled to return, sending another forward with shoes, and still more indispensable articles of attire, to the Pool of Siloah, and binding his sole remaining garment round his head with a handkerchief, he plunged into the water, and entered a dark aperture that appeared just above the basin. The taper he carried went out, and Dr. Tobler had to work his way through the subterranean canal, of whose depth he was ignorant, in total darkness, and the height of the rocky roof was, in many places, only sufficient to allow him to crawl through. Fortunately the water proved to be extremely shallow, and the adventurous traveller attained his object with little other damage than that of a wet

¹¹ "Denkblätter aus Jerusalem." "Die Siloah Quelle und der Oelberg." Von Dr. Titus Tobler. St. Gallen und Constanx: Beck. 1853.

shirt, though, should any subsequent traveller be disposed to undertake the feat, Dr. Tobler advises that he should choose a warmer season, provide himself with a lantern instead of a taper, and, if possible, contrive some defence for elbows and knees, that the skin may not be entirely rubbed off.

The author agrees in the opinion commonly entertained, that a very high antiquity is to be ascribed to this aqueduct, which, from the style of the construction, he is inclined to date before the time of Solomon: its purpose has evidently been to assist the irrigation of the lower valley. The minute topographical details he enters into will enable readers who have the perseverance to follow him to become almost as well acquainted with Jerusalem as if they had visited it in person. But though, doubtless, the verification of the various localities, has often been found useful in strengthening the historical evidence of the Christian records—those whose hearts are stirred with religious emotion at the names of Calvary, the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, would do well, perhaps, to refrain from visiting those spots, and degrading the associations connected with them by the spectacle of the noisy, stupid, sensual, brutal caricature of Christian devotion which most of them now present.

Perhaps it may be considered *à-propos* of stupidity, that, in a chapel lately erected on the Mount of Olives, where the decorous service of the English Church now takes its turn with the more obstreperous worship of the Greeks and Arminians, the birthday of Queen Victoria was celebrated with the appropriate selection for the service of the "Lamentations of Jeremiah."

"Pictures of Goethe's Friends"¹²—more studies of Goethe's life: another and another still succeeds. We would recommend this "Goethe literature," as it is called, to the attention of those who find any difficulty in the old problem of the infinite divisibility of finite matter. Mr. H. Dunzer is a member of the orthodox church of the Goethe religion; and the articles of his faith are, that Goethe possessed, in addition to all the intellectual endowments (which few will be inclined to dispute), all the qualities of heart that fitted him for the highest degrees of love and friendship. In support of this opinion, he refers to the ideal creations in Iphigenia, Tasso, Werther, Faust, Wilhelm Meister, and the Walverwandschaften; but a reference to the manner in which he acquitted himself towards those who stood in near relation to him in his own life would have been more to the purpose.

The author acknowledges also not only that Goethe's love was

¹² "Freundes Bilder aus Goethe's Leben-Studien zum Leben des Dichters." Von H. Dunzer. Leipzig. 1853.

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wanting in a certain quality called constancy, but that it was "opposed by the irresistible impulse to the development of his own individuality, artistical and poetic," by a certain "to himself not altogether clear, but powerful feeling of the duty of cultivating to the utmost all the faculties and powers of his own mind, which constantly snatched him away from the high happiness that love might have afforded him."

This may serve to show the key in which these "Studies" are set; and we may add, that the "Goethe's Friends" here introduced—Wieland, Jacobi, Lavater, &c., are mostly men of sufficient mark to be presented in their own names, and not merely shown by reflected light. In the preface we are informed, that should "these investigations concerning the remarkable men and women beloved and venerated by Goethe, be one day complete and concluded, for which *much is still wanting*, it will be time to undertake some slighter sketches for the benefit of the wider circle of readers, whose interest in Goethe is of a more superficial character." With this consolatory prospect, we leave Mr. Dunzer, and go on our way rejoicing.

Two very pretty little volumes, entitled "Coloured Stones,"¹³—"Granite, Limestone, Mica, Rock Crystal," &c., contain nothing connected with geology, or any other ology whatsoever, but some very charming tales in Stifter's best Idyllic manner; and we have the more pleasure in welcoming them, since we were compelled by critical duty to speak of the last of his productions that came before us as entirely unworthy of him. We do not quarrel with his title, having long ago "accepted the fact," that titles are to be constructed like riddles, to afford the reader the pleasure of guessing what they mean.

The processes and appearances of external nature occupy so prominent a place in these tales, that they might almost be described as "landscapes with figures;" the characters and manners represented are such as belong to a simple form of society and a quiet mode of life, in which children, as our best examples of the simplicity of nature, necessarily take a leading part, and the effect is mostly wrought out by a number of minute touches. There is seldom anything to excite curiosity, or rouse strong emotion; no startling incidents, or unexpected discoveries; but all is pure, fresh, and sweet, like the breath of the fields. One of the tales likely to be a favourite, as having a distinct story, is "Rock Crystal," with the simple, and perhaps not very novel incident, of two village children who lose their way in a snow-storm among mountains, and go higher up to the icy

¹³ "Bunte Steine. Ein Festgeschenk." Von Adalbert Stifter. Pesth und Leipzig. 1853.

wilderness of the glaciers. The contrast of the sublime desolation of the scenery with the warm human affections, the innocent unconsciousness of their peril in the children, the emotions of the parents on their restoration, the effect of the calling forth of the better feelings of the neighbours who have to lend their assistance, consuming in the beneficent flame of neighbourly charity some small grudge previously existing against the mother as a "foreigner,"—that is to say, the native of a valley a few miles off; all this forms one of the prettiest pictures imaginable. "Kalkstein," too, (Limestone) with the vivid description of the wild and dreary region of the Kar Stones, of the thunder-storm, the overflowing of the river, and the figure of the lonely priest in the quiet heroism of his voluntary poverty, is deeply though quietly impressive.

In the preface the author takes occasion to put forth a kind of confession of his poetical faith, which appears to bear a strong resemblance to that of Wordsworth.

Berthold Auerbach, in his "Village Stories,"¹⁴ has shown us a different aspect of rural life, in which the sterner passions of humanity can sometimes rage as fiercely as in a higher sphere. The scene is Switzerland, the local colouring forcible and accurate; but the picture, like most other representations of Swiss peasant life, somewhat harsh and unpleasing. There is much skill in the portrait of Diethelm of Buchenberg, who, while receiving the deferential homage of his neighbours to his wealth, is inwardly tortured by the consciousness that, in consequence of imprudent speculations, his real position is very different to that attributed to him. The downward progress of his mind, from the weakness first causing him to shrink from the disclosure of his change of fortune, then urging him to desperate expedients, and finally, to avoid the agony of detection, plunging him into the darkest crimes—from the first glancing thought to the fearful confirmation, and the ruin that follows it—all is described with great truth and vigour. The companion tale, "Mori and Brosi," is a sketch of Swiss peasant life, in lighter and gayer colours.

"Musical Character-heads,"¹⁵ is a series of critical and biographical sketches of German musicians, in which it is the author's purpose to show the connexion which the history of music has with that of literature and general culture, and to urge on musical societies, and especially on musicians by profession, the study of the works of various masters hitherto little known. Some few of these sketches have already appeared in periodical publications.

¹⁴ "Dorf Geschichten." Von Berthold Auerbach. Mannheim. 1853.

¹⁵ "Musicalische Charakter-köpfe." Von W. H. Riehl. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1853.

"A History of German Art,"¹⁶ from the beginning of the fifteenth to the end of the sixteenth century, contains some correctly drawn, and very delicately executed engravings, from works of Holbein, Van Eyck, and Albert Durer, of which the letter-press is descriptive. Many of them have also much feeling and expression, notwithstanding the oddities of costume—such as, for instance, in ancient scriptural subjects, the attire of mediæval Germany.

Of several volumes of lyrics, those most deserving of notice are "The Goddess"¹⁷ of Rudolph Gottschalk, characterized by much grace and tenderness; and a collection called "From Home,"¹⁸ by Karl Beck, in which the high hopes, heroic struggle, and final fall of Hungary, form the theme. In the "Feldherr und Gemeiner," "Zwei schöne Leichen," and several others, the chords are struck, to which deep and true feelings respond. The picturesque incidents of war—the frequent struggle between patriotism and private friendship—in the one in question, the enthusiasm of the opening strife—the emotions of the last sad hour, when only life and honour are left—these are things that find their most natural expression in poetry; and sorrow is perhaps its proper element. To the successful and the prosperous belong the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them; but in the diviner realms of poetry a different law prevails.



ART. XIII.—CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE OF FRANCE.*

FORTUNATELY, although we have but few books to speak of this quarter, they are interesting. In Philosophy nothing has appeared, unless we class under this head M. Eugène Rendu's work, "De L'Instruction Primaire à Londres, dans ses Rapports avec L'état Social," a work which has created some sensation in France, and which will not be without its interest and instruction for Englishmen. Its statistics are as loose as the statistics of writers on these subjects, especially French writers, usually are; and by means of them he makes out that "in every forty inhabitants one is arrested for crime;" and he also says, "that in London

¹⁶ "Geschichte der Deutschen Kunst." Von Ernst Föster. Weigel: Leipzig. 1853.

¹⁷ "Die Göttin. Ein hohes Lied vom Weibe." Von Rudolph Gottschalk.

¹⁸ "Aus der Heimath." Von Karl Beck.

* The works named in the course of this article have been furnished us by Mr. Jeffs of the Burlington Arcade.

alone there are about 17,000 criminals annually arrested under the age of twenty; giving a proportion of one in a hundred of the inhabitants, whereas, in Paris, the arrests are only one in four-hundred."

We select this example to show the futility of statistics, as writers usually employ them. In the first place, Mr. Hill, in his recent work on Crime, distinctly proves that the number of criminals bears an extremely *small* proportion to the number of offences; each individual criminal being convicted for a vast number of offences; and he estimates that "as many as twenty-thousand offences were committed in one town by fifteen persons." In the second place, leaving out of consideration this small proportion of criminals to the number of registered offences, M. Rendu forgets that London, Liverpool, Manchester, and the great capitals, are not to be compared with the capitals of other countries, in respect to the poverty and criminality of their populations; for the simple reason, that, as every one knows, all the *canaille* of the world may go to London or Liverpool in security, without fear of passports, barriers, or books at police offices, wherein is inscribed the name of every one who takes a bed in every house; so that the criminal population naturally becomes amassed in the great centres, instead of being distributed over the country. In France, passports have been refused all over the provinces, even to workmen, for the last four years, unless they could furnish recommendations. No one can circulate without a permission. All vagabonds are immediately sent back to their *dépôts de mendicité* in their departments, where they are under the *surveillance* of the police. In Vienna, this system of exclusion is still more striking. A cordon is drawn some leagues round the town, and unless a passport permits it, no one can break through this cordon; even travellers of the most unquestionable appearance are forced to give an account of their means of existence, or to be guaranteed by some respectable resident, before they can pass this frontier into the capital. In England nothing of this kind exists; the vagabonds accumulate wherever they please, and they naturally please to accumulate in the great centres of social activity.

We indicate this point, we do not dwell on it. Let us rather dwell on the excellences of M. Rendu's work. By primary instruction, he does not mean the simple notions of reading and writing, but the whole of those moral, religious, and educational influences, which serve to develop the social being, and while constituting the life of the individual, perpetuate the traditional life of the people. In this point of view, the labour question, questions of criminality, questions of political right, and most, if not all, social problems, are connected with *L'Instruction Primaire*.

On the whole, M. Rendu speaks with great admiration both of the English nation, and of its system of education. He recognises, for instance, the point so generally lost sight of, that our system combines the *individual* element with the *traditional* element, neither sacrificing society to the individual, nor absorbing the individual in society. It has been remarked by a German writer, Herr Wiese, in his "Deutsche Briefe über Englische Erziehung," that in the biographies of our celebrated persons, there is seldom much stress laid upon the scientific ardour or studiousness of their youth; far more stress being laid upon the energy of will, of patience, courage, perseverance, and self-control, displayed by the young heroes. The remark is just, and tends to important conclusions: it points, indeed, to one of the fundamental characteristics of our superiority: that we think more of character than of intellect! Our education tends rather to the development of the whole man than to the extreme development of one portion of the man. It is as great a mistake to pay so much attention to mere literary and scientific culture, neglecting the physical and moral, as in the animal organism it would be, to over-develop the nervous system at the expense of the nutritive system. The course we pursue with children should be the course pursued with young men; that course is the course of Nature. In the earlier years we attend solely to their physical development; as their nature becomes developed, we begin the education of their moral faculties, especially those of self-control, and not until very late do we think of beginning any purely intellectual instruction. This instruction once commenced, the mistaken pride of parents or their love of ostentation, makes them frequently violate the plain dictates of Nature, and thus we get rickety youths, with immense knowledge-boxes instead of brains, capable of "astonishing the family circle," but not capable of living a human life! How many men go to an untimely grave, because they have overtaken their intellects to gain a futile prize, while their young companions, more celebrated at college for boating, fencing, driving the coach up to town, and making love to the shopkeepers' daughters, quit college with very little distinction indeed, forget the little Greek they ever knew, and earn solid distinction in the great arena of political and social life! Although we have in every school and college samples of this unnatural system of education, a comparison with France and Germany will make it evident to all, that what may be called our national system is very different from this, and that it does on the whole turn out the men, who, to use Rendu's language, "reveal to the world these two virtues of a lordly race: *La persévérance dans des desseins, un esprit de conduite qui ne se dément pas.*"

It is commonly said that a great school is but the world on a smaller scale, and that a youth begins there his education as a citizen; this is true in other senses than the one usually attributed to it. Our political life is indeed under many aspects but a reflex of our school life; and that which particularly distinguishes the English people in the eyes of foreigners, is the healthy activity of their *individual freedom* and *collective obedience*—their steady upholding of their rights as citizens, and their active recognition of established law. We see this twofold tendency remarkably illustrated in every large school, and it has not escaped M. Rendu's observation. He was particularly struck with the advantages even of the "fagging system," though he confesses that system would not suit the French temperament. "In England," he says, "where custom has consecrated it, this fagging substitutes for the despotism of a master, the jurisdiction of a patron—for the authority of force, it substitutes the force of authority; thus gratifying at one and the same time the passion for equality, and the respect for a hierarchy; between the fag who serves the senior, and the senior who protects the fag there is a reciprocity. The fagging system is feudalism in a school; for we must not forget that the idea which is most prominent in the public life of the English, is not the idea of equality but the idea of liberty, consequently nothing in these establishments of which I speak reminds one of a prison or a barracks: you see no trace of the police, none of those military tendencies which in our schools under the pretext of discipline make the children young soldiers. Pass a day at Westminster or at Eton, and you will at once understand that there the young men are not educated under a military régime, but prepared for the manners and customs of civil life. In England they educate the citizen, not the soldier."

Having discussed this and other generalities, M. Rendu inquires into the social condition of the poor in London, and gives a sketch of the various primary schools. He seems to have taken great pains with this portion of his work, which, although it is addressed to France, will not be read without profit by the English.

A new work by Victor Cousin is sure to attract attention, and the handsome volume he has just published on "*Madame De Longueville*," will be found to contain not only an interesting piece of biography, but a piquant study of the state of society in France during the seventeenth century. Before noticing this work, we must enter a protest against a note in the preface, wherein, with a singular ingratitude, considering what a wholesale plagiarism from the Germans his philosophical system undoubtedly is, he tells us that one of the tasks before him is, to select from his various writings the scattered elements

of a new *Théodicée* founded on an exact psychology *secondée par une induction légitime*, with "the double purpose of defending the great faith of humanity against the detestable philosophy of Germany, and of defending philosophy against the pusillanimous devotion which refuses to human reason the force and the right to elevate itself to God." The idea of Cousin writing a *Théodicée* will make most of our readers smile, and the smile will break out into a laugh when they hear that the *Théodicée* is to be founded on an "exact psychology," that psychology to come from him! But the point which astonishes us most in this preface is his declaration, that before doing anything else he must "*mettre la dernière main à cette traduction de Platon dont nous voudrions faire le monument la moins fragile de notre entreprise philosophique.*" There is a certain audacity peculiarly French in Cousin's claiming for his monument the work upon which his sole labour has been tracing a few figures on the pedestal. Cousin did *not* translate Plato; and, as many believe, *could not* have translated him. Be that as it may, the fact is he did not; the translation which passes under his name was the work of various hands. Those dialogues that Grou had already published were touched up by him; the rest were translated by several young men who have since emerged from their obscurity. George Farcy, Armand Marrast, Ravaisson, and others, if our memory do not deceive us, were the real workers, Cousin's part being merely to touch up the style (he is a master of style), and to write the introductions, which display astonishing ignorance of Plato—an ignorance only intelligible when the fact of his not having translated the dialogues is known.

But let us quit Cousin and his *Théodicée* and his Plato, to glance at Madame de Longueville, celebrated by her beauty, her grace, her love for De La Rochefoucault, her activity in *La Fronde*, and the austere dignity of her latter years. It is the youth of Madame De Longueville the present publication narrates; but connected with that youth there are several points of interest, and these Cousin avails himself of. Let us call particular attention to the chapter on the Hôtel de Rambouillet. There are two notions current respecting this celebrated hotel; one, that it was the centre of a coterie of ridiculous affectations; the other, that it originated those *Salons* which subsequently exerted so much political and social influence on Parisian life. This latter opinion is somewhat near the truth. The Hôtel de Rambouillet did as it were gather to itself, and fix in an appreciable form, the various elements of what was then called *politesse*. The first opinion has also its truth, for the Hotel de Rambouillet did, so to speak, organize *le genre précieux*, the excesses of which every one has laughed at in the immortal ridicule of Molière.

Cousin inquires into the nature of this *genre précieux*. "It was at first," he says, "simply what is now-a-days called *Le genre distingué*. We cannot indeed," he says, "give an absolute definition of distinction, every age forming an ideal of distinction for itself. Two things, however, are always present; two things apparently contradictory, and which only form an alliance in the highest natures; namely, a certain elevation of ideas and sentiments, with an extreme simplicity in manners and language. "I suppose," he adds, "that at Athens (in the house of Aspasia), Pericles, Anaxagoras, Phidias, talked of art, of philosophy, and of politics, with no more effort or declamation than the shopkeepers and workmen employed in their conversations upon ordinary matters. Socrates was an accomplished model of this style, and Plato's banquet, wherein we see the loftiest subjects treated after supper in the most charming and most natural style, gives us a perfect idea of what was the tone of good society. The Atticism peculiar to Athens was a sign of distinction." This is eminently the sentence of a man who did not translate Plato. Indeed, one is surprised that any man who had ever corrected the proofs of a translation of that magnificent dialogue, should have preserved so vague and false an idea of it as is implied in the foregoing criticism.

But let us return to the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Its origin dates from a time when grandeur and force were abundant: it endeavoured to give an air of grace to that grandeur. Descartes, Corneille, the great Condé, had every element of manly earnestness and vigour; they wanted only the last refinement of elegance. This element was now to be introduced into literature and society, and the Hôtel de Rambouillet constituted itself as a sort of school of elegance. On the other hand, there was abundance of originality in France, but originality which, continuing the sentiment of *La renaissance*, fancied the imitation of foreign models was imperative; even Molière, Lafontaine, Boileau, and Racine, eminently French as their genius was, sought to rival antiquity by imitating its classics. Their predecessors had imitated Italian and Spanish literature. The Medici had introduced the taste for Italian literature, and Anne of Austria introduced, or rather confirmed, the taste for Spanish literature. The Hôtel de Rambouillet undertook to unite the two. Every one knows the character of Spanish literature at the commencement of the seventeenth century, a character of gallantry somewhat languorous and Platonic, of romantic heroism, chivalrous courage, and a lively sensibility to the aspects of Nature, expressed for the most part in fantastical hyperboles. The misplaced ingenuity known in our literature as Euphuism, in Spanish literature as Gongorism, had its day, like many other fashions.

One sample will be sufficient to indicate the tone; we borrow it at random from Calderon, who compares the virtuous reserve of Doña Mencia to a mountain of snow conquered by flowers, squadrons armed by time.

•
Fué una montaña de hielo
Conquistada de las flores
Escuadrones que arma el tiempo.

The Italian style of the same period was precisely the contrary: it was *bel esprit* pushed to an extreme of refinement, mingled with a certain *persiflage* peculiarly adapted to the French nature. From the alliance of these two styles, the grand and the familiar, the grave and the piquant, we have the style of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. There it was not enough to be a hero, the hero must also be what was then called *l'honnête homme*, an expression not easily defined. *L'honnête homme* was brave, gallant, generous, witty, with elegant manners; and he was all this without the slightest shadow of pedantry or stiffness. In one word, *l'honnête homme* was the hero of the *Salons*. We recommend the curious reader to contemplate in Cousin's volume this little picture of one phase of the seventeenth century.

A line will suffice to record the publication of "La Politique de la Restauration," by M. Marcellus—a work of agreeable gossip, but more interesting to the French than to us. And our readers will be glad to learn that Lamartine's eighth volume of the "Histoire de la Restauration" concludes the work. We have already, on former occasions, expressed in sufficient detail our opinion of Lamartine as an historian, and of this work in particular, to be absolved from further criticism here. What will strike the reader of this volume most forcibly is the blindness with which the reactionary party hurried the Monarchy into a revolution, and the patience with which France now submits to a tyranny a hundred-fold more oppressive than that which then caused it to rise.

Lamartine has painted the portrait of Charles X. in friendly colours; but although his personal predilections for the king who honoured him, may have softened his judgment of the man, it has not interfered with his condemnation of the king's acts; and he presents, in vivid pictures, the whole series of influences which hastened the fall of the Bourbon dynasty. The *parti prêtre* was then as arrogant and aggressive as it is now; with this difference, that in Charles X. it had a conscientious instrument, one who *believed* in the church—in Louis Napoleon it has an instrument who will only serve its purposes in as far as those purposes are his own. It is curious, in turning over those dark pages of the past, to see the growing insolence of this *parti prêtre*

newly restored to power; to see it not only proposing the *lois de sacrilège*, which made the profanation of the "sacred vases" a crime punishable by death, but putting their orator, De Bonald, forward to deify the executioner! "You revolt," said De Bonald, "against the punishment of death? Let us dare to promulgate rigorous truths—namely, that if society may claim the lives of the good as a service, it may claim the lives of the wicked as examples! Religion, you tell me, commands men to forgive: true, but it also commands government to punish; for, as the apostle said, 'it carries a sword.' Our Saviour, you tell me, asked for pardon for his executioners; true, but his Father did not grant that pardon—on the contrary, he extended the punishment over a whole people, which now, without chief, without territory, and without altars, drags over the world the anathema with which it has been smitten!" Lamartine well asks, how men, who could utter and applaud such language, dared to stigmatize the Reign of Terror? "We demand punishment in the name of a faith," they reply; "whereas the terrorists demanded it in the name of an opinion." "But," asks Lamartine, "what is a faith but an opinion of the conscience, as an opinion is the faith of the mind? An opinion, or a faith, which demands blood in the name of God, or in the name of man, is no longer faith or opinion, it is a crime, and history must brand it as such."

Having made sacrilege a crime, it is not wonderful that this *parti prêtre* discovered the danger, not to say criminality of free thought and free speech; hence the famous Press Laws, which excited the nation to revolt. The *parti prêtre* began by attempting to restrain liberty of thought altogether. Of course, they spoke as they always do speak, in the name of religion; and Royer Collard produced an immense sensation in France by his admirable retort. "In the opinion of these men," said he, "it was a great imprudence, on the great day of creation, to send man into this world free and intelligent. A higher wisdom is now prepared to repair the fault of Providence, and to render to humanity, wisely mutilated, the service of raising it to the happy innocence of brutes! The Author of all things formerly thought otherwise; but he was evidently mistaken! 'Truth is a good,' say these persons, more far-sighted than Nature, 'but error is an evil; let both perish then, and as a prison is the natural remedy for liberty, ignorance will be the natural remedy for intelligence. Ignorance is the true science of man and of society.' Gentlemen, a law which thus denies morality is an atheistic law, and no obedience is due to it." Royer Collard might declaim, Reason might prove, daily experience might confirm, the truth of all this, but the *parti prêtre* ignored everything except a blind persistence

in its own objects; and not long afterwards the famous Press Laws were promulgated. In the preamble, M. De Chanteluze declared that "experience spoke louder than theories. Enlightened men doubtless had believed that the advantages of a free Press balanced the disadvantages. It is not so. It has been put to the proof, and the public conscience has now declared against it; in fact, at every epoch, the Press has been, and is, in its nature, only an instrument of disorder and sedition. The Press has thrown disorder into the most upright minds, shaken the firmest convictions, and produced a confusion of principles in the midst of society, which favours the most scandalous attempts. It preludes, by anarchy of doctrines, anarchy of the State." This preamble, from which we quote but a sentence or two, will always remain a striking example of that vulgar tendency to cut the Gordian knot our wisdom or our interests will not enable us to untie; to endeavour, by force, to decide questions beyond the influence of force; and the fatal results of the law which this preamble introduces must ever ensue, although in France, at the present moment, the same policy is pursued, and with temporary success. The political thinker may well inquire how it is that the people of France was so intolerant of any restrictions upon that Press in 1830, which in 1850 it allowed to be gagged with supine indifference. The language held in 1830 by the repressive party is precisely the same as that held in 1850; yet in 1850, the people did not murmur, or, if they murmured, did not rise. In the lives of nations, however, as of individuals, acts and events have what may be called *historical* importance, changing their significance with the changing tempers of the hour; so that that which was intolerable yesterday may be welcomed with eagerness to-day, and to-morrow torn to pieces again with rage and scorn.

But these, and all other questions in the history of peoples, receive their most splendid illustration in the old French Revolution; and the fourth volume of Louis Blanc's "*Histoire de la Révolution Française*" will furnish abundant food for the philosophical speculator. It is written with the same eloquence and passion which distinguish his other volumes; the same splendour and exaggeration of diction, and the same unshaken republican faith. This volume opens with a chapter on the aspect of Europe at the breaking out of the Revolution, and rightly; for it is a mistake to suppose that the French Revolution was a solitary and unprepared event; as Louis Blanc says, "*Elle ne grandit pas au milieu du silence universel, dans le vide de l'histoire. Ce fut, au contraire, parce qu'elle dérivait d'un concours inouï de circonstances produites par tous les siècles et tous les peuples, que son action fut si puissante sur les destinées de la terre.*"

Because, in fact, as he says elsewhere, every profound revolution is an evolution, and if, in our days, a sentiment of terror is associated with the remembrance of these heroic times, the fault is owing to those who, having to write the internal history of the Revolution, have only written its *external* history. *La où il y eût derrière un incendie une illumination l'on n'a vu que l'incendie.* That reproach is certainly not to be addressed to Louis Blanc. He has endeavoured conscientiously to get at the spirit of the Revolution,—the mind which animated the acts of that terrible period: he has done it without, perhaps, sufficient sympathy with the adversaries of the Revolution, certainly without sufficient recognition of their sincerity; for example, he says "Pitt was moved coldly by a simply ambitious calculation, and with terrible calmness, to set Europe in a blaze." Can he not understand that Pitt was as sincere as Fox; that L'Abbé Maury was as sincere as Lafayette? It is this partisanship overruling the calm judgment of the historian, which makes him so unjust to Burke. All those pages relating to Burke should be torn out of this volume, and we miss in them Louis Blanc's usual sagacity. His admiration for Fox and his enmity to Burke proceed alike from the fact, that the one shares his opinions and the other thunders against them. Having sketched the character of Fox, pressing but lightly upon his errors, he concludes with this phrase, "*Anglais il aima l'humanité, il aima la France!*" which is of course enough to make him for ever dear to posterity!

Among the curious revelations of this volume, let us note the insight into the character of Marat, especially the adroit way in which the cause of his popularity is indicated,—how, from his always writing of himself, as the persecuted friend of the people, as the confidant of all the weak and helpless, the public began at last to look upon him as a sort of knight-errant, self-constituted champion of the weak and oppressed, and because the faubourgs believed this, they worshipped the man. Great attention is also paid to the important question of finance in this volume; and striking pictures are given of the state of justice and the shameless expenditure of public money in the form of pensions. Among the revelations of *Le Livre Rouge*, we find a German prince in receipt of four pensions; "the first, for his services as a colonel: the second, for his services as a colonel: the third, for his services as a colonel: the fourth, for his services as NOT a colonel!" Another pensioner, M. De Latour, had "22,720 francs in three pensions; one, as *First President and Intendant*: two, as *Intendant and First President*: three, for the same reasons as those above mentioned!" Four pensions were awarded to the Marquis D'Eutichamp: "the first, for the services

of his late father: the second, for the same object: the third, for the same reasons: and the fourth, for the same causes." It is needless to say what the effect must have been of publishing a book containing entries like these!

One of the most interesting books of travel that we have seen for a long while, is Dr. Yvan's "*Voyages et Récits*." The first volume comprises his journey from Brest to the Isle of Bourbon; the second comprises the results of his six months' residence in the Eastern Archipelago. Dr. Yvan was the physician to the Scientific Mission sent by France to China; accordingly, his travels are varied by many interesting details of Natural History. Here is a novelty in the anatomy of cats:—

"I have a word to say respecting the Chinese cats. From Macao to the extremity of Straits of Malacca, a remarkable peculiarity is observed in the feline race. All the individuals found within those limits have uniformly fur of a light fawn colour, shaded with blackish brown and white; their limbs are thin and slender, and one of the caudal vertebræ forms a right angle with the other two vertebræ to which it is articulated. This unusual conformation may, perhaps, constitute a specific variety. I can affirm that it exists, without exception, throughout the Indian Archipelago, and the southern provinces of China. But in the north of the empire, the hypocritical animal resumes his normal shape, and has a tail like his European brethren; his skin undergoes great alterations, and he puts on the black and white livery of our well-dressed cats."

The following brief passage on that old marvel, the phosphorescence of the ocean, will also be read with interest:—

"The cause of the phosphorence of the sea has long occupied the sagacity of our *savans*; in our opinion it is caused solely by the mollusks swimming in the water, and more especially by microscopic mollusks; so that there is not a single drop of water in this vast ocean, the waves of which twice encircle our globe, which does not contain thousands of animated beings endowed with phosphorescent qualities!

"Every time I threw a net into the water, I withdrew it full of biphores, beroës, and medusæ. In one single drop, I discovered myriads of small beings moving rapidly about, and at every contraction of these animalculæ the emission of light became more intense; so that it may be supposed that their muscular movements develop certain electric properties, of which the action is extremely visible. Besides, it is so with the larger ones. I had placed in a glass vase some gigantic biphores; I saw them alternately rise and fall in the water, and all their movements were accompanied by a jet of fire, which increased the luminous intensity of the liquid fourfold."

But by far the most curious is the account Dr. Yvan gives of an orang-outang named *Tuan*, who was his pet for a long while; the human intelligence he indicated will surprise the reader:—

"When Tuan was entrusted to me, he was about three years old.

His height was that of a child of three. Had it not been for his prominent abdomen, he would have resembled a young Malay, dressed in some brown material, like our little sweeps. When I freed him from the bamboo basket in which he was brought to me, he seized hold of my hand, and tried to drag me away, as a little boy who wanted to escape from some disagreeable object might have done. I took him into my room, in which M. Dutroncoy had a sort of cell prepared for him. On seeing this new cage, which resembled a Malay house, Tuan understood that it was in future to be his lodging. He let go my hand, and set about collecting all the linen he could find. He then carried his booty into his lodging, and covered its walls carefully. These arrangements made, he seized on a napkin, and having draped himself in this rag as majestically as an Arab in his *burnous*, laid down on the bed he had prepared.

"Tuan was of a very mild disposition; to raise one's voice to him was sufficient. Yet he now and then had very diverting fits of anger. One day I took from him a mango he had stolen: at first he tried to get it back; but, being unable to do so, he uttered plaintive cries, thrusting out his lips like a pouting child. Finding that this pettishness had not the success he anticipated, he threw himself flat on his face, struck the ground with his fist, screamed, cried, howled for more than half an hour; at last I felt that I was acting contrary to my duty in refusing the fruit he desired. For, in opposition to God's will, I was seeking to bend to the exigencies of our civilization the independent nature which He had sent into the world amidst virgin forests, in order that it should obey all its instincts, and satisfy all its passions. I approached my ward, calling him by the most endearing names, and offered him the mango. As soon as it was within his reach, he clutched it with violence, and threw it at my head!

"There was something so human in this action, something so evil in the expression of his rage, that I had no hesitation that day in classing Tuan amongst our own species, he reminded me so much of certain children of my acquaintance. But since then I have learned better: he was only on rare occasions peevish and naughty.

"The first day that I let Tuan dine at table with me, he adopted a somewhat incorrect mode of pointing out the objects which were pleasing to him. He stretched out his brown hand, and tried to put upon his plate all that he could lay hold of. I gave him a box on the ear to make him understand politeness. He then made use of a stratagem; he covered his face with one hand, whilst he stretched the other towards the dish. This scheme answered no better, for I hit the guilty hand with the handle of my knife. From that moment my intelligent pupil understood that he was to wait to be helped.

"He very quickly learned to eat his soup with a spoon, in this way: a thin soup was placed before him; he got upon the table like a dog lapping, and tried to suck it up slowly. This method appearing inconvenient to him, he sat down again on his chair, and took his plate in both hands; but as he raised it to his lips, he spilled a portion of it over his breast. I then took a spoon, and showed him how to use it.

He immediately imitated me, and ever after made use of that culinary implement.

"When I brought Tuan on board the *Cleopatra*, he was domiciled at the foot of the mainmast, and left completely free; he went in and out of his habitation when he pleased. The sailors received him as a friend, and undertook to initiate him in the customs of a seafaring life. A little tin basin and spoon were given him, which he shut carefully up in his house, and at meal times he went to the distribution of provisions with the crew. It was very funny to see him, especially in the morning, getting his basin filled with coffee, and then sitting comfortably down to take his first meal in company with his friends the cabin-boys.

"Tuan spent part of his days in swinging among the ropes; sometimes he came on to the deck, either to enter into conversation with the persons of the embassy whom he knew very well, or to tease a young Manillase negrito who had been given to M. de Lagrené; this negrito was his dearest friend. Some people pretended that the sympathetic ties which united these two beings were based on consanguinity. However that may be, Tuan had a profound contempt for monkeys: he never condescend to notice one, and preferred the society of a dog or a sheep to that of one of these quadrumana.

"Tuan acquired the habits of a *gourmet* whilst on board: he drank wine, and had even become deeply learned in the art of appreciating that liquid. One day two glasses were offered him, one half full of champagne, the other half full of claret. When he had a glass in each hand, some one tried to deprive him of that containing the champagne. To defend himself, he hastily brought his disengaged hand up to the one which had been seized hold of, and having, by a dexterous effort, succeeded in freeing it, he poured the sparkling liquid into the glass of which he had undisturbed possession. He then held out the empty glass to the person who had tried to deprive him of it!

"This act, so well conceived, and so difficult to execute, was followed by one no less remarkable. Tuan was among the ropes, and would not come down in spite of my reiterated orders. I showed him a glass of beer to persuade him to come to me. He looked a long while at what I offered him, then, not trusting perfectly to what he saw, he took a rope, and with admirable precision directed its end into the glass, he then drew up the rope, put the end he had dipped into the liquid into his mouth, and having made sure of the flavour, hastened down to share the beverage with me.

"It is false that ourang-outangs have ever been taught to smoke; Tuan, and all those I have seen, were unable to execute that act. The pictures representing these quadrumana smoking hookas with their masters are stereotyped lies.

When I arrived at Manilla, Tuan and I took up our abode in a Tagal house, and we lived in common with the family inhabiting it, consisting of the father, mother, two girls of fourteen and sixteen, and of some little children. Tuan was charmed with our residence. He spent his

days in play with the little Tagal girls, and robbing the mango women who were imprudent enough to put their merchandise within his reach."

"The custom of wearing clothing is generally considered the result of climate; some moralists pretend that it is connected with the innate sentiment of modesty. Whilst observing in the ourang-outang a manifest fondness for wearing clothes, I was able to convince myself that he obeyed neither of these impressions. Tuan took possession of all the pieces of stuff he found, and either threw them over his shoulders, or covered his head with them. Handkerchiefs, napkins, shirts, or carpets, which came in his way, were indiscriminately used for this purpose. In those burning countries, with thirty-two degrees of heat, it was most certainly not the temperature which led him to wrap himself up; it was not a feeling of decency either, for he only protected the upper portions of his body with these varied draperies."

"Tuan had nothing of those social virtues called abnegation and devotion: he was selfish, and would not have found communistic principles to his taste. He was perfectly conservative in this respect, and only liked communism with regard to the property of others. If an animal invaded his cage, he drove him away unmercifully; one day he even picked the feathers out of a pigeon who had been struck with the unfortunate idea of taking refuge there.

"Wherever we put into harbour, I bought him clusters of bananas; the fruits were placed with those belonging to the officers of the staff. Tuan had leave to enter this sanctuary at his pleasure; provided he had been once shown which clusters belonged to him, he respected the others until such time as he had exhausted his own provision. After that, he no longer went ostensibly and boldly in search of fruit, but by stealth, crawling like a serpent; the larceny committed, he came up again faster than he had gone down."

Dr. Yvan writes in a gay, pleasant style, as indeed is the case with most Frenchmen. He is thoroughly French in his prejudices, but not the less amusing on that account. His descriptions are often highly wrought, but always picturesque, bringing the place distinctly before the mind's eye; and translators would do well to look after these "*Voyages et Récits*." Before quitting the volumes, we must take a peep at the old town of Santa Cruz:—

"The town of Santa-Cruz has the look of all modern commercial cities. The streets are wide and straight, the houses handsome; it is like one of our Mediterranean seaports. There is the same noisy activity, the same movement; but only at certain hours of the day. As soon as the sun's rays fall perpendicularly on the dusty pavement and inflame the atmosphere, the entire population goes home, as if it were night; blinds and doors are closed; every one is reposing, taking their siesta. The stranger who, in spite of the heat and dazzling glare, wanders intrepidly through the streets of Santa-Cruz sees nothing, save

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perhaps here and there some inquisitive lady who, through the bars of her Venetian blinds, glances at him with amazement, and then saunters into the furthest recess of her cool and darkened apartment.

"Whilst *los señores* and *las señoras* take their siesta, the clerks attend to commercial matters in the counting-houses and warehouses; but as soon as night comes on life and motion recommence; a noisy crowd fills the streets; groups of men and women walk about, preceded by mandoline players and singers; lads flirt with girls; every place is joyfully and delightfully noisy. Whilst the lower classes are thus amusing themselves in the open streets, beautiful señoras lean out of their narrow windows; blinds creak slightly under the white hands which raise them, and cavaliers in dark cloaks resume, through the discreet grating, love-making, which having already lasted several months, would be interminable if marriage did not usually conclude this open-air romance. These things still go on here as in the old Castilian cities, and every evening those balcony scenes occur, which every one remembers in all Spanish plays. I confess, that I never put entire faith in serenades, wall-coloured cloaks, blinds mysteriously half-opened, nocturnal conversations of shivering gallants at the foot of inexorable gratings: it seemed to me, that these were charming inventions of M. Alfred de Musset, realized only in his imagination and his books. But after my arrival at Santa-Cruz, I was forced to acknowledge that the poet had told a true story. I one day expressed my opinion to an old Frenchman, who had been settled more than thirty years at Santa-Cruz, and had married a Spanish woman.

"'Truly,' I said, 'with such customs, you must have every morning an ample collection of scandalous stories. What anecdotes of wives who have eloped, of young girls who have been seduced, what sword and dagger thrusts!'

"'Nothing of the sort!' warmly interrupted my interlocutor: 'like all your countrymen, you judge the women of all countries from the point of view of your own jealous coxcombry. Know then, doctor, that here all the women are virtuous, the lovers unexacting, the balconies lofty and the doors carefully closed. Do you think, doctor,' said he, growing excited, 'do you think that a window, five feet from the ground, set in a good brick-wall, and defended by solid bars, is not sufficient to reassure the most suspicious father or husband? Would you have our young girls escaping at night to go and contemplate the moon with their lovers, at the end of a park, instead of receiving them at their window for the interchange of a few tender words? These mysterious conversations suffice to the heart, and call forth no further desires. I have known several of my friends, who came for twenty years, nightly, under the same window, who, the day after their wedding, returned there and grieved more at finding it closed than they rejoiced in possessing the object of their love. See with what decorum it all passes! The cavalier standing, wrapped up to the throat in his cloak, his arms crossed over his breast, leaning his shoulder against the wall, and stretching out his neck to catch, if he can, the breath of air which has passed through perfumed tresses, whilst the young girl plays coquet-

tishly with her fan, as she listens to some madrigal, repeated for the hundredth time. Such are the traditions of old Spanish gallantry: they are better preserved here than in the metropolis. Pray heaven they may long continue!

"Ever since this conversation, I have believed in M. de Musset's books, *minus* the daggers and the midnight meetings in well-secured chambers."

Alexandre Dumas, the wondrous manufacturer, not only contrives to write the most amusing narratives of travels in countries he has visited, but is almost equally ready to write about countries he has *not* visited. Hence, when the reader takes up the volume, entitled "*Californie, un An sur les bords de San Joaquin et du Sacramento. Impressions de Voyage,*" and finds the name of Dumas on the title-page, he will never think of remarking that Dumas has not been in California. If he has not been there, another has; and what that other saw or fancied, Dumas "edits"—puts forth in his own way, under his own name. It is enough for us to indicate the existence of this book: the name will sell it.

A line or two will suffice to chronicle the new works of Fiction necessary to be named. George Sand has published a feeble novel, "*Mont Revêche,*" which, though readable, is not commendable. Paul de Kock has also given us two volumes of "*La Mare d'Auteuil,*" also readable, and that is all. Paul de Musset's "*Maître Inconnu,*" is not yet finished, and does not make us anxious to have it finished. Madame Girardin's play, "*Lady Tartufe,*" is making a sensation, because Rachel acts the heroine, but it will not stand criticism. Frédéric Soulié's posthumous novel, "*Le Veau d'Or,*" has reached its fifth volume; and Sainte Beuve's delightful "*Causeries du Lundi,*" now count a sixth volume—readers will not weary of sixty.

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N O T E.

MR. RICHARD HILDRETH, of Boston, United States, who avows himself the author of the "White Slave," has addressed to us a letter, from which it appears that he was not only quite ignorant that his book had been offered here in the manner described in the note appended to our July Number, but that he prefixed to the American edition the following advertisement, which, however, did not accompany the early sheets to England:—

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"The earlier chapters of this book were written on a southern plantation, during that same summer in which the concluding events of the story are supposed to happen, and in the midst of scenes and persons suggestive of those which the book attempts to portray. Some readers may perhaps recognise in them a story with which they have before met. The latter portion is new; a continuation originally intended, and often called for, but never before published."

With whomever the blame of the transaction may rest, we are glad to express our conviction that Mr. Hildreth is entirely exonerated from any share in it.

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During September, October, and November, 1852,

PREPARED BY

JOHN CHAPMAN,

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* * Books of a comparatively insignificant or ephemeral character have not been included in this list, as being unlikely to interest the British public.

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